BRITANNIA and EVE

APRIL
1933

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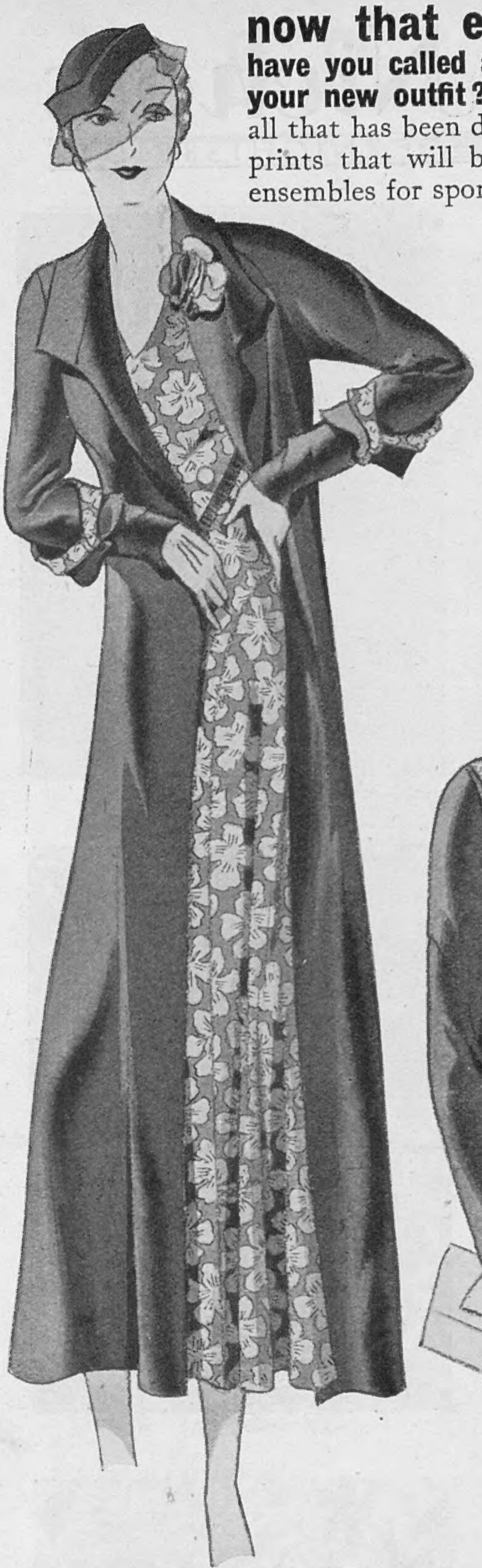

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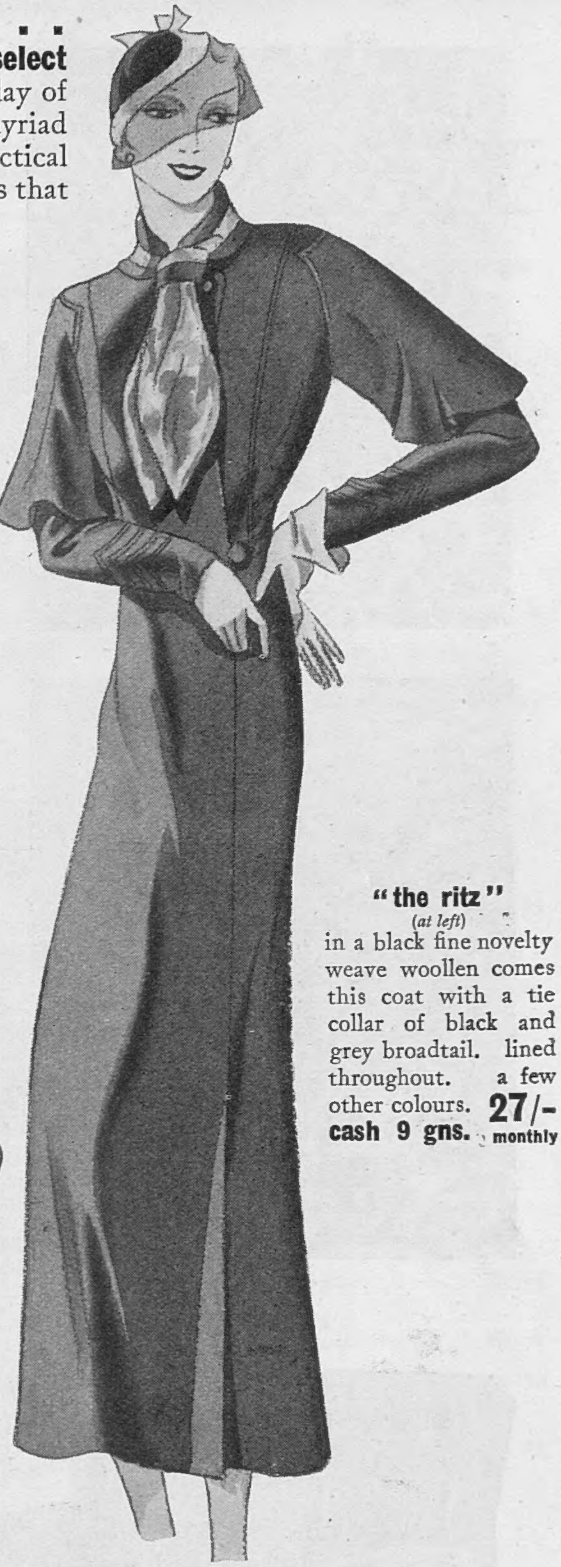

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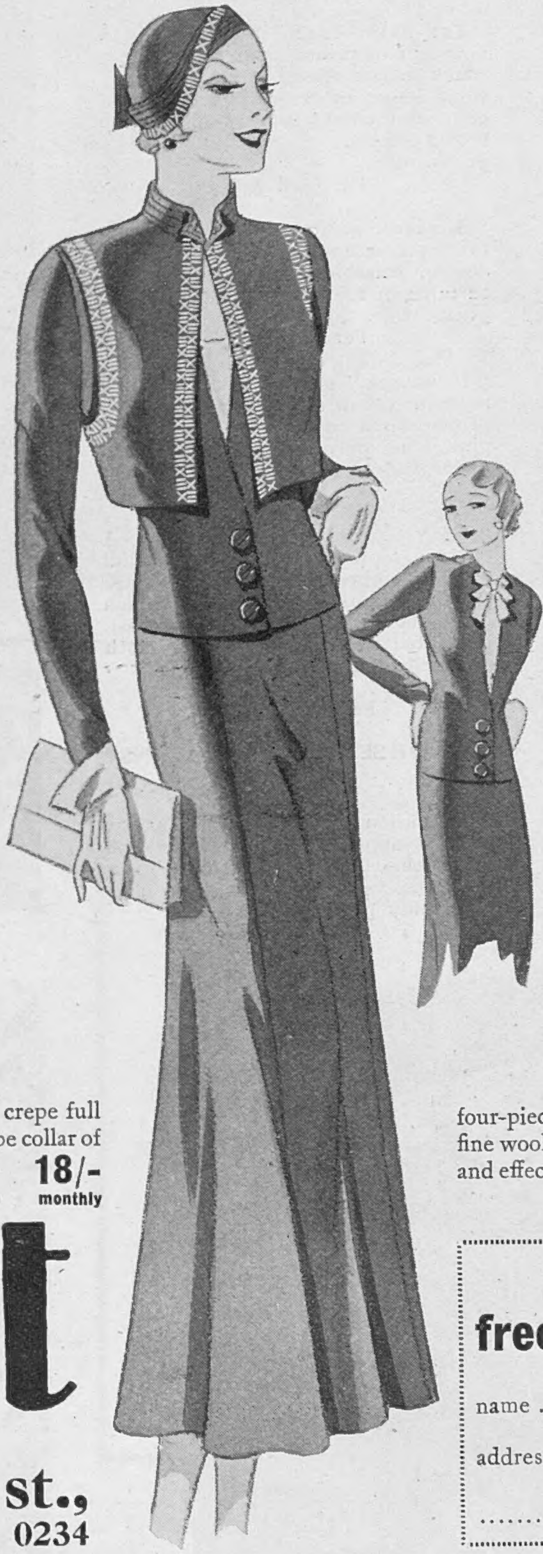

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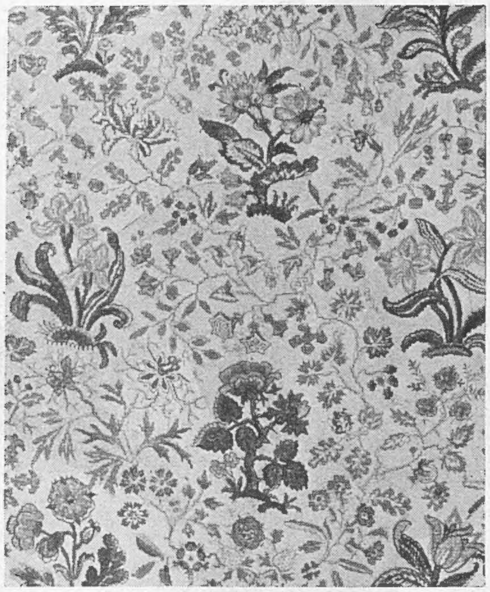

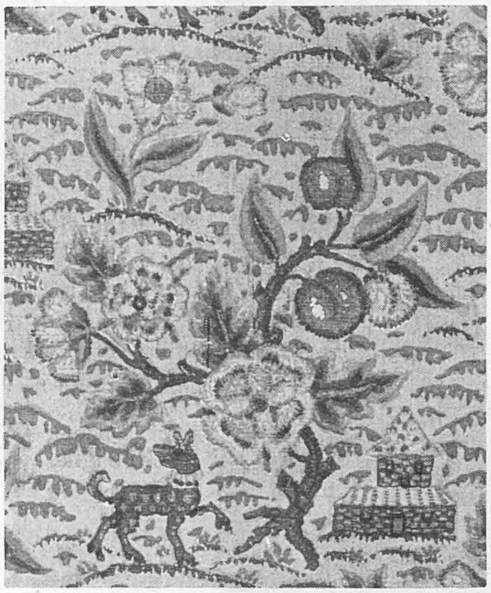

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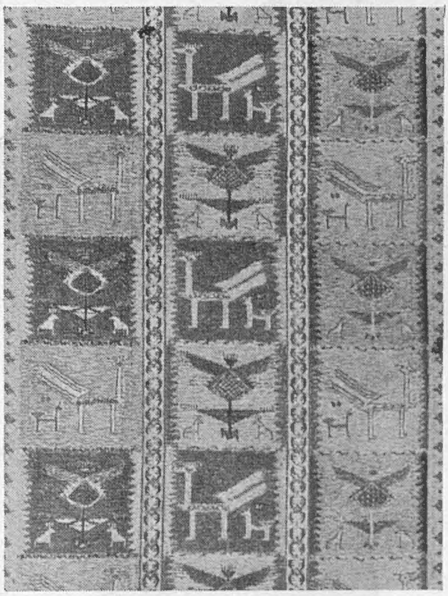

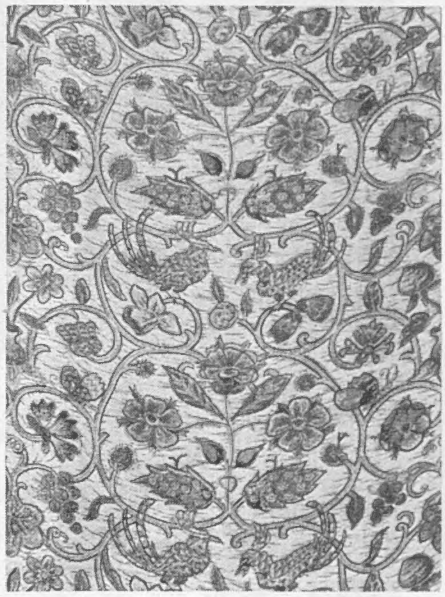

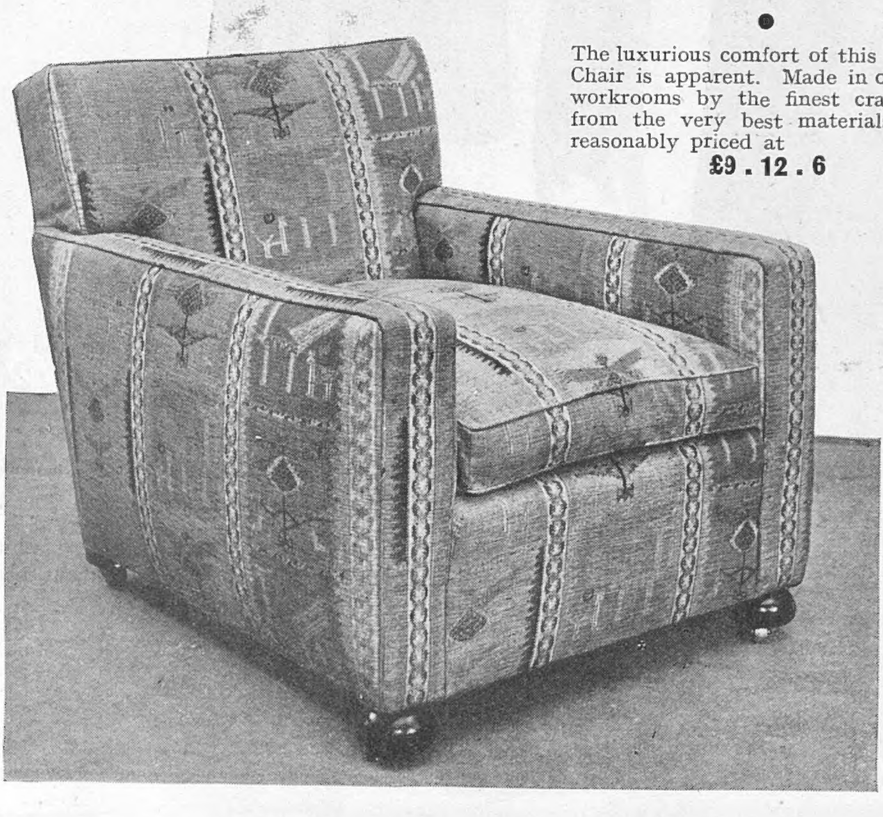

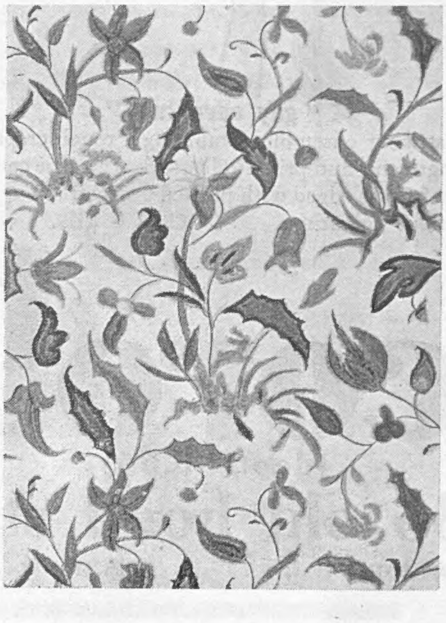

BRITANNIA and EVE

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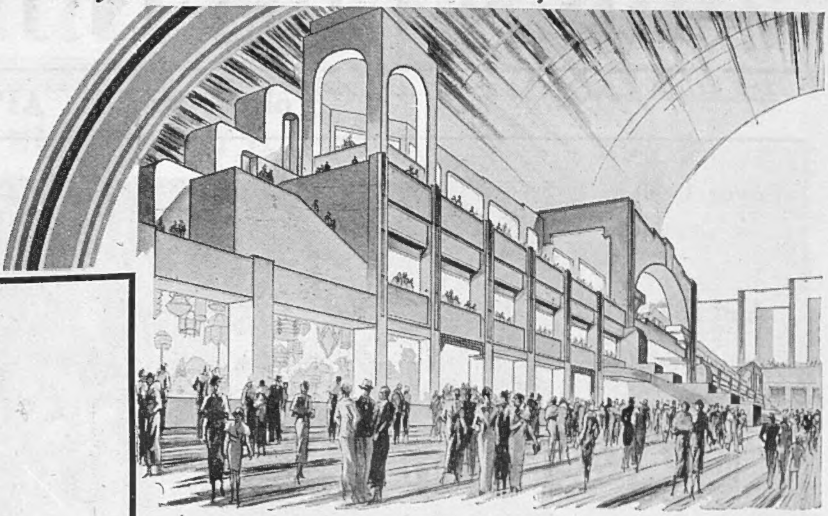

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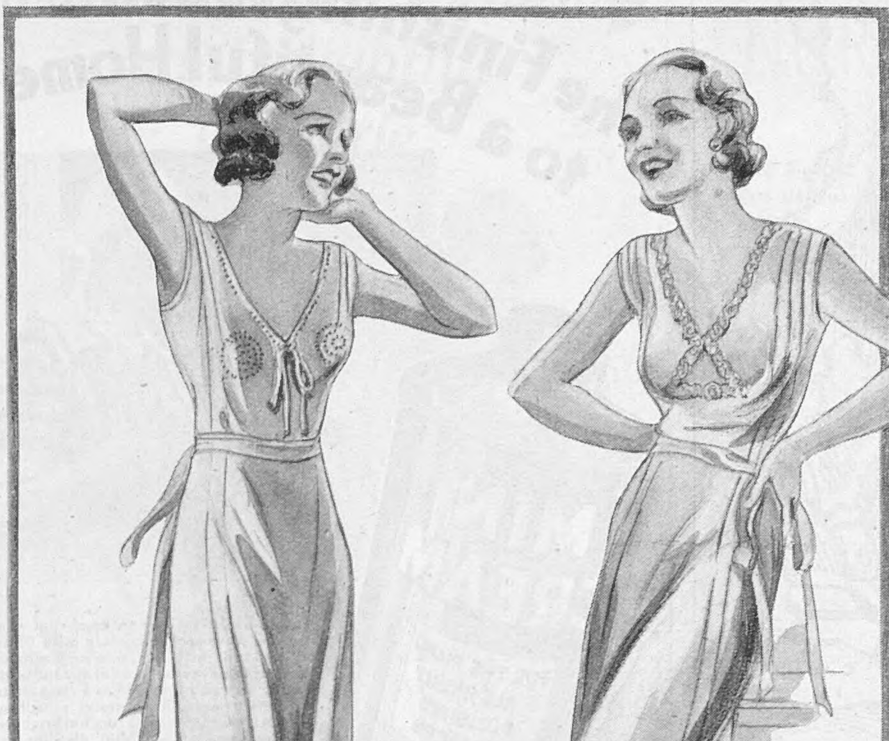

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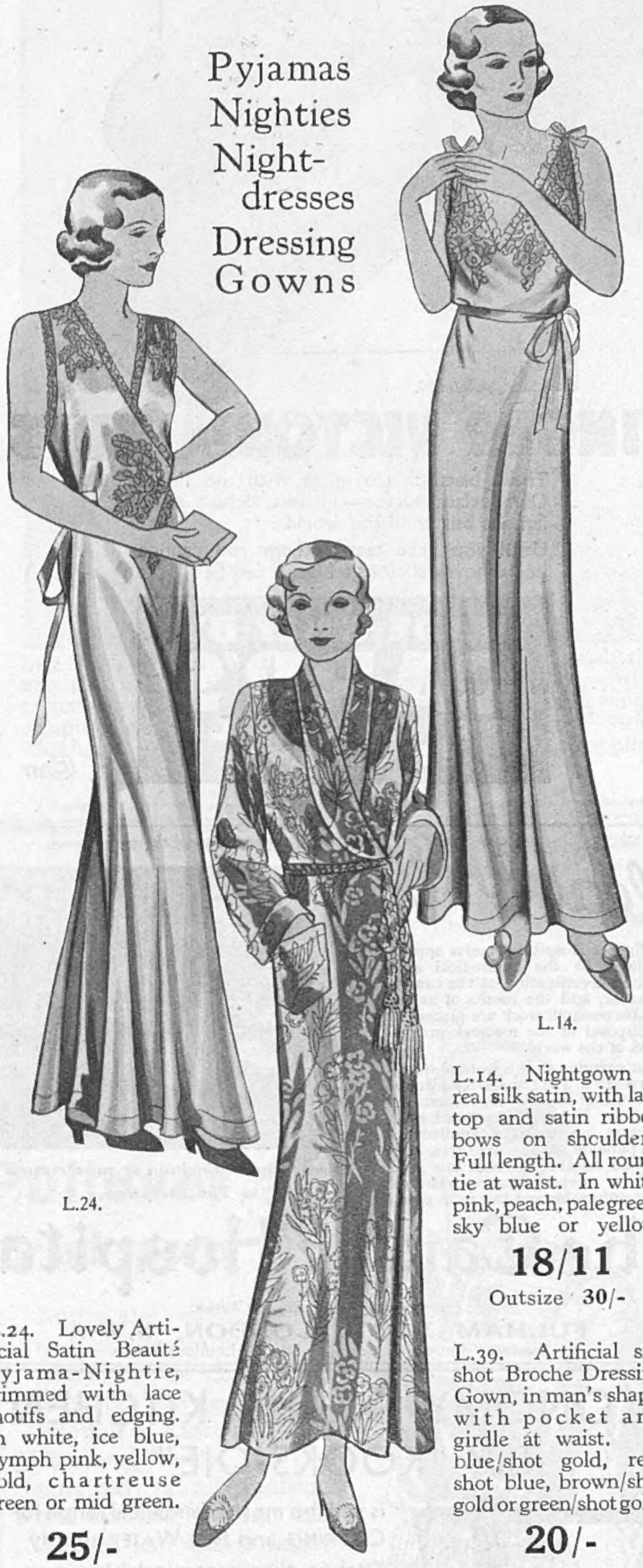

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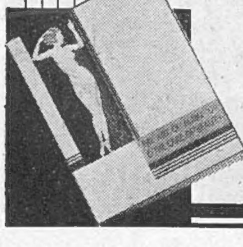

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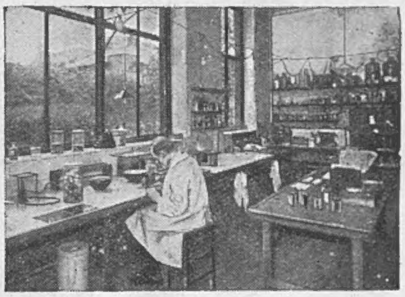

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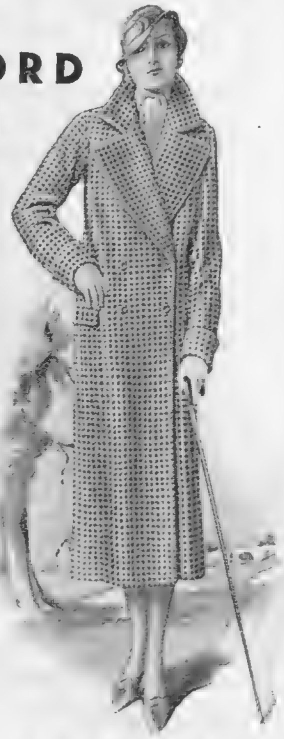

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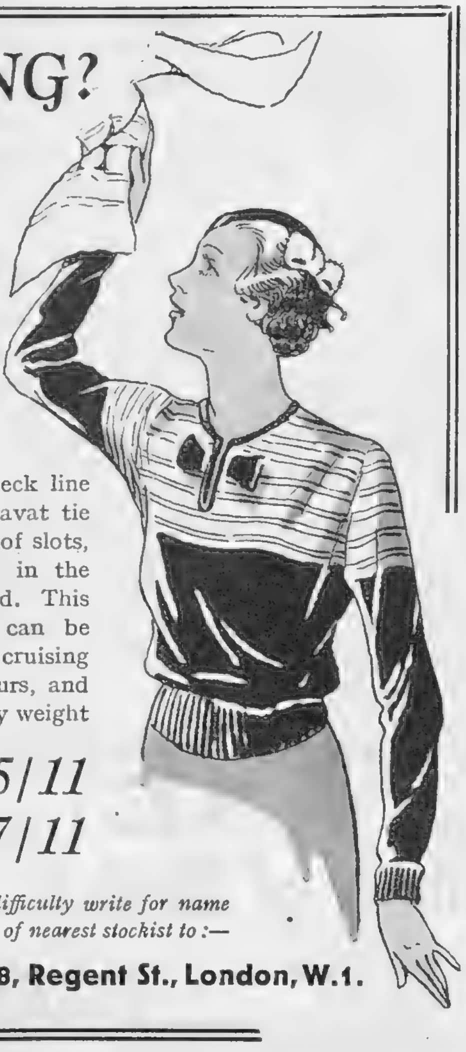

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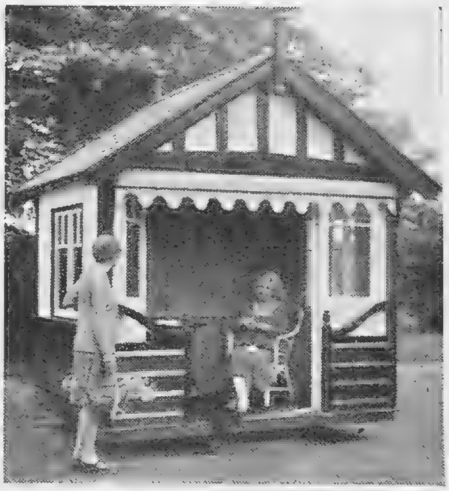

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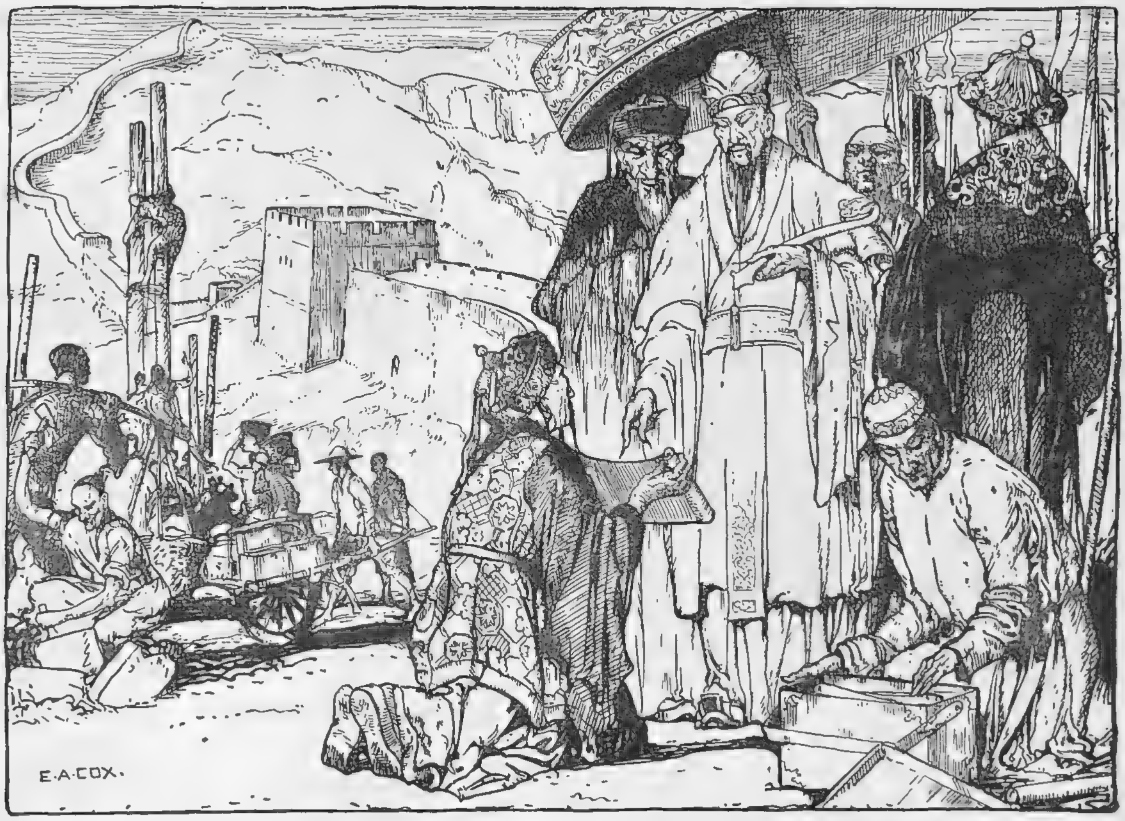

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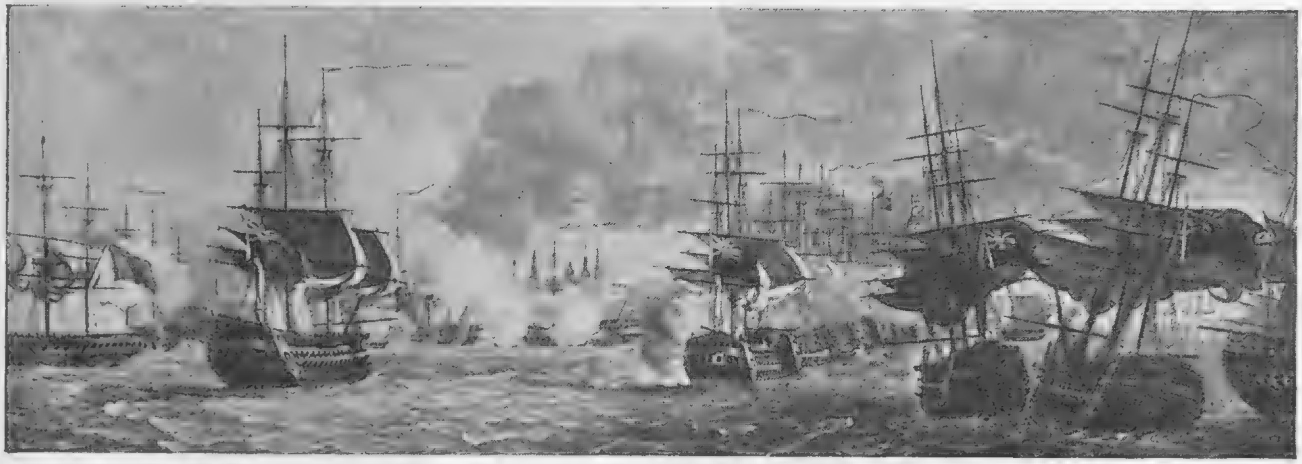


The Battle of Copenhagen

1st, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises 5.38. Sun sets 6.31. Lighting up time 7.1. All-Fools' Day, a relic of the primitive festivities celebrating the end of the vernal equinox. Be careful!*
EDMOND ROSTAND born in 1869, dying in 1918, with "Cyrano de Bergerac" his best dramatic work.
Manchester made a city in 1853.
Exactly three years ago the Poor Law Guardians were abolished.

2nd, SUNDAY.—*The Fifth Sunday in Lent.*

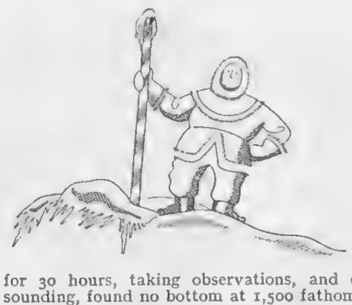
2nd, Sun.—LEON GAMBETTA, French statesman and patriot, born in 1838.
RICHARD COBDEN, the apostle of Free Trade, died in 1865.
Twenty-one years ago (1912) EDWARD TERRY, the actor, died.
the 132nd anniversary of the Battle of Copenhagen, in which Nelson, looking through his telescope with his blind eye, disobeyed orders—but trounced the Danes.

3rd, MONDAY.
The first of the series of dreadful murders committed by Jack-the-Ripper, stirred London in 1888.

4th, TUESDAY.
St. Ambrose Day. Sixty-eight years ago (1865) the vast drainage system in London—the largest in the world—was completed.
In 1918 the Germans launched their great attack on Amiens; it was the beginning of anxious months for the Allies.

5th, WEDNESDAY.
In 1917 the United States of America finally went to war against Germany, diplomatic relations having been previously broken off.
The EARL OF CARNARVON, after discovering the tomb of Tutankhamen, died in 1923 after being bitten by a mosquito.

6th, THURSDAY.
In 1909 ROBERT EDWIN PEARY, the American explorer, finally reached the North Pole after great privations. He stayed there for 30 hours, taking observations, and on sounding, found no bottom at 1,500 fathoms. He died on February 20th, 1920.



7th FRIDAY.—*Fire insurances must be paid.*
LORD DAVIDSON, once the Archbishop of Canterbury, was born in 1848.

8th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises 5.23. Sun sets 6.42. Lighting up time 7.12.*
The KING OF THE BELGIANS born in 1875.
The Battle of Atbara was fought in 1898, the Egyptian forces under KITCHENER capturing the Mahmud and killing 3,000 of his troops.

9th, PALM SUNDAY.—*Summer time begins. Put your clocks on one hour before going to bed.*

9th, Sun.—The National Gallery opened in 1838.
The Rt. Hon. TOM SHAW, a popular Labour Minister for War, born in 1872.
The British troops fighting in the Ypres Salient finally captured Vimy Ridge on this day in 1917.

10th, MONDAY.
Sixty-eight years ago (1865) the United States of America breathed a sigh of relief, and there rose the dawn of hopes for peace. GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, commanding the Confederate Army, had surrendered a few hours before to LT.-GENERAL ULYSSES GRANT.

11th, TUESDAY.
CHARLES READE, who wrote *The Cloister and the Hearth*, and other novels not so good, died 1894.

12th, WEDNESDAY.
Two years ago ALCALA ZAMORRA, leader of the Republican party in Spain, called on King Alfonso to abdicate. He did so two days later, preferring exile to civil war.

13th, THURSDAY.
Civil War in the United States began with the bombardment and capture of Fort Sumter in 1861 by the South Carolinians.

14th, GOOD FRIDAY.
Another memory of the Civil War; PRESIDENT LINCOLN was assassinated on this day in 1865, while sitting in the box of a theatre.
H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE born in 1857.
MARSHAL FOCH made Generalissimo of the Allied Armies in 1918.

15th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises 6.7. Sun sets 7.54. Lighting up time 8.54 B.S.T.*
The *Titanic*, hitting an iceberg which tore her fabric beneath the water-line from end to end, sank in the Atlantic with the loss of 1,503 lives. It was her maiden voyage; the world's biggest ship and most appalling sea disaster (1912).

16th, EASTER SUNDAY.—*The annual festival observed in commemoration of the rising of Jesus Christ. Yet the name is of ancient Teutonic origin.*

16th, Sun.—MADAME TUSSAUD died in London, aged 90 (1850). She had escaped the fate of her Royalist patrons in the French Revolution by modelling their guillotined heads in the wax she had used to model them when alive.

17th, BANK HOLIDAY.
The German Army launched its historic attack on Verdun, (1916) and the French Army obeyed the immortal instructions: "They Shall Not Pass"

18th, TUESDAY.
The Natural History Museum opened in 1881.
San Francisco devastated by the last and worst of seven terrible earthquakes, thousands of buildings and hundreds of lives being lost.
Hill 60 captured by the British in 1915.

19th, WEDNESDAY.—*Primrose Day.*
CHARLES DARWIN, great naturalist, and author of the theory of natural selection, died in 1882. He suggested that the human animal was descended from the ape. Darwinism is still an indictable offence in some parts of the United States.

20th, THURSDAY.
A great day in the annals of the British Navy (1917). The destroyers *Broke* and *Swift* met a flotilla of German destroyers off Dover, and after hand-to-hand fighting on the decks of the four ships, the G42 and G45 were both sunk.

21st, FRIDAY.
MARK TWAIN died in 1910. His real name was Samuel Clemens.
PRINCESS ELIZABETH, first child of the Duke and Duchess of York, born in 1926.

22nd, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises 5.53. Sun sets 8.6. Lighting up time 9.6 B.S.T.*
The German Army used poison gas for the first time in 1915.

23rd, SUNDAY.—*St. George's Day.*

23rd, Sun.—Anniversary of SHAKESPEARE'S death in 1616, and quite possibly the anniversary of his birth in 1564.

24th, MONDAY.
Rebellion in Dublin, 1916.
The Russo-Turkish war of 1877 began. And the Canadians began their big offensive at Ypres in 1915. Another day of wars.

25th, TUESDAY.
PRINCESS MARY born in 1897, the third child of Prince George. Her full names were Victoria (after her great-grandmother) Alexandra (after her grandmother) Alice Mary.

26th, WEDNESDAY.
There died on this day in 1854 an Italian refugee; a patriot and ardent political critic. His name was GABRIELE ROSSETTI, and he had four remarkable children: Dante Gabriel, the painter; Maria Francisca, who entered a convent; William Michael, the author; and Christina, the poet. A remarkable family in every way.

27th, THURSDAY.
ROBERT WALDO EMERSON, American poet and writer, died in 1882 and was buried in the cemetery at Sleepy Hollow. His poetry was not so good as his brilliant prose.

28th, FRIDAY.
Astrologers may have some explanation for the fact that no great man or woman has been born on this day for over a hundred years, nor died upon it.

29th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises 5.39. Sun sets 8.17. Lighting up time 9.17 B.S.T.*
GENERAL TOWNSHEND, after a gallant defence, capitulated to the Turks at Kut in 1917, and his weary army was dragged, as prisoners of war across thousands of miles of Turkish territory.

30th, SUNDAY.—*The Second Sunday after Easter.*

30th, Sun.—The birthday of a remarkable man, SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, LORD AVEBURY, who was born in London in 1834. He was a distinguished banker, politician and naturalist.

TO-NIGHT

. . . but it wasn't !

The Story of a Triangular Affair—with Interruptions

By Lady Troubridge

"*COME in here, Harold! We*
the breezy voice mounted un

THE caddie thought they were married.

He wasn't very experienced in such matters, or he would have known that, if they had been, the gentleman would not have placed the tee for her with such care or watched each stroke she made with such absorbed interest. Nor would she have answered his "Splendid," or "That was a good one!" with such flashing smiles.

If they had been married, there would have been long silences, and perhaps bickering.

If Vere had been Mrs. Jasper Sevington instead of Mrs. Nigel Gantony, the caddie would almost certainly not have had the enormous tip which the tall, dark young man handed him with hasty carelessness at the end of the game.

"Tired, darling?" Jasper asked her at the clubhouse.

"Not a bit. Do I look it?"

"You look wonderful."

But, before the looking-glass in the empty cloakroom, running a tiny tortoiseshell comb through her bright hair, reddening her lips, powdering her nose with the artistry of habit, Vere did feel tired. Or was it frightened?

Jasper seemed to think it all such fun. A consumedly amusing adventure that they shouldn't part till to-morrow, that the afternoon should prolong itself until the evening; and the evening till the next morning. He saw nothing to startle her, nothing to worry about.

Just the natural end to a friendship like theirs; the appropriate beginning of a love affair. And persistently, consistently, he ignored Nigel.

Yet, Nigel wasn't a person you could ignore like that. He wasn't only a husband—her husband. He was a particular sort of husband. He had personality. But it was Nigel's personality which had made Jasper possible, almost inevitable. Nigel took a lot of living up to.

He wasn't exactly old-fashioned, but there were a lot of things he did not understand; did not want to understand.

Things he put aside as not worth thinking about. And they were the things, many of them, which amused and intrigued Vere. She had lived up to Nigel for two years, two excellent, dull, respectable years. And then, at a cocktail party, she met Jasper, home on leave from India.

Cocktail parties were definitely among the things Nigel didn't think worth while, but he wasn't a tyrant, and Vere went to them as a matter of course.

Jasper hadn't meant anything to her at first.

If he had she might have talked to herself, thrown up barriers against his encroachments, seen less of him. But there seemed no reason to do any of these things. He was gay and amusing, free and irresponsible. He was home with money to spend, time on his hands, and a holiday to share with someone. From the first Vere had felt his attraction, and prided herself on not feeling it more.

At first, being with Jasper was like being at some gay party, where you enjoyed every minute, but which you could leave whenever you wanted to. Then things changed.

She began watching the clock, waiting for the telephone bell, being absent-minded with Nigel, feverishly gay with Jasper.

Then came another phase.

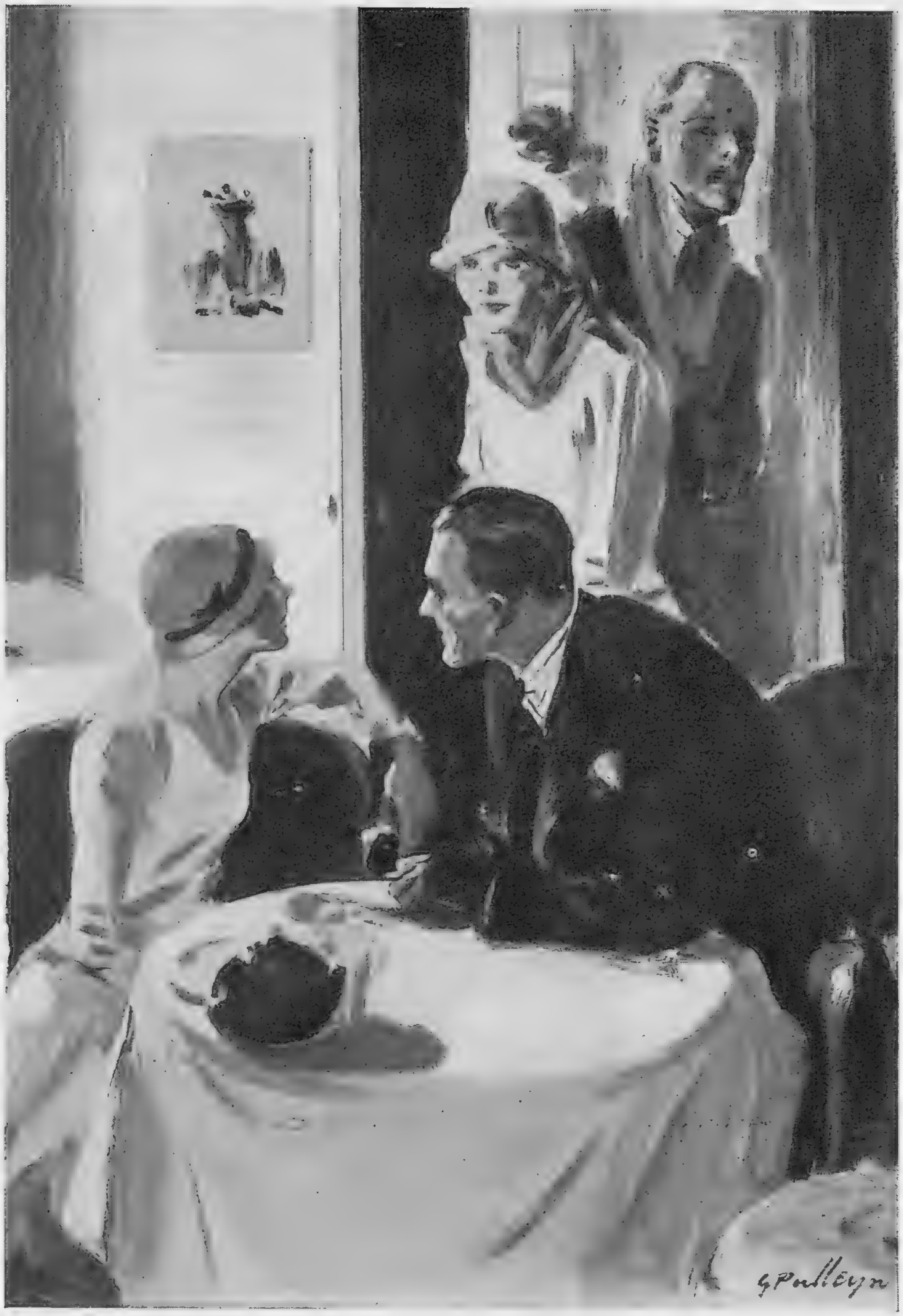
Jasper told her plainly he was hers for the taking. He told her he was mad about her.

He didn't suggest any home-wrecking. There was his regiment to be considered; her husband. He only suggested an interlude of illicit love, a thrilling experience, something for them both to remember. Vere wouldn't agree at first. She would have liked this stage of their affair to have lasted for ever. So Jasper waited, making love divinely, taking her about, spending as much money on her as she would allow, showing his adoration in all the usual ways, yet leaving her mental picture of herself as Nigel's virtuous wife intact. She was still free to make a choice.

At any moment she could let loose passion that would engulf them both, or she could draw back, to Nigel and safety. Then suddenly the choice seemed to be made for her, with Jasper's knowledge that he had only a few more weeks' leave.

He was too clever to be serious about it. Adroitly he handled the situation, keeping it on the plane of a gay adventure. And when Nigel suddenly announced he must be in Manchester from Saturday to Monday, it was obvious the hour had come.

Only one lie to Nigel was needed. She was spending the night with a cousin in Surrey. The same one to her maid, who packed the small dressing-case, and her arrangements were complete. The rest was in Jasper's efficient hands.



can have drinks in this room, before we go." Then a note of surprise. "Why, it's Vere Gantony!"

Illustrated by Gerald Pulleyn

Eating buttered toast in front of a blazing log fire, Vere felt less nervous, more inclined to make excuses for herself. No woman, she was sure, could resist Jasper for long. His charming looks were an excuse for anything, and he was so good at things, played polo for his regiment, danced superlatively well, and made love almost too well. In her present reckless mood Vere couldn't help feeling it was rather brilliant of her to have attracted him.

"Not weakening, are you?"

His voice was tender.

"No."

His dark eyes were on her.

"Then we'll go straight back to the Palace and dine, just as we are, in the grill room. I've ordered the dinner, tried to think of all the things you like. I've taken a little suite at the top of the hotel. It's all fixed, no need for you to worry about anything."

And softly, under his breath, he added "To-night."

He was marvellous. Treating their escapade like an ordinary gay adventure. Not making anything awkward, or difficult, or embarrassing. Vere let the stir of excitement have its way. Her eyes shone.

"I can't believe it's really true, Jasper darling. I feel as if something must happen to prevent it."

Jasper smiled subtly.

"If that's what you are counting on . . ." he began.

"Idiot! All the same," she added, looking into the fire, "I do feel rather dithery. You see, Nigel's been a bit jealous of you; thinks we've been together too much. Just think if he found out about this——"

Jasper shrugged. He never thought about husbands. He left it to the wives to see that they didn't find out. That was their job, and one which, in his experience, they did particularly well.

He wasn't going to worry about Gantony at this time of day, though it occurred to him it would be a bit awkward if he did turn up unexpectedly. Vere was obviously not used to this sort of thing, but her inexperience added to her charm in his eyes. There were moments when he was dangerously near loving Vere, which made it all the more convenient that there was a perfectly good husband in the background. That appeal of Vere's might have upset his carefully-thought-out career.

Jasper Sevington liked love to be a caress on the shoulder, not a stab at the heart; besides, his Colonel, a particularly moral man, was known to hold the old-fashioned view that the rôles of co-respondent and gentleman were entirely incompatible.

"Find out," he scoffed, "why he's in Manchester, up to his eyes in business. He has gone, hasn't he?" he added with a shade of uneasiness.

"Yes. He went last night, and he won't be back till to-morrow."

"There you are, you see! You're as jumpy as a kitten. Leave it all to me, darling."

He drew his chair close to hers, forced her to meet the fire in his eyes. "Angel . . ." he whispered.

A DOOR banged in the distance.

A tread, at once jaunty and heavy, sounded in the passage.

A cold draught swept through the warm room, a loud gay voice was raised in summons.

"Come in here, Harold! We can have drinks in this room before we go."

A short, plump youngish woman in a leather golfing jacket crossed the room briskly, pulling off her gloves. Then the breezy voice mounted on a note of surprise.

"Why, it's Vere Gantony!"

A hand grasped Vere's with the assured grip of old friendship, pale blue eyes beamed, laughter crackled round Vere like a freshly-lit bonfire.

And all this meant Alice Hume.

There was no getting out of it. She *was* an old friend, at all events one of those old acquaintances one would so much rather forget. Vere's gregarious mother had been responsible for bringing plain, uninteresting Alice Hume into Vere's life. As a schoolgirl, Vere had been patronised, and her birthdays remembered by Alice Hume. Alice Hume had called to see Vere in the snowy feathered splendour of her presentation dress; her broad, kindly face had been conspicuous at Vere's wedding.

No, there was no getting out of it.

Alice scraped a chair across the boards determinedly.

Vere was obliged to introduce a scowling Jasper, and, a few minutes later there was Harold Hume, and it had to be done all over again.

How well she remembered Harold, with his fussy, dictatorial manner, his air of being occupied with important matters, his grey clipped moustache. As the waiter came into the room with a tray, Jasper looked pointedly at an empty table under the window, but Alice Hume beckoned him towards her.

"D'you mind?" she said jovially. "I see you've finished your tea, and it's warmer here."

"Oh, do have our table," said Vere agreeably, "we're just going."

"Why, we've hardly seen you," the Humes protested in chorus. "We're going ourselves in two minutes. It's only a sundowner," Alice explained. "We Anglo-Indians cling to that, don't we, Harold?"

The Colonel's frosty blue eye inspected Jasper keenly, noting his deep sunburn, his regimental tie.

"Served in India?" he enquired.

"Home on leave," said Jasper briefly.

That started Colonel Hume. Snatches of their talk came to Vere, in the clutches of Alice Hume.

"Your dear mother's rheumatism better? How did Harrogate suit her?"

"Not at all," Vere answered, her eyes straying to Jasper's well-brushed, dark head. "She's gone to the south of France."

"Oh, my dear, that's no good. She should have gone to Madeira, or Algiers. You don't get the sun any nearer. And your brother Bob?"

"He's with his ship, at Malta."

It seemed as if Vere's family were gathering round her, inexorably marshalled by Alice Hume. She saw her mother's gentle face, Bob in his naval uniform.

"And," said Alice Hume, sipping her gin and tonic, "and the one and only Nigel. How is he?"

Now Nigel had joined the party.

It was so intolerable Vere nearly laughed.

"In Manchester, on business."

She laid the laconic sentence at Alice Hume's feet.

"But you don't do business on Sundays!"

Alice Hume fastened on this unlikelihood like a terrier on a bone. Vere reluctantly explained it was a meeting between busy men who had not other time.

"Oh, I see, and he'll be hurrying back to you when it's over. Still a pair of turtle-doves, I suppose! I remember your mother saying when you were engaged how she always coughed before she opened the door."

The Colonel was now giving their conversation his benevolent attention.

"Now, now, Alice," he said. "Nothing strange in that. We were like that ourselves once, not so very long ago either."

And in the peal of laughter his Alice accorded him, the subject of Nigel was mercifully dropped.

Then Jasper attracted Alice's gaze. Women never overlooked Jasper for long.

"I heard you say you were in India, and stationed at Poona. I think you left before we came. Didn't you know a friend of mine, Lily Fanshawe?"

"Yes, I saw quite a lot of her." Jasper's tone was noncommittal.

"Lovely, wasn't she? And the women admired her just as much as the men. Well, perhaps that's not quite true, but she was the sort you can't help looking at all the time, though rather . . . rather . . ."

"Flighty," said Colonel Hume decidedly. "Not Alice's style at all, or mine either."

Vere stared at him. He was miles behind the times, this middle-aged man with his dowdy wife. If he had known of that suite at the Palace, he would have dragged Alice away. But he did not know. To him she was just the wife of Nigel Gantony, and an acquisition to people who were lonely in the glittering London they hardly knew. If there had been no Jasper, Vere Gantony might have tried to amuse this Anglo-Indian couple, taken them to a theatre, asked people to meet them.

But there was Jasper and the thundercloud on his brow could no longer be ignored.

Vere stood up, picked up her gloves.

"Now, I really *must* go."

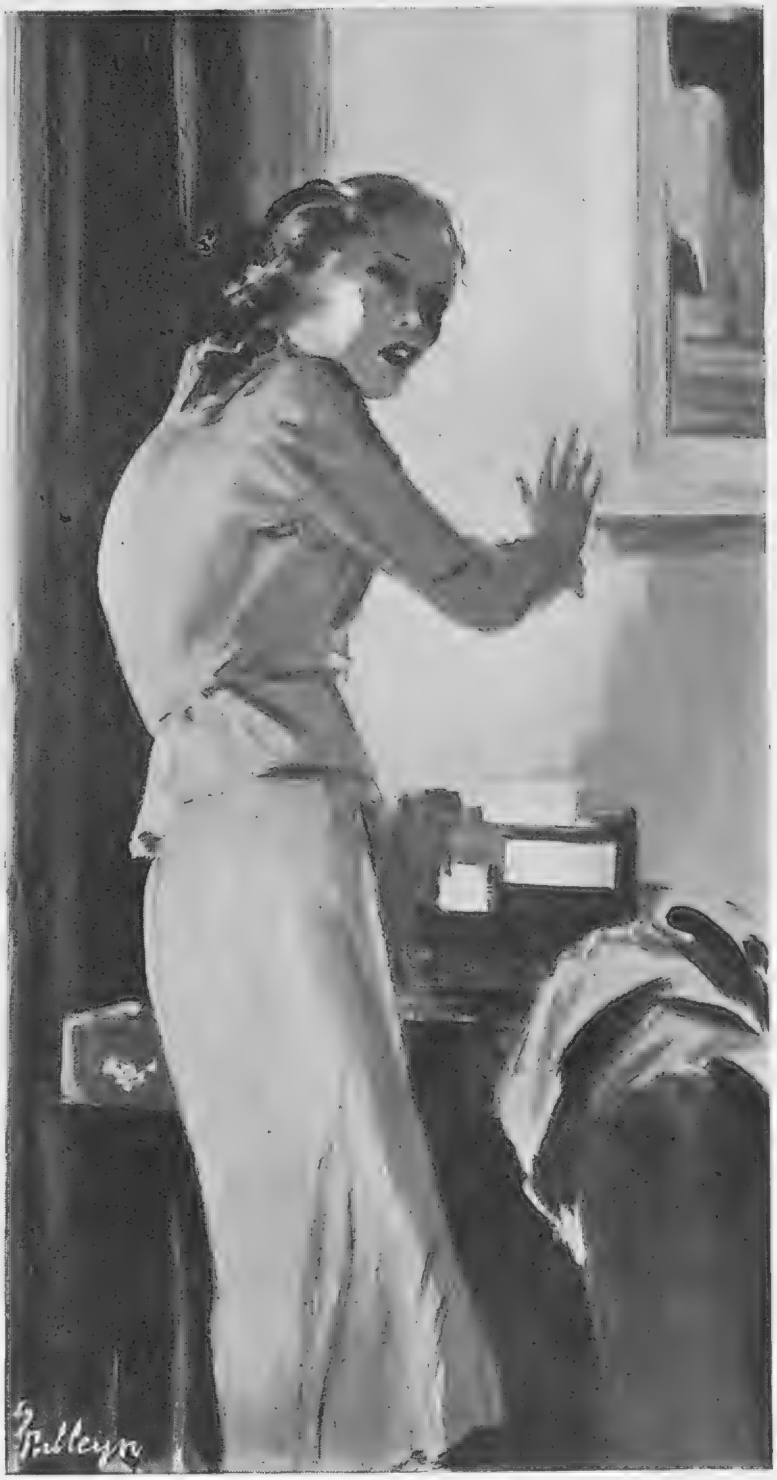
They were moving to the door, in sight of freedom, when something totally unexpected happened.

Alice Hume laid a warm, compelling hand on Vere's arm.

"If you're not doing anything to-night, you really must dine with us. I can't take a refusal."

Vere, flustered and taken aback, lost her head.

"I'm terribly sorry, but I am engaged. I'm dining at the Palace with—with Captain Sevington."



HE stretched a long arm across and picked
lighter." And he snapped the catch open

"Why, how delightful! We've settled to dine there ourselves, in the grill room, of course. I'll tell you what! Let's join forces, and have a jolly evening all together."

A startled red sprang into Vere's cheeks. Her lips parted to protest, to refuse. Then closed helplessly. Her bewildered eyes met Jasper's.

"I—I—A—" she stammered.

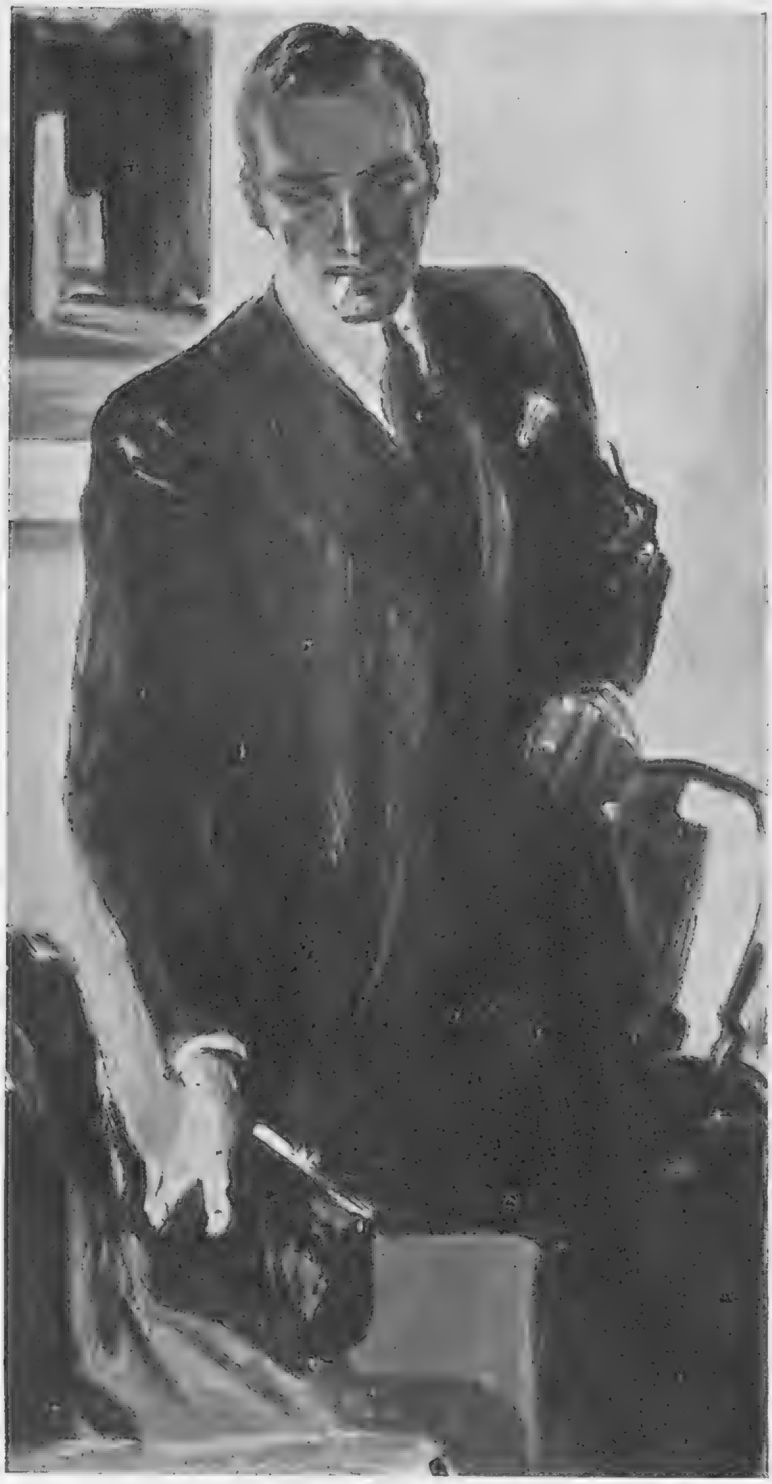
Then she looked at Jasper for help. But Jasper, petrified with fury, gave her none.

"Then it's all settled," said Alice Hume gleefully. "Did you bring a car? No? Then we'll drive you back in our tin lizzie." And she swept them along in her triumphant wake.

RATTLING along in the battered Ford without even the chance of a word with Jasper, Vere stared out of the rain-blurred windows.

"To-night," she was whispering to herself, to keep up her spirits. Just an hour or two of these terrible people, this comic couple who had butted into their secret paradise, and she and Jasper would be alone again.

She felt they had made it all rather ridiculous, and Jasper, listening grimly to the Colonel's accursed platitudes, was thinking the same. There was nothing to be done. They must go through with it. He had foreseen everything but this.



up her bag from the chair. "I'll use your before she could think of an excuse to stop him

"Penny for your thoughts," cried Alice in Vere's ear, and wondered at the sudden, almost hysterical laugh Vere gave.

"I know what it is, you've trailed round that golf links till you're worn out. You need champagne, and you shall have it. Shan't she, Harold ?"

"Oh yes."

The Colonel was in generous mood.

"I certainly think bubbly is the order of the day. In for a penny, in for a pound, eh, Sevington ?"

"You must let me share," muttered Jasper.

"Certainly not. We made you come."

That's truer than you know, you old fool, thought Jasper ; "made" is the word.

He turned his head and looked at Vere. Their eyes smiled, and the tension lightened.

In the cloak room, Alice, dabbing pink powder carelessly on her weather-beaten face, became communicative, trying to show this exquisite, sophisticated Vere that she had inside information about her smart escort.

"I couldn't place your friend at first, dear," she burbled, "but now I know all about him. If I'd remembered, I shouldn't have said what I did."

"What *did* you say ?"

Vere spoke absently, outlining the curves of her mouth with very red lipstick.

"Why, about Mrs. Fanshawe. He was the cause of the trouble between her and her husband."

Vere laid down the lipstick with a little click.

"What trouble ?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you ? They parted, and the whole station knew that it was Captain Sevington's fault. He really didn't behave well. Just went off after another girl, leaving Lily Fanshawe in the lurch. Don't tell him I told you, will you ? He doesn't look the sort of man one would offend. Harold never knew the rights of it, or I'm afraid he wouldn't be so friendly."

"Perhaps"—Vere's voice was hopeful—"perhaps you'd rather not entertain him after all ?"

"Oh, what nonsense ! I'm broad-minded, and a woman always brings these things on herself."

The hope faded. Following Alice into the hall, Vere turned the story over in her mind. Probably true. He had never pretended there had not been other women. But, she did mind. It sounded pretty caddish, especially the part about the girl. She would like to have accused Jasper, perhaps to have made a bit of a scene. To have given him the chance of laying the ghost of this common little station vamp.

But the Colonel was talking of disarmament to Jasper, and Alice was talking of the new waistline to her.

"So awkward for a plump person, like myself, but I suppose it really is higher ?"

It was all awful. Undeniably the champagne helped at dinner, helped their misery, and added to the enjoyment of the Humes.

The Humes enjoyed everything. Enjoyed the overheated grill room, admired the ultra-modern glass walls, the green and gold lights. Enjoyed the expensive dinner, suggested by the head waiter, eating heartily, while Jasper smoked moodily between the courses, and Vere pushed her sole *à la Bordelaise* about with her fork.

"Dancing, too," said the Colonel, observing the band of three filing in and taking their places. "That's an innovation. In my young days they never had dancing in a grill room."

"Don't make yourself out an old fogey," cried his wife. "I shall never admit to more than forty, whatever you say."

Jasper suddenly pushed his chair back, and looked at Vere.

"Dance ?" he suggested.

On the crowded dance floor they felt like convicts escaped from Dartmoor for a brief deliverance.

"This band's torn it. They'll never go now."

Out of the corner of her eye Vere saw the Humes prancing round together.

"Jasper, they're dancing. It's hopeless."

"Listen, darling, I'm seeing you home, that's the idea. If necessary, we'll get into a taxi, and then come back ; but anyhow we'll give them the slip."

"If we can."

He held her tighter.

"If we can ? What do you mean ? Of course we can. We *must*. I don't know how to forgive you for letting us in for this."

"I tell you, I couldn't help it. She paralyzes me."

Back at the empty table, she put a sudden question.

"Jasper, did you know the Fanshawes had parted ?"

"Yes . . . No, what does it matter ? Vere, you look so lovely."

"They parted because of you."

"Everybody parts because of somebody. I wonder if he means to stand us another bottle of champagne ?"

And he drained his glass.

"They parted because of you," Vere repeated.

His eyes focused on her.

(Continued on page 114)

A UNIT of a war-lord's army. A young soldier on sentry duty for Marshal Lui Hsiang, war-lord of Szechuan Province

THE Great Wall of China. 1,500 miles through valleys has it that one million Chinese construction are

(Top) THE famous Yangtse Gorges, through which the author flew. (centre) Refuelling the Loening amphibian, and (bottom) a view of the high walls of Chungking, where the Yangtse River rises as much as 100 feet at high-water level

The Awakening

In the Ears of a China asleep for centuries the Clock of Progress ticks louder—and louder

BELOW me, the swirling Yangtse River, so broad that it recalled the mouth of the Amazon, off which I cruised two years ago in the great airship "Graf Zeppelin." This time I was flying over China.

For five thousand years of known history, the "Golden River," as the Chinese have named the Yangtse from its deep yellow waters, rising amidst the eternal snow peaks of the majestic Himalayas 3,200 miles from the coast, has been the Yellow Peril of China. This mighty waterway has staged China's greatest tragedies of Nature. No other river in the world has claimed so many lives down through the centuries as the Yangtse, during the roaring wild deluges of its periodic sudden rise of fifty, even one hundred feet in places.

The Japanese invasion of Manchuria, the subsequent Sino-Japanese conflict before the League of Nations in Geneva, discord between the Brown and Yellow races which can conceivably involve Britain and America, and gathering war clouds in the Far East, have once more focused world attention on China.

The symbol of China is the Great Dragon; that of Japan, the crimson Rising Sun. That Sun has invaded what was nominally a part of the Land of the Dragon—the north-eastern corner known as Manchuria, now rechristened with Japanese blood—Manchukuo. Under the influence of Bolshevik Russia, the somnolent Chinese Dragon threatens to turn Red and militaristic. Instead of killing the Great Dragon, the Japanese "St. George," as Japan sees herself, is only awakening it.

China is one of the few remaining large countries on the earth which has preserved her mystery and glamour. Cathay yields her secrets slowly and reluctantly. Of China's 4,760,000 square miles, the world knows a strip scarcely 100 miles deep, inland from the coast, beginning at Canton in the South and ending at Mukden or Harbin in the North. In the cities within this narrow belt live the majority of the white foreigners, estimated at less than 40,000, exclusive of the foreign naval and military units. About 8,000 white Christian missionaries are scattered in more than 600 cities and towns throughout the length and breadth of China. From a few large cities on this fringe of the Continent of the Dragon, Canton, Hongkong, Shanghai, Tientsin, Peiping and Mukden, comes the "news of China." Reports

It stretches for more than and over mountains. Legend workers who died during its buried within it

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY with Charles Sloane Vaughan, the pilot of the amphibian in which the trip up the Yangtse River was made

of the Great Dragon

By Lady Drummond-Hay

of an earthquake which took place in the province of Kansu on December 26th, in which hundreds of people lost their lives, only reached Peiping by caravan on February 10th. During their journey of some 1,200 miles, caravans and refugees apparently did not strike any arteries of communication with the coast. Aside from missionaries, comparatively few foreigners travel any great distance into the interior except 600 miles up the Yangtse to Hankow.

The Romance of China! What a picture of mediæval conditions! Walled cities and towns, temples, pagodas; "Soviet Republics" with their Red troops and Spartan Communistic principles; war-lords, some of whom began life as coolies, or petty bandits, now commanding large private armies, and maintaining costly harems of anywhere from five to thirty sumptuously-clad and bejewelled wives and concubines, their ferocious-looking bodyguards with broad, cleaver-like beheading swords slung across their backs. Legions of pirates and bandits, some of these lawless bands led by "Queens" and outlaw Chieftainesses; thousands of painted Sing-song girls; populations of sampan dwellers, whose dilapidated craft bridge the broad creeks from bank to bank in solid formation. The oldest culture and civilisation on earth dying and disintegrating, a new civilisation in travail with all its attendant pains! Swiftly this kaleidoscopic picture passed through my mind as the amphibian banked to make a détour around the Japanese trenches north of Shanghai, and away from the Japanese fleet, which only a few days before was bombarding the Chinese forts at Woosung at the mouth of the Yangtse.

To see the world, to see as much as possible of it in a short lifetime, to see it topographically and get a real picture of countries—fly! That is my motto. I was headed this time for Chungking in far-off Western China, 1,500 miles from Shanghai, where few foreigners ever go. By steamer up the Yangtse the journey takes fourteen to eighteen days, according to the level of the water. I would make it in one day and a half, and, flying fairly low, would see much of the country, also land at several interesting places. China, which is eighty-two times as big as England and Wales, has about one half their railway mileage. There is less than one mile of rail to every 476 square miles, and less than one mile

(*Continued on page* 92)

(Top) A COOLIE water-carrier in Chungking. Every drop of water has to be carried to this city in buckets. (centre) A Yangtse River steamer, and (bottom) soldiers escorting a Government official of Chungking to his picturesque offices

“Attractive to Women . . .” The Who, the Mysterious Success of those Male a web of Romance for their

Don Juan

HE claimed to be a Russian prince, and, like so many of the breed, he seemed to have a great attraction for women. One hears that term “ attractive to women ” *ad nauseam* around drawing-rooms, restaurants, dance clubs and cocktail-bars; but in this case it clearly meant something. For one thing, the police, a matter-of-fact crowd, testified to that effect. For another thing, women had paid his hotel bills; and anyone who has had dealings with women knows that unless their feelings are engaged they will not thus squander on a man the tokens which can be exchanged for sports suits, jewels, gold bangles, hats, perfumes, creams, powders, cigarettes, silk stockings, enamelled powder-boxes, gin, and the other luxuries to which women of the type who associate with men who claim to be Russian princes are notoriously partial. Finally, having compromised the mistress, he seduced the maid, thereby demonstrating a technique equally successful in boudoir and kitchen. It is sad that such an artist should have been recommended for deportation by the magistrate who sent him to jail.

Quite a little group of women will regret the passing of the “ prince ” from our midst. But then, to them, he was Romance. Astonishing how often the difference between romance and reality approximates to the difference between the fat, drab woman of forty, around whom Somerset Maugham wrote “ Rain,” and the same woman romanticised for the films in the slim, groomed, ravishing person of Joan Crawford. Interesting, also, to note in this “ prince ” affair yet another manifestation of the rise in our complex society of a class of professional Don Juans (“ gigolo ” does not fit, being too exclusively associated in the Anglo-Saxon mind with professional dancing partners).

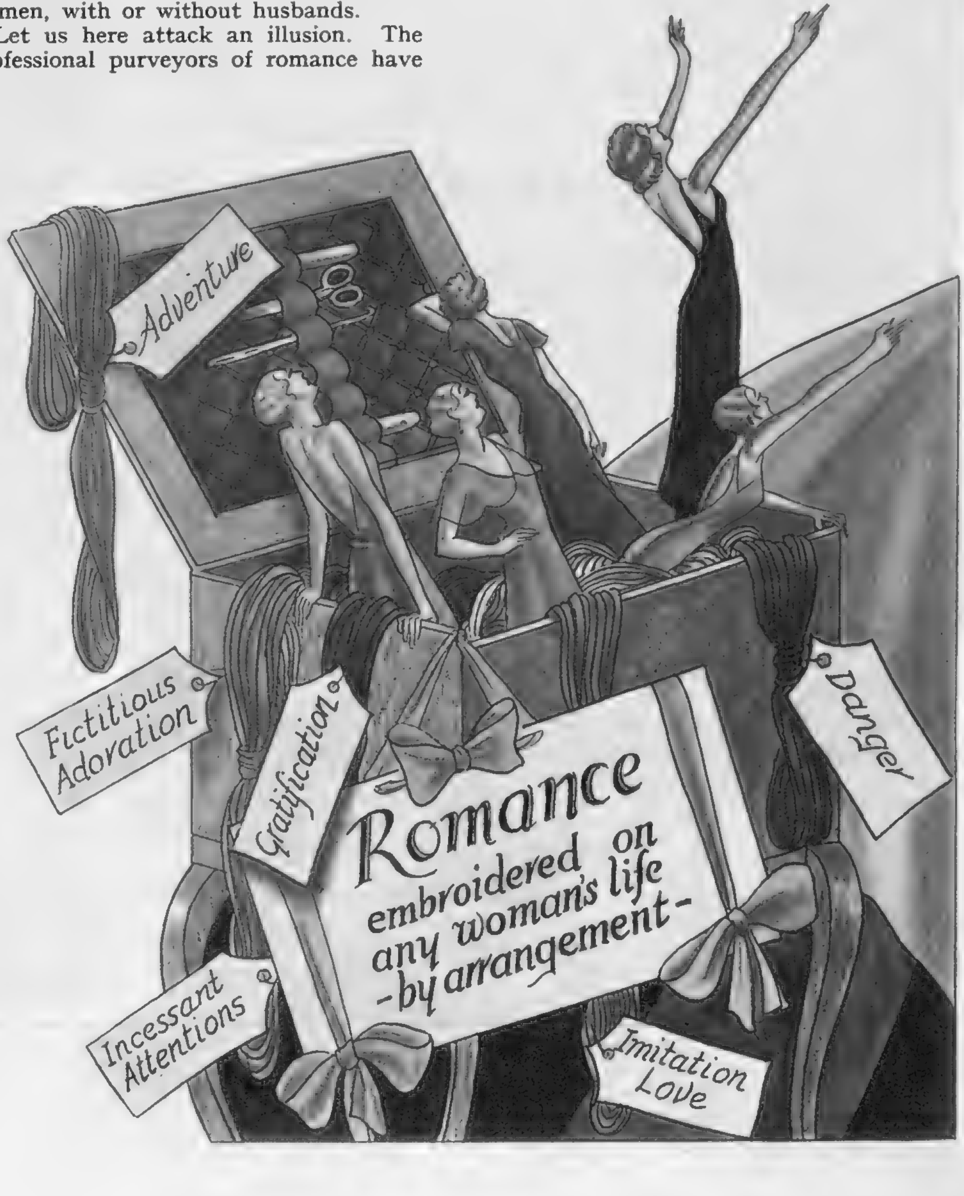
Policemen, magistrates and moralists give rather a lop-sided view of the typical member of the latest calling. They mention him in a way which conveys to the unsophisticated the impression that it is these men who have created a market for their peculiar wares—that they are always and inevitably seducers and ravishers of frail, innocent, helpless maidens. Whereas anybody who knows anything of contemporary life, especially in the pleasure quarters, the rich sets, and the cosmopolitan circles, is well aware that our friend is only catering for a rising and ever more insistent demand.

There are many reasons why Don Juans, gigolos, philanderers, ladies' men, lovers, the whole class of purveyors of romance to discontented women, should be increasing and thriving. One is the speed-up of living; another, the rise of divorce. There is the determination of an ever-growing number of mothers, wives, spinsters, to get more fun out of life. A fourth reason is to be found in the expanding number of young women claiming the same freedom which yesterday was conceded only to the bachelor. And then there is woman's new youthfulness. (The 60,000 single women of 40 in this island are marrying at the rate of 1 in every 25, and one-fourth of the 300,000-odd women of 40 earn their living and are economically independent; from which it will be seen that women of 40 are much more virile, enterprising, freer and *younger* than they were.)

The aggregate of these factors means a rising market for Don Juan's stock. Ladies' men are in demand, the bulk of mankind being too busy, or too inexpert, or too slow, or two unwilling, to supply the demand for romance, for companionship, for sports, dancing, dinner and every other sort of partnership required by tens of thousands of women, with or without husbands.

Let us here attack an illusion. The professional purveyors of romance have little use for youth, or youth for the professional purveyors of romance. Don Juan's hunting-grounds are chiefly among hard, fast-living young women in their late twenties or early thirties and romantic or blasé women of anything between forty and sixty. This is not surmise. It is the testimony of statistics, observation and police-court records.

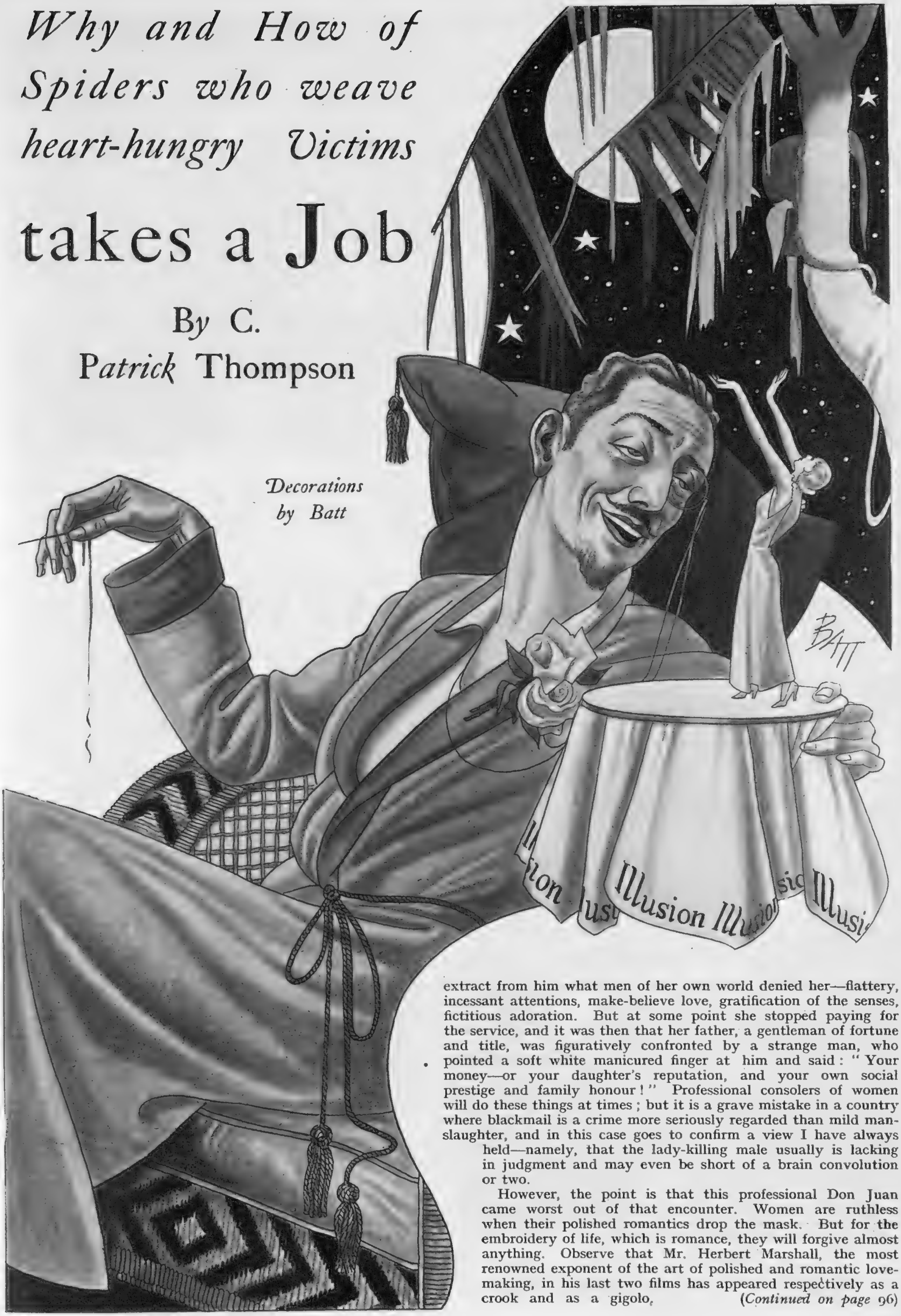
Consider again the case of our Russian “ prince ”: was the lady involved a timid, sentimental, shrinking Clarissa? On the contrary. Hard, pleasure-loving, discontented, she had associated with this professional ladies' man in order to



Why and How of Spiders who weave heart-hungry Victims takes a Job

By C. Patrick Thompson

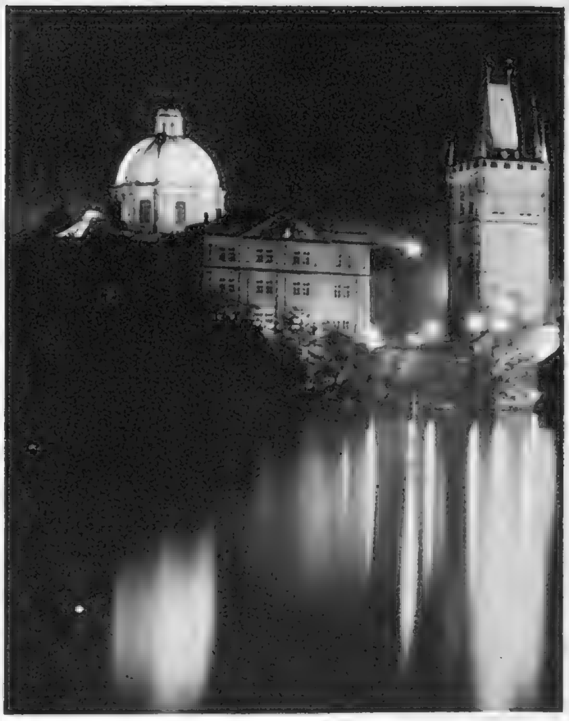
Decorations by Batt


Illusion Illusion Illusion Illusion Illusion
BATT

extract from him what men of her own world denied her—flattery, incessant attentions, make-believe love, gratification of the senses, fictitious adoration. But at some point she stopped paying for the service, and it was then that her father, a gentleman of fortune and title, was figuratively confronted by a strange man, who pointed a soft white manicured finger at him and said: " Your money—or your daughter's reputation, and your own social prestige and family honour ! " Professional consolers of women will do these things at times ; but it is a grave mistake in a country where blackmail is a crime more seriously regarded than mild manslaughter, and in this case goes to confirm a view I have always held—namely, that the lady-killing male usually is lacking in judgment and may even be short of a brain convolution or two.

However, the point is that this professional Don Juan came worst out of that encounter. Women are ruthless when their polished romantics drop the mask. But for the embroidery of life, which is romance, they will forgive almost anything. Observe that Mr. Herbert Marshall, the most renowned exponent of the art of polished and romantic love-making, in his last two films has appeared respectively as a crook and as a gigolo,

(*Continued on page 96*)



ROME.—The honeymoon city because fares are reduced four-fifths for honeymoon couples. A view of "Reine Helene," the new road built to accommodate present-day traffic

PRAGUE.—Where glass of soda-water meal. The Altstadt Bridge seen from under

(Above)
ITALY—The King of Italy's guards are the tallest soldiers in Europe. The swing-doors in Stockholm go round the wrong way "Kungsgatan," the modern commercial street of Stockholm, showing the King's Towers in the background

European

Cameos from a

FOR over two months I have been moving hither and thither in Europe, frontier to frontier, capital to capital, a stranger among peoples I find strange, but not rich. No. Not at the moment.

They sat opposite to me in the Rome express, bound for Rome, and unashamedly in love. They had been married in Prague the day before and now they were bound for Rome. You wouldn't imagine Mussolini's hand was behind that marriage, but it was. Why and how? Because Italy had reduced by four-fifths the fares of honeymoon couples from the frontier to Rome. First, only Italian honeymoon couples were encouraged to descend, the most romantic horde in history, on Rome. But later . . . Czech, Slav, Austrian, French, English, no matter what you were, Rome, one of the world's mother cities, opened her arms.

Rome I found the loveliest city of the eight countries I visited and the city with the prettiest women. No, not Stockholm, nor Vienna, nor Berlin, nor Paris. Rome. But the beautiful women are so many and so much alike that Romans find themselves mistaking one signorina for another. Seriously, yes. You may, if you are not careful, kiss her hand at the ball when you greet her, and find, looking up, that the laughing eyes are not *your* lady's eyes after all. By the way, why don't we kiss women's hands in England? It is a charming, gallant, and engaging custom. Too engaging? Well . . .

Rome is haunted by the past, its streets are filled with memories, its ruins move you to austere thoughts, you feel, as you feel when looking on the dome of a star-lit heaven, that you are dust.

Berlin! Strident, massive, liveliest and gayest city in Europe by night. Dancing girls of amusing effrontery who send you invitations to the waltz by telephone

you get a slender served with every Tower and Karl's across the river flood-light

BERLIN.—The liveliest and gayest city in Europe. It also has the largest army of beggars. A view of Berlin from the air

Spotlight

Traveller's Memories

By James L. Hodson

and by letter to your table, and, should you accept, flash the sign " Störung verboten ! " meaning—It is forbidden for anybody else to try to captivate him. Berlin! Where a witty professor described Hitler to me as: " A sort of Billy Sunday walking about in the boots of Oliver Cromwell." Berlin! Where shops gravely sell gas-masks at 36 marks apiece, and others as gravely instruct young men how to have their hair cut—the sports cut, the social cut, the business-man's cut. O unhumorous Berlin! Berlin! with its league of those suffering from hay fever—so passionate is the desire to be leagued and banded together. Berlin! with its innumerable notices, one outside the Opera announcing what time it will finish so that the taxi-drivers may be there. Berlin! with the largest army of beggars in Europe, some with fur collars on their coats. Berlin! where the unemployed say, as they say in Holland, not " I am out of work," but " I go stamping," because of the frequency of their visits to the Labour Exchange (in Holland it is twice every day).

One thoughtlessly imagines the world's administrative work is done, as most of ours is done, from 9 till 6. Not a bit of it. In Berlin many Government officials are hard at work by 8 a.m., and still going vigorously at 8 p.m. In Rome they start at 9, go on till 1.30, and then labour no more till 4.30, working thence till 8.30 or 9 p.m. During that afternoon break Mussolini, during the summer, drives to the sea and swims and bathes in the sun. Most people sleep, but Mussolini is a sleepless one. At Prague they begin in *their* Whitehall at 8.30, take a cup of coffee at their desks at 11, and work straight on till 2.30, when they finish for the day. A magnificent idea. I came across another fine idea at Prague—in the Houses of Parliament, too. I suddenly beheld a never-ending lift, a sort of cupboard the height of a door and five feet square, *(Continued on page 120)*

(Above)
BERLIN.—Dancing girls send you invitations to the waltz by telephone to your table. A scene from one of the night-clubs in Berlin
ITALY.—A genuine love exists for macaroni, although it is not cheap or easily prepared. Youthful workers at the glass works at Murano

CALL BACK

Blue Skies, *Native* Music *and the* Tropical Sun—Eve heard *the* Island calling *her* back *to* Sumba *from the* Shires

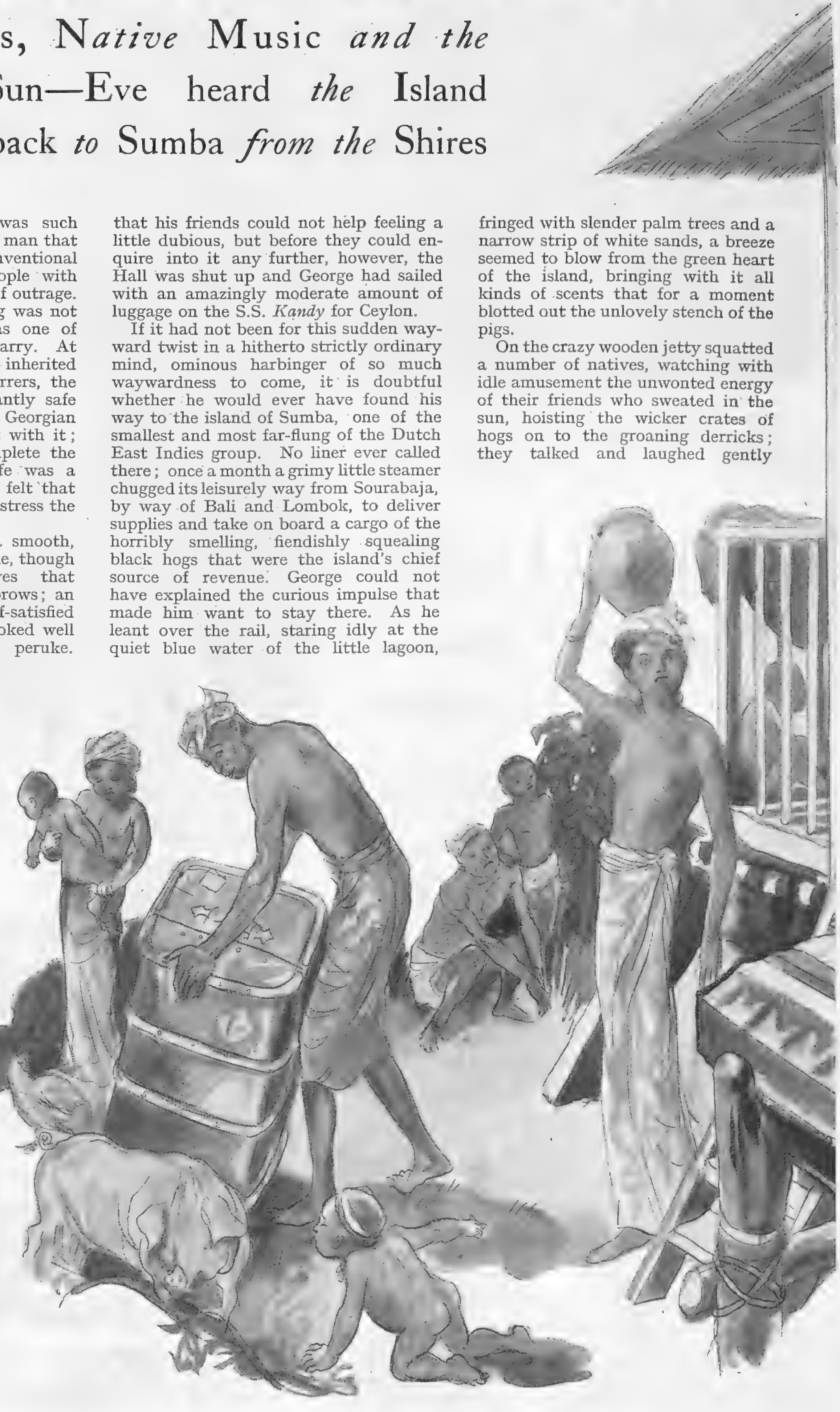
GEORGE FERRERS was such a deeply conventional man that the news of his unconventional marriage left some people with a definite sense of shock, even of outrage. The actual fact of his marrying was not in itself startling. George was one of those people who "should" marry. At the age of thirty-eight he had inherited from his uncle, Sir Simeon Ferrers, the pleasantly old title, the pleasantly safe income, and the large white Georgian house in the Shires that went with it; all that was necessary to complete the well-ordered pattern of his life was a suitable partner, and everyone felt that it could be safely left to him to stress the suitability.

He was a large man with a smooth, fresh-coloured face and handsome, though slightly prominent, blue eyes that goggled from under reddish eyebrows; an eighteenth-century face, the self-satisfied curves of which would have looked well set off by a neat powdered peruke. George seemed to shine with well-being and careful grooming like the glossy rumps of his big horses lined up behind their spotless loose-box doors. His clothes were always impeccably chosen. He took great care of his hands; the back of his thick bull neck was clear-skinned, uncreased and tidy. Living in a harshly censorious world, no one ever seemed to find anything unkind to say about him. He was very good-natured.

It was a slight shock to everyone when he decided to miss the hunting season and take a trip round the world. He was not going to go in the conventional way on one of the big liners; that would have been a shock to no one. It was perfectly easy to imagine George threshing his big body about in a green-tiled swimming pool or, dressed in a perfectly cut pongee suit, auctioneering with easy good-humour the pool on the ship's daily run. But he had made the surprising announcement that he was going to potter his way round, taking his own time and route, travelling mostly by little freighters. This, for George, was so startlingly original that his friends could not help feeling a little dubious, but before they could enquire into it any further, however, the Hall was shut up and George had sailed with an amazingly moderate amount of luggage on the S.S. *Kandy* for Ceylon.

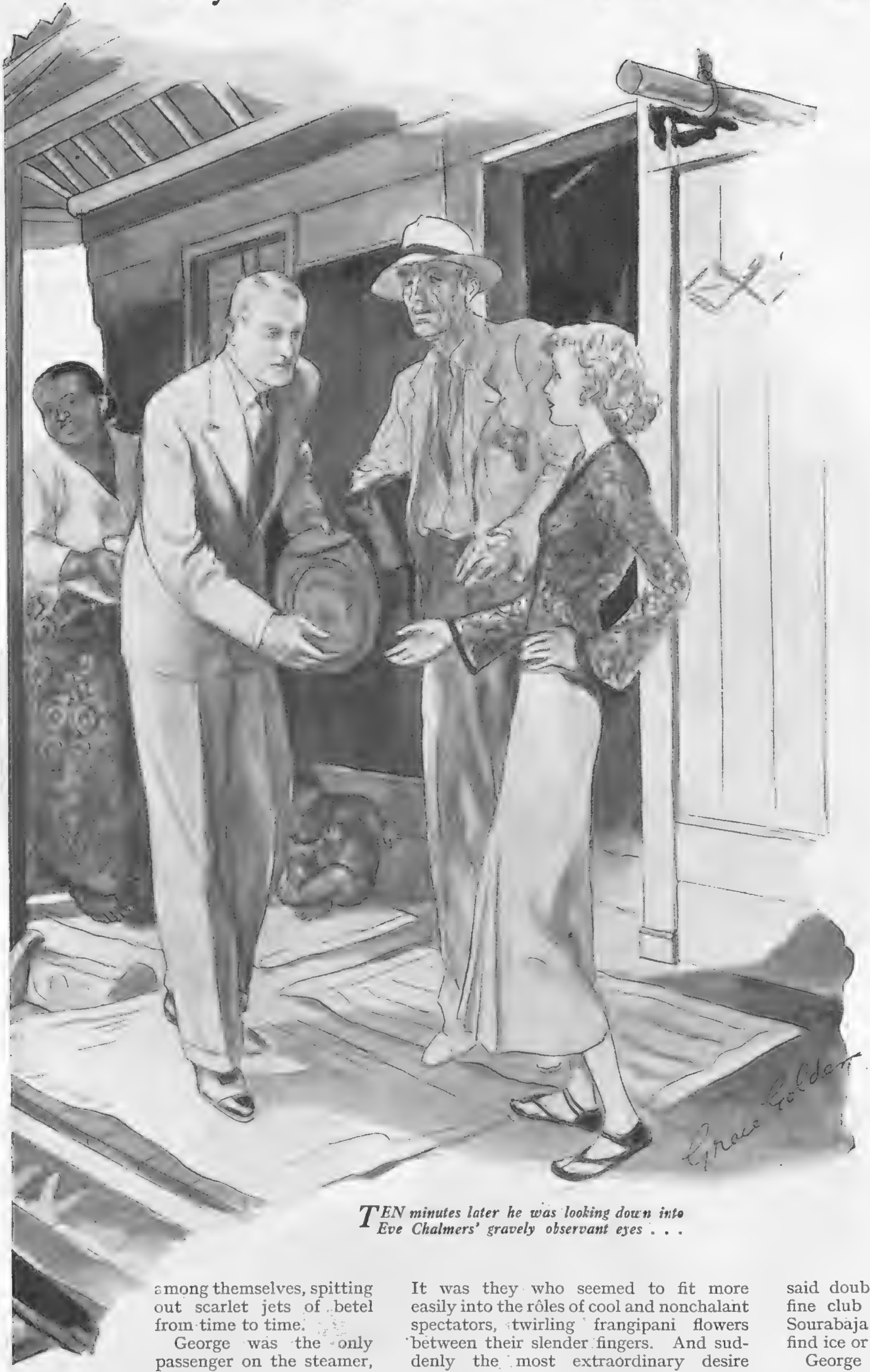
If it had not been for this sudden wayward twist in a hitherto strictly ordinary mind, ominous harbinger of so much waywardness to come, it is doubtful whether he would ever have found his way to the island of Sumba, one of the smallest and most far-flung of the Dutch East Indies group. No liner ever called there; once a month a grimy little steamer chugged its leisurely way from Sourabaja, by way of Bali and Lombok, to deliver supplies and take on board a cargo of the horribly smelling, fiendishly squealing black hogs that were the island's chief source of revenue. George could not have explained the curious impulse that made him want to stay there. As he leant over the rail, staring idly at the quiet blue water of the little lagoon, fringed with slender palm trees and a narrow strip of white sands, a breeze seemed to blow from the green heart of the island, bringing with it all kinds of scents that for a moment blotted out the unlovely stench of the pigs.

On the crazy wooden jetty squatted a number of natives, watching with idle amusement the unwonted energy of their friends who sweated in the sun, hoisting the wicker crates of hogs on to the groaning derricks; they talked and laughed gently



By Mollie Panter-Downes

Illustrated by Grace Golden



TEN minutes later he was looking down into Eve Chalmers' gravely observant eyes . . .

among themselves, spitting out scarlet jets of betel from time to time.

George was the only passenger on the steamer, and he guessed that much of that soft, good-natured laughter was directed against himself. He began to feel rather foolish standing there, a large man sweating slightly into his fresh white clothes, staring down at these people as though they were a lot of wild animals in a zoo. It was they who seemed to fit more easily into the rôles of cool and nonchalant spectators, twirling frangipani flowers between their slender fingers. And suddenly the most extraordinary desire came into his mind to find out something about these people and their island; to let the steamer sail without him in two hours' time.

The hairless brows of the Dutch captain, raised in comical consternation, plainly told him that he was mad when he went up on the bridge to announce his sudden decision. George was wearing brown and white buckskin shoes, very richly polished. The captain's blue eyes stared thoughtfully at these shoes while he asked in his careful and excellent English what George found to interest him in the island of Sumba.

"I don't know," said George truthfully.

"Perhaps you are a friend of Mr. Chalmers ?" asked the captain.

"No, I don't know Mr. Chalmers," said George. "Who is he ?"

"He is the only Englishman on Sumba. He writes books and takes photographs of the natives. There is also a daughter—or they say she is his daughter. It is an extraordinary *ménage*. At any rate, she is a beastly good-looking girl."

He uttered the last phrase with an air of pride. George, after a moment's startled thought, decided that the captain admired Miss Chalmers. Mopping his bald head carefully with a silk handkerchief, the Dutchman repeated :

"Yes, she is a beastly good-looking girl, but she is wasted on the desert air in Sumba, as you can imagine."

"Doesn't anyone else live here ?"

"Europeans ? Yes, there are two or three Dutch Government officials—an Armenian trader or two—they crop up everywhere. There isn't even a missionary. The whole island is devoutly Hindu—they gave up trying to convert them a century ago."

Again the captain's gaze sought George's shoes, so plainly intended to be propped in elegant attitudes against the rung of a wicker *chaise-longue*.

"The rest-house is very poor and very dirty," he said doubtfully. "You will not find a fine club with an American bar as in Sourabaja or Batavia. You will not find ice or electric fans."

George said untruthfully that these things did not worry him. He was anxious, he said, to get an opportunity of studying native life, which he called the Real Thing, off the beaten track of the Cook's tourists and the Dollar Line boats. At that moment two Chinese cabin boys appeared with George's packed suitcases, which they set down on the deck before him. The captain looked at the handsome cases, already well plastered with highly coloured labels, glistening in the sun as richly as the brown leather of George's shoes. One was a beautiful pigskin dressing-case. The captain looked at the dressing-case, then at George, then again at the dressing-case, and suddenly burst into laughter so loud that the courteous Sumbanese squatting on the jetty laughed too in sympathy.

"Well," said the Dutchman, wiping his round, watering eyes, "I think you are a beastly good sport, Sir George, and I hope the experiment is successful. I have an hour to spare, so I'll take you up to the rest-house and see that you're made as comfortable as possible. Perhaps that lazy monkey of a Sumbanese will be able to find us a drink—although there will be no ice, I warn you."

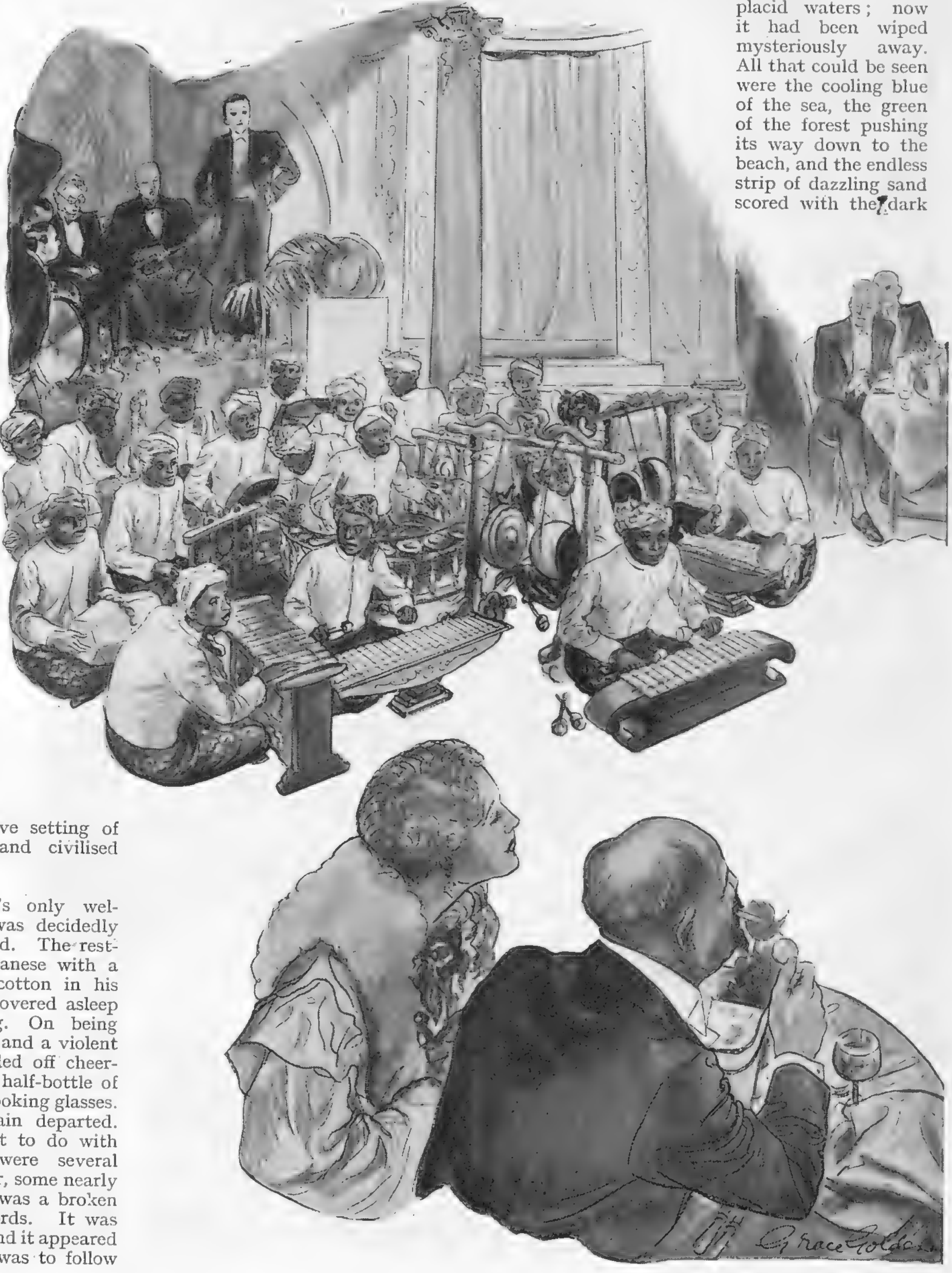
George laughed politely, too, though he could not really see the reason for the captain's excessive merriment. Together they walked off the ship on to the jetty, where in an instant two bits of the Real Thing had risen, girding the coloured *sarongs* more tightly round their lean haunches, and had snatched the baggage out of the Chinese boy's hands. George happened to look round during the course of the short, dusty walk to the rest-house, and there was the dressing-case being brandished aloft, while its bearer, an impudent stripling of sixteen or seventeen, now capered obscenely, now strutted in an obvious and not unfunny parody of George's pompous tread. On catching George's eye, the stripling roared with laughter, showing what looked like several hundred excellent white teeth.

George hastily turned round again. For the first time he felt a qualm of doubt; a warning, surely, to leave the island of Sumba and flee back to his safe and native setting of iced drinks, cool rooms and civilised voices.

THE rest-house, Sumba's only welcome to the traveller, was decidedly not cool and barely civilised. The rest-house keeper, a thin Sumbanese with a twist of orange and red cotton in his greasy black hair, was discovered asleep on the verandah matting. On being woke by the captain's toe and a violent flood of language, he padded off cheerfully and returned with a half-bottle of Bols gin and two doubtful-looking glasses. Soon afterwards the captain departed. George did not know what to do with himself. On the table were several copies of a Dutch newspaper, some nearly a year old; in the corner was a broken phonograph and some records. It was still quite early in the day, and it appeared that the only thing to do was to follow the rest-house keeper's example and take a siesta. George undressed, routed out a pair of pyjamas, and, after a dubious examination of the bed linen, crawled under the mosquito net.

It was late afternoon when he woke, with a bad taste in his mouth and the leaden feeling of having slept too long and too deeply. By his side was a cup of tea and two small bananas. After he had eaten and drunk, thrown a few buckets of cold water over himself, and changed into fresh linen, he felt better, and decided that he would go for a walk. The sun was going down, and innumerable little family groups squatted sociably outside their low wattle huts, chatting, laughing and enjoying the cool. They looked at George with deep but polite interest as he walked down the street. Women were carrying water from the wells; some of the men were going off to the lagoons to fish. George noticed that the women, like those in the unspoilt parts of Bali, were naked to the waists; they were supple and straight-backed, and wore flowers twisted with extraordinary elegance into the elaborate black coils of their hair. They took no notice of George at all. Inside the Chinese store someone was playing a concertina; in the dust three little round-headed Chinese boys rolled with two fat Sumbanese babies, naked except for sacred silver coins round their necks. A great tree was covered in flaming orange flowers. Everything was beautiful, green and Eden-like. George felt strangely happy; he could not have explained why.

The steamer had vanished from the little harbour. In the morning it had looked like a squat, ugly smudge of black painted on those placid waters; now it had been wiped mysteriously away. All that could be seen were the cooling blue of the sea, the green of the forest pushing its way down to the beach, and the endless strip of dazzling sand scored with the dark



lines of catamarans pushed up to dry in the sun. George began to walk towards the west. The sand made firm walking; it was littered with plaited emblems of dried palm leaves, religious offerings that had been placed there to propitiate some spirit of the sea. He wondered what they were. Presently he made a short cut through the trees to avoid a curve of the beach, and, coming out into a sheltered inlet, was startled by the sight of a naked girl bathing in the sea.

For a second he thought she was one of the Sumbanese women, but then he saw that her skin was white and her short, dripping hair was a bright reddish brown. She played and splashed in the shallows of the lagoon, then suddenly turned and swam strongly out into deeper waters. In a few minutes she returned and waded out, shaking the water from her eyes; in one hand she dragged a long swathe of glistening green seaweed. George watched her without embarrassment as she walked unconcernedly up the sands. Somehow the simplicity of her movements, the beauty of her slender wet body, were not of the kind to arouse his embarrassment; he felt only a dim kind of pleasure, as though he were watching one of the beautiful colts of Starlight, his beautiful favourite mare, kicking up its innocent heels in a green meadow. George's nature, unknown to himself, contained a good deal that was profoundly simple. Her white silhouette seemed the fitting stamp and seal with which to close this strange day.

As she flung herself down beside the light-coloured heap that he took to be her clothes, he turned and walked back in the direction of the village. This, he thought to himself, must be the intriguing Miss Chalmers, and he remembered the captain's "a beastly good-looking girl." Suddenly he felt consumed with curiosity to explore that "extraordinary *ménage*"; he thought vaguely of the conventional routine of calling and visiting cards, and wondered whether it were the thing to present oneself without introductions in Sumba. The problem continued to worry him as he tried to eat a remarkably sinewy fowl and some tinned pineapple later on in the evening, and kept him awake even more than the restless *ping* of the mosquitoes as he lay sweating under the nets in the stuffy darkness.

He need not have troubled himself. The next morning, as he sat stirring condensed milk into his tea, the hens pecking the front of the bungalow scattered shrieking in all directions, and Mr. Chalmers tramped up the steps to pay his respects in person. He was an immensely tall, gaunt man with a head of shaggy grey hair that gave him something of the appearance of a seedy lion; his face was deeply scored with lines that spoke of ill-health and some dragging disappointment that had left it bleak and exhausted as the frame of a gutted house. In that grey waste the eyes were still lighted windows, bright and penetrating. He was dressed in a baggy linen suit, stained down the front with food; on his head was a flapping panama, and he carried a large camera in a leather case.

He shook hands with George, introduced himself, waved away the tea and accepted a glass of Bols. The rest-house keeper seemed to know him. Mr. Chalmers said something that sounded to George jovial and probably a little coarse; the rest-house keeper shrieked with laughter and capped it with a better one. Two pot-bellied babies, a pig, and a beautiful brown girl with a waist like a reed came to the door to share the fun. George felt a little embarrassed. He saw that Chalmers, like the Dutch captain, was looking at his shoes, and he drew his feet under the table.

Chalmers set his glass down.

"What have you come here for?" he asked bluntly.

George replied as he had replied to the captain.

"I don't know," he said.

Chalmers looked at him angrily.

"No one ever gets off at Sumba. It's too far off the tourist track, thank God. There are no hotels here, no organised dancing and tomfoolery arranged to satisfy the romantic needs of tourists as there are in Bali. You'll find things very slow."

George asked politely how long he was going to stay there, and Chalmers gave a short laugh.

"Stay here? I live here, and, please God, I'll die here. You don't catch me going back to the West again. It's over, finished, done with! Ever read Spengler? One's better off here, where life is, anyway, tolerably real and straightforward, than doing one's puny, ineffectual best to bolster up a decaying civilisation that's slowly running down. These Sumbanese have a civilisation of their own that they have managed to keep alive and pure and unpolluted in spite of the fact that they have never seen a tramcar or heard a Beethoven symphony or seen Greta Garbo."

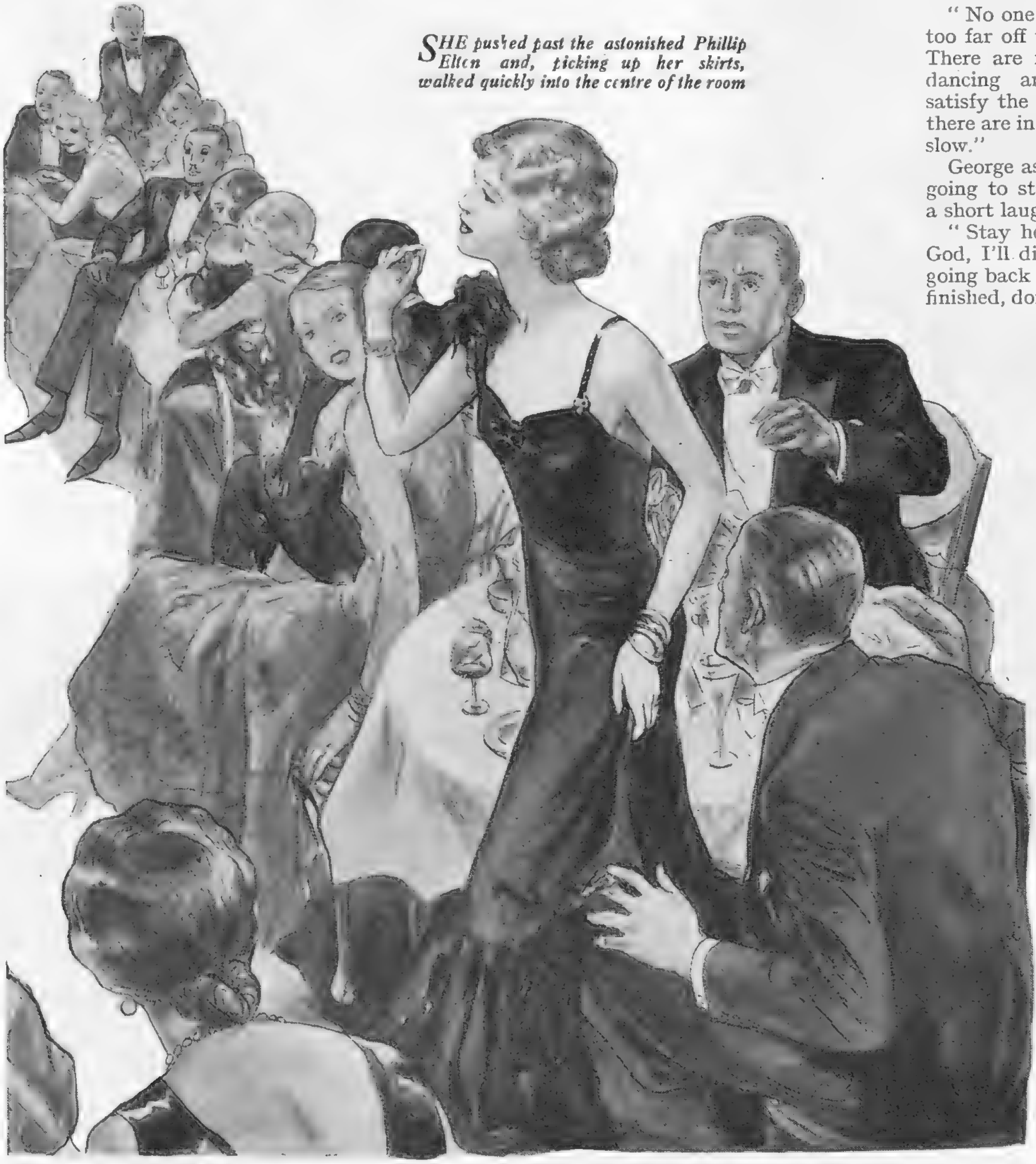
Suddenly his eyes twinkled, and he leant confidentially forward.

"For that matter, I have never seen Greta Garbo, but I have read about her in the papers. Have a cigar?"

George noticed that the nails of the hand which proffered it to him were broken and very dirty. He accepted it out of an amiable desire to please, and was hunting for the matches when he saw that Chalmers was looking observantly round the room.

"It's a long time since I've been down here," he said. "It's not much of a place. Do you speak Sumbanese?"

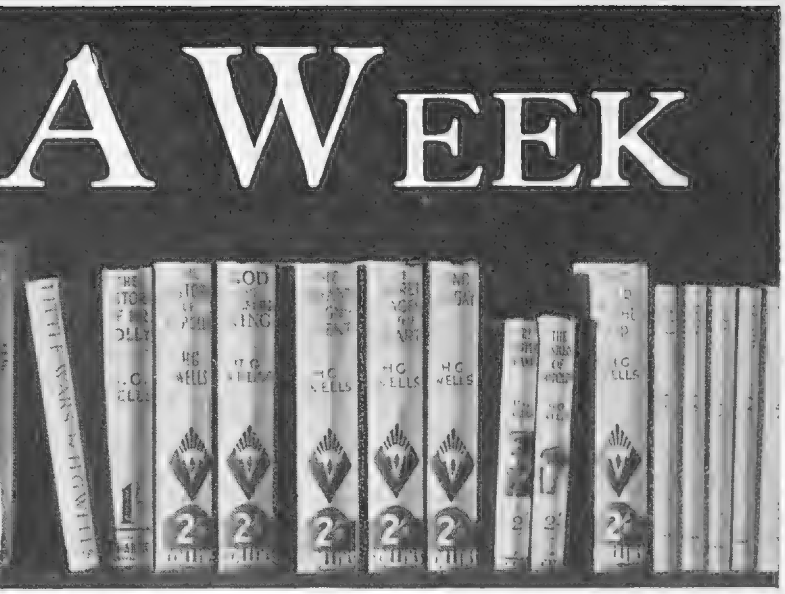
"No."



SHE pushed past the astonished Phillip Elton and, picking up her skirts, walked quickly into the centre of the room

(*Continued on page* 126)

A WEEK



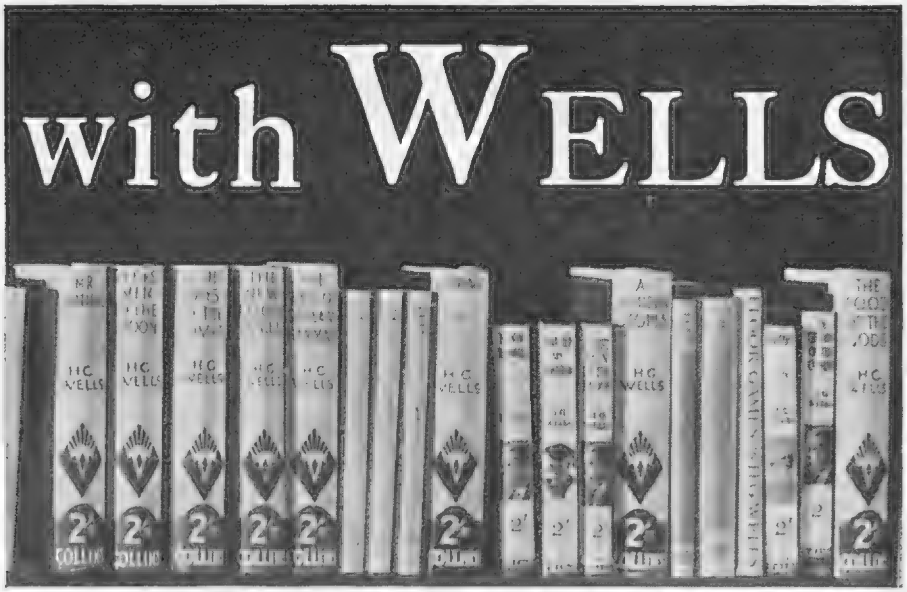
“H.G.” *at* “Lou

A CHARACTERISTIC portrait study of H. G. Wells

IN the hillside town of Grasse, where grow the fields of flowers whose concentrated essence is sent in sculptured *flacons* the world over, our host awaited us. We had come from the palm-shaded beaches of the blue Mediterranean in an autocar which performed impossible feats of climbing and of turning on a steep and tortuous road, and here we were on the plateau of perfumes. Thereafter is no public conveyance to the little village where H. G. Wells makes his home; but he was punctual at the terminus with his Voisin to drive us himself along the difficult country lanes.

The first glimpse of him makes conventional greetings unnecessary. No need to ask whether he is well. He radiates health and energy in the sunshot air of Provence. So he does everywhere; his zest for life, his gusto, his unfailing interest in everything are difficult to reconcile with one's knowledge of his age. Wells a veteran? Wells the Father of English letters? I suppose it is his own fault if he has not yet been accepted as the respectable and respected doyen of the writing craft; for he conveys an impression of youth in his writing and in his demeanour. Still, he has been warning, rebuking, teaching, preaching and prophesying, as well as creating unforgettable figures, for nearly forty years. Yes, nearly forty years separate *The Time Machine* from *The Bulpington of Blup*, though his latest work is as youthful as his first, in that it is alive with an inexhaustible and unsatisfied curiosity. Has any other first-class British author (with the possible exception of Shaw, and even he began his dramatic work much later) such a long record of unflagging effort? From the scientific fantasies, which are parables, to the immortal *Kipps* and the delicious *Mr. Polly*, to the

with WELLS



Pidou":

By Sisley Huddleston

series of sociological novels, to the anticipatory histories and speculations, to the vast instructional "outlines," and now back to story surcharged with talk on every subject that interests mankind, he has never ceased to exhort as well as entertain, to keep up with and outpass the thought of his contemporaries in two generations, and at the end, at the age of 67, he is as alert as the youngest of them all.

"You will never," I laughed, "receive the apotheosis reserved by the British public for age."

"I have no ambition to be a Grand Old Man," he replied, and by way of commentary he raced across the street to the immense terrace which hangs over the mountain slope, to survey the deep wooded valley—a magnificent spectacle. He was dressed in brown, without overcoat, a red flannel shirt closed by a zip, and a béret pulled jauntily on his head.

"A matter of chemistry," he answered. "After all, we are chemico-biological creatures. I look after my human chemistry . . . Ah, there's something wrong with the gearbox of this machine. Must have it seen to. But it's great fun, driving. I had to drive when my chauffeur joined up in the war, and now I find it wonderfully restful. When you're at the wheel you can't think of anything bothersome. It's reposing."

So he reposed, as we dashed downhill, and took hairpin corners, and charged steep places . . . During the week I stayed I found him ever ready for an automobile adventure in the mountains. And always he seemed to think these experiences—or any other experiences—the finest in the world, and enjoyed them as though for the first time. Gusto! Such gusto! The secret of "H. G." is gusto.

WHEN we came in sight of the house, "Lou Pidou," half-way up the inside of a cup formed by the ring of mountains, he was telling me of his architectural experience. "I designed it myself. It's great fun, being an architect. Perhaps it's not the best possible house, but it's Wellsian—a little thing, but mine own."

He was proud of being an architect, probably prouder than of being the author of *The Bulpington of Blup*. We climbed innumerable steps, terrace above terrace, as is the way in the Midi, and reached the porch, from whence we looked down on the vines and the olives and the patches of lavender. In the loggia, facing the sun, he explained just why he had shaped the rooms so, and why he had put in arches and deep chimneys. They had to be like that because . . . The place became personal, fitted to "H. G." like a suit of clothes.

Throughout my visit I was constantly struck, as I had been on earlier occasions, with the remarkable zest he displayed in everything. He has tried to avoid being imprisoned in a special province; he touches life at every point. His enthusiasm is not reserved for certain subjects; it is an enthusiasm which is operated by, and operates on, all that comes to his attention. I have known one other man as universal—and he was altogether different: Clemenceau. Clemenceau, too, was an amateur of the multitudinous manifestations of existence; he scorned to be merely a professional politician. Wells a professional writer? He is infinitely more.

NO servants are quite like the Provençal servants. The woman who waited on us at table was a plump, smiling daughter of the South, attentive and capable, but not pretending to live in a world apart. She laughed when we laughed, and did not assume well-trained indifference. She even, though never impertinently, put in an observation when it seemed to her that her local or culinary knowledge would be welcome. There was, indeed, much merriment that day, for "H. G." began a mock quarrel with the lady who presided over the board, and grimaced like a schoolboy when a grimace was the proper reply. He delivered a dissertation on the special foods of the Midi, as one who had studied them and considered, for the moment, nothing more important than an acquaintance with the foods of the Midi. Celestine approved, or corrected, with perfect dignity and good humour. Nobody felt she had overstepped the permissible bounds of familiarity. Is there any problem of practical life more difficult than that of treating servants as fellow creatures, yet not allowing them to disturb one's sense of privacy? The Provençal servants solve this problem for one; they strike the right note between freedom and reserve.

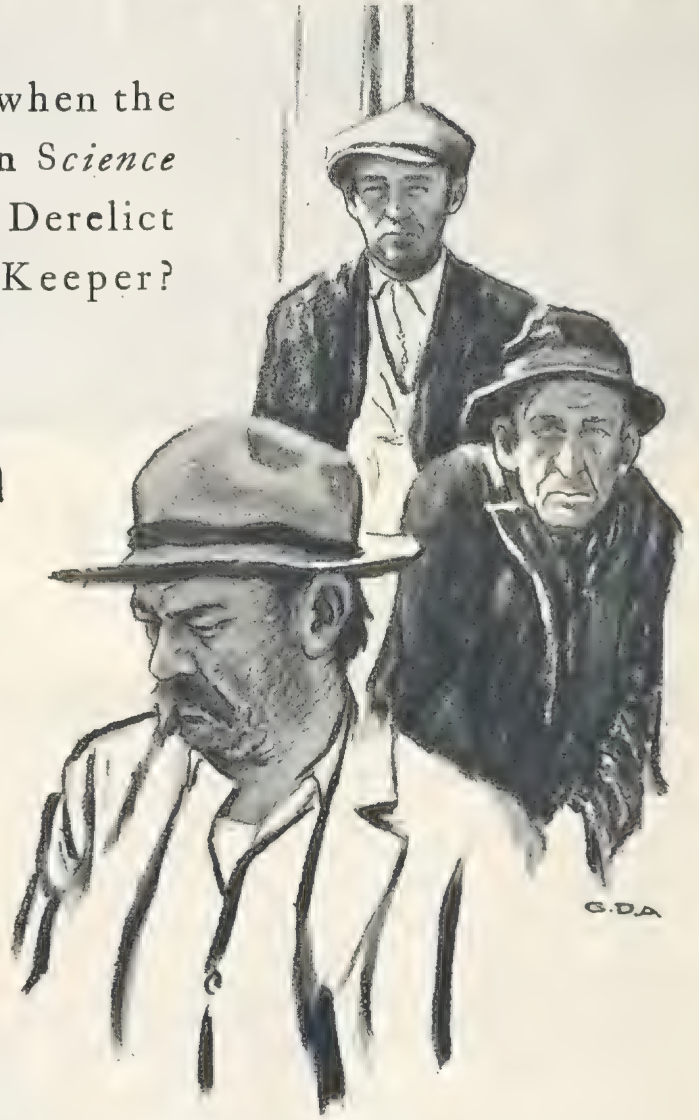
WELLS had many good words for the younger British writers.

"Is there any country in which so much excellent work is being done by the new generation as in England?" he asked. He mentioned nine or ten novelists and several essayists. "Can you match them in France? I have (*Continued on p.* 116)

"LOU PIDOU," H. G. Wells's villa at Grasse

All our *Little* Brothers

When T*hinner* Men *go* Hungry, when the P*ast* holds *a* Guilty S*ecret*, when S*cience* offers good G*erman* Marks *for a* Derelict Body . . . Am I *my* Brother's Keeper?



By May Edginton

Illustrated by George D. Alexander

IT is nice to be happy, to have all you want, even though around you, passing you in your content, eyeing you with queer looks, may be some very sad sights labelled human species. And, you have to roar "Get out" to them. "*Heraus!*" you roar. But then it takes all sorts to make a world; you learn that when you yourself have been many sorts. Then you learn it sharper, not philosophically; and it makes you think. Still, what a good life! How fortunate to be strong and well-fed! How warm the sun is . . .

"*Heraus!*"

Ivo squared his massive shoulders under the gold-braided claret-colour uniform, clenched his fists, showed his teeth and stepped forward heavily. A bull of a man like him was what was needed for that job.

Ivo never needed to take more than one step forward, to look more than one look, before the cringing wrecks of men who infested the outskirts of Schmidt's restaurant—hoping for a small coin from some gorged patron, anyway getting a smell of warm foods—vanished like ghosts into the air.

These beggars needed an Ivo to scare them off. They drifted up on the pavement; haunting the customers who sat there drinking their coffee and their lager, and they drifted by below the *terrassen* overlooking the lake, on the other side of the restaurant. Ivo had to watch, north, south, east and west. But he was a fine *dienstmann*. He did his duty well.

It is nice when people like you; and all the customers liked Ivo. From the first "Guten morgen!" of the day he was greeting and being greeted.

That added to the proprietor's appreciation of him, and in these days, with a thousand men trying to get their feet first into one pair of shoes, that spells security as far as there is any security.

"*Heraus!*"

This time the starveling was creeping along the lake front *terrassen*, as if—the cunning way they had—proceeding legitimately towards one of the small steamers just setting out on the little journey to Mühlenberg and back. But Ivo, plunging from street front to rear *terrassen*, soon fixed that.

"Ivo!" called Dr. Muëlke.

Dr. Muëlke frequently came in for a morning drink with his friends. He was a scientist; known—at least to his few familiars and to Ivo—as a medico with really quite terrible ideas. He always sat inside the restaurant, where superior people and lovers went, and a band played at night, but at a table against a window, whence he could regard the world's goings on. Especially Ivo's goings on seemed to interest him, and this was a notable feather in his cap.

"*Jawohl, mein Herr.*"

"Come here, Ivo," said Dr. Muëlke, "and let us look at you. Fatter than ever. *Gott in Himmel!* What a man." Ivo stood beaming beside the table where the doctor, who this morning came alone, was drinking his *Steinhäger*, and Herr Schmidt observed them and approved.

"Doing your duty, Ivo, I see," said Dr. Muëlke, with his smile that made a simple man uneasy. "Now I wonder if your heart is not sometimes touched with a little pity for these hungry men you have to drive away."

"I could not afford pity, doctor," Ivo answered seriously. "The management would be down on me for the least wink of an eye, I do assure you, and then where would I be? I would join all those empty bellies." He patted his fat stomach with a rueful smile. "I should be like them. When a thousand men want your shoes, doctor, you don't take them off. No. Not for a minute."

"That is so, Ivo . . . *Ivo!*"

"Yes, doctor?"

"Have you ever thought whether those hungry, workless worthless weeds have a right to life? Have you ever thought that, after the world has no more use for a man, when he is no longer a paying and useful citizen, after a certain time allowed him to improve his condition, he should place himself at the disposal of the world?"

Ivo glanced through the windows, back and front. Another of them! He rammed his peaked cap on his head.

"A moment, doctor."

"Come back."

Ivo returned.

"Take a man of science like me, Ivo. If I were handed a living body to experiment on as I pleased, think of the benefits to the more useful part of humanity."

"But, doctor!"

"Ah, you fat men are sentimental. But now picture to yourself, Ivo, my friend, the day when the law allowed you to bring to me one of those hopeless ragamuffins and say: 'Here is what you want. Give me five hundred marks.'"

"Five hundred marks!"

"I say, just imagine it. Can't you imagine wanting money then?"

A vast humorous sigh heaved Ivo's bulk.

" One supposes that a man in your position, Ivo, must have cultivated a considerable philosophy in these matters. Come, just as a matter of opinion, tell me, haven't you ever observed, thought about, perhaps suffered from, the terrible strength of the weak ? So many fine men, strong men, brave men, wonderful swimmers in the river of life, Ivo, and with their feet entangled by the weeds at the bottom ! Good men have to carry the rotten. The weak and the useless are a monstrous burden on those better than they. You must have seen how many a decent fellow, strong as a tree, is cramped, sapped, strangled slowly by the wretched human stuff he has to hoist on his shoulders ? The strength of the weak, Ivo, the strength of the weak ! "

" Ach, now mein Herr, I know what you mean. Yes, indeed. Well, I'll tell you a secret—I call it a secret because I don't go around telling my life story. No ! But I'll tell *you*, doctor—for it is a long time ago—but I was one of a family of sixteen, and no work and no money. Ach ! the poverty and the foolishness of it ! And all what you call the weak, doctor, except me, a great strapping boy, and I give you my word for it, I carried the lot. Yes, I carried all those pledges of my mother's and father's stupidity. Well, first my mother and my father died, and then a few of the others ; and I tell you, often I thought things like you've been saying, only, being an uneducated lad, I couldn't put them as you do. I used to want to lose them all, to escape, doctor ; and save myself alive. It's only the moralists who talk about the beauty of living for others, I used to think. And a few more died—well, why should they ever be born, doctor ? And at the hungriest time of all just myself and one brother were left . . . *A moment, doctor.*"

" Come back, Ivo."

" Certainly, doctor . . . *Heraus !* "

Ivo returned from the café front.

" This brother of yours, Ivo ? " prompted Dr. Muëlke.

" Oh, doctor, a weed ! Like you say. He clung to me. He'd have been my ruin. And then . . . "

" Take a drink with me, Ivo."

" Oh, doctor, it must be a small one, then. Something I can toss off quickly. Thank you. A Dom."

The benedictine came, but neither the doctor nor Ivo noticed its arrival, because Muëlke had asked :

" And then ? "

And Ivo had replied :

" Well, we were homeless ; without a pfennig. Tramping the country. It was harvest time and sometimes we got a meal for working in the fields. A friend of my brother's came with us—another weed, as you say, doctor. He came because of me ; he thought : ' I can lean on this fellow ' ; you know, doctor ? I had to lead the two—you know, doctor ? Then we had a girl with us."

" Eh ? A girl ? "

" No, doctor ! *No !* The sweetest, purest . . . It was just that she too had no home. It was soon after the war. We were all youngsters together, Marga, and that fellow, and my brother Johann and me."

" Here's your Dom. . . Another ? "

" Oh, doctor . . ."

Herr Schmidt nodded from across the restaurant.

" Thank you, then, mein Herr. It is quickly drunk. Well, I was going to tell you how I got rid of my brother, and set about becoming the man I am to-day. My brother and his friend fought over the girl ; I didn't see the fight, but I know Johann killed him, for I came across his body in a wood where we had slept a night or two, and my brother disappeared from that day. Good enough, eh ? Don't you say so, doctor ? Well, I don't think the body was ever found by anyone except me, but in case it should be, I took the identification papers off it—birth certificate and so on. We all carried what identification we could—easier with the police in towns. Marga never knew a word. . . . Here's to you, doctor."

" And ' Marga ' ? "

" I married her." Dr. Muëlke looked at him attentively. "We worked together, and got furniture, and we came here, and by and by I got this job ; and we've two rooms, off the *Damntorstrasse*, and want for nothing. She's a good cook."

" And I see you're still in love with her."

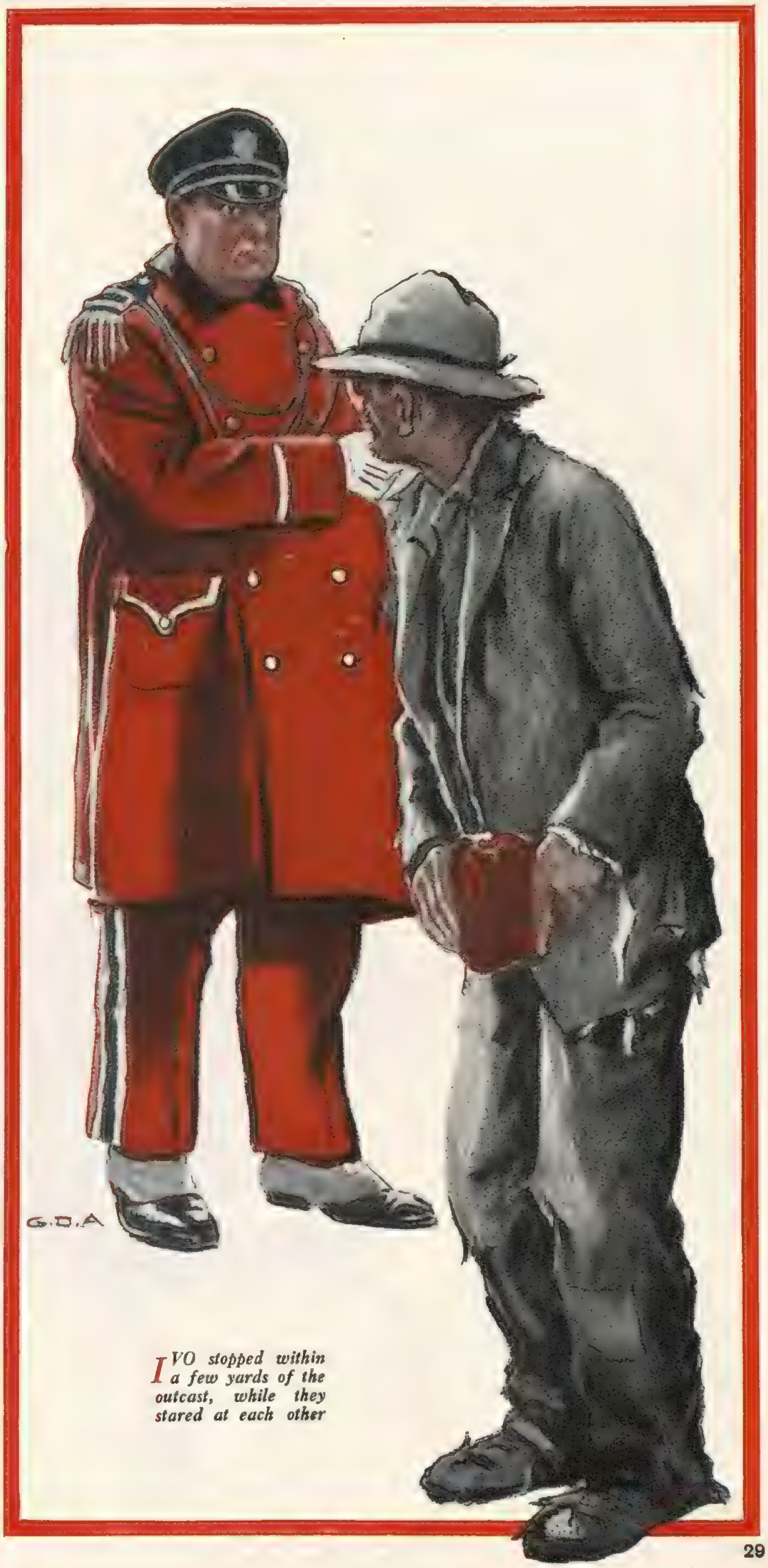
" Well, doctor. She's my fortune. I ask no more. She's—you understand."

" Could she not use five hundred marks ? A nice carpet ; a fur coat ? "

" Oh, doctor, you and your five hundred marks ! Let us laugh about it."

" I am not laughing, Ivo."

For the first time that morning Ivo realised two things:



IVO stopped within a few yards of the outcast, while they stared at each other that Dr. Muēlke was earlier than he had ever been before: and that this was the first time he had come quite alone. They gazed steadily at each other.

"I must tell you something again, doctor," said Ivo then, holding his shiny-peaked cap against his vast front, in a hand that shook a little, "and that is, that I, too, have been hungry; I have been outcast and unwanted, down in the gutter, and almost without hope. Only not quite without hope, doctor, and that is what I will explain to you. These men, these skeletons that you see, and that I drive away a score of times a day and more, they do not want to die. To them life is as sweet as it is to you. It is sweeter because it is so hard to hold. However lonely and hungry and wretched you are, doctor, there come the unexpected times which make you hope again; you pick up nearly half a cigar, or someone gives you a few pfennigs, or the wind goes down and the sun shines. Little things happen all day even for the destitute. When one has been destitute one knows. No, doctor! These men, these starvelings, they feel the world is theirs as much as you feel it to be yours. *They do not want to die.*"

"All you fat men are sentimentalists at heart," said Dr. Muēlke again; and then he went out.

THE whole day Ivo remembered particular words of Dr. Muēlke: "*I am not laughing, Ivo.*" He had had a slight shock, not a very bad one, because the cruel heart of man was incomprehensible; he had learned that; it was impossible to gauge the terrible deeds of which people were capable. Of course Dr. Muēlke hoped to benefit humanity, which made it a little different. Still, to Ivo, who knew so well the taste of the dregs, the mere contemplation of such a pitiless idea remained a little shocking. All day he himself could drive the starving from Herr Schmidt's café-restaurant, but then he had to do it, not only for himself, but for Marga.

In the afternoon she passed with her shopping basket, making a *détour* for the sight of Ivo and to give Ivo a sight of her; fair, fat, placid, and in his eyes still the nymph who had walked the roads and forests with Ivo of eighteen, laboured beside him in harvest-field or vineyard, and lain beside him under the sky at night. It was now wonderful indeed to know of their two rooms, their good dinners, her solid clothes and his gold-braided uniform; to know safety and content.

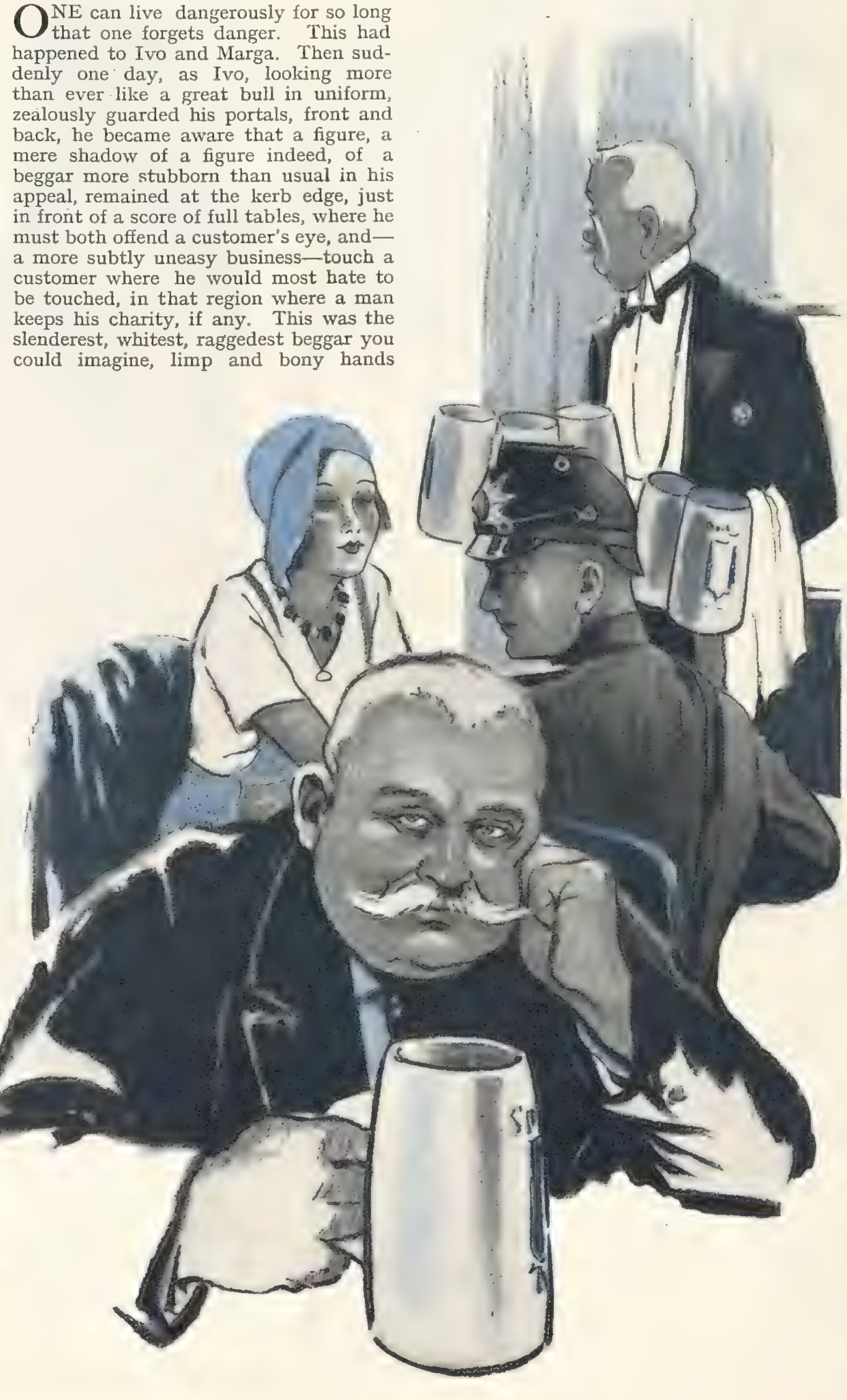
"*Auf wiedersehen, meine liebe,*" he murmured to her as she walked—very slowly—past.

ON Ivo's night off they used to take the market basket together, and go to buy their sausage, their sauerkraut, their coffee, and a tasty assortment of bread, and probably get a bargain at the butcher's, which Marga would cook splendidly; or they would beat down the price of oysters—at that time of day—and Marga would fry them in batter. Fit for kings! Or if it was summer evening they would go on a little steamer over the lake to the great Fährhaus restaurant, and sit under trees sipping beer. Or Marga would choose—the delicate tastes of women!—an *eisfrüchte*. They would listen enraptured to the band playing a waltz. "Die Rose von Stambul," or some jazz, perhaps: "Horch! Horch!" On cold nights they could see a love-film at the Ufa-Palast; Marga did not let Ivo go to the Alcazar or anywhere like that, and he was a good boy and obeyed. Besides, he did not wish to be anywhere except beside her. On lovely Sundays—one in six weeks off duty—they could take the tram and go out to Hagenbeck's *Tierpark*, and gaze at all the wonderful wild animals roaming apparently so free; and admire the flowers; and lunch under trees, drinking their carafe of *Moselwein*. It was life without a flaw; of dangerous happiness.

ONE can live dangerously for so long that one forgets danger. This had happened to Ivo and Marga. Then suddenly one day, as Ivo, looking more than ever like a great bull in uniform, zealously guarded his portals, front and back, he became aware that a figure, a mere shadow of a figure indeed, of a beggar more stubborn than usual in his appeal, remained at the kerb edge, just in front of a score of full tables, where he must both offend a customer's eye, and—a more subtly uneasy business—touch a customer where he would most hate to be touched, in that region where a man keeps his charity, if any. This was the slenderest, whitest, raggedest beggar you could imagine, limp and bony hands folded upon each other in the place where a waistcoat might have been but was not; a stubble of fair beard, pale eyes—the wide-open eyes of a sneering, suffering child.

Ivo plunged forward.

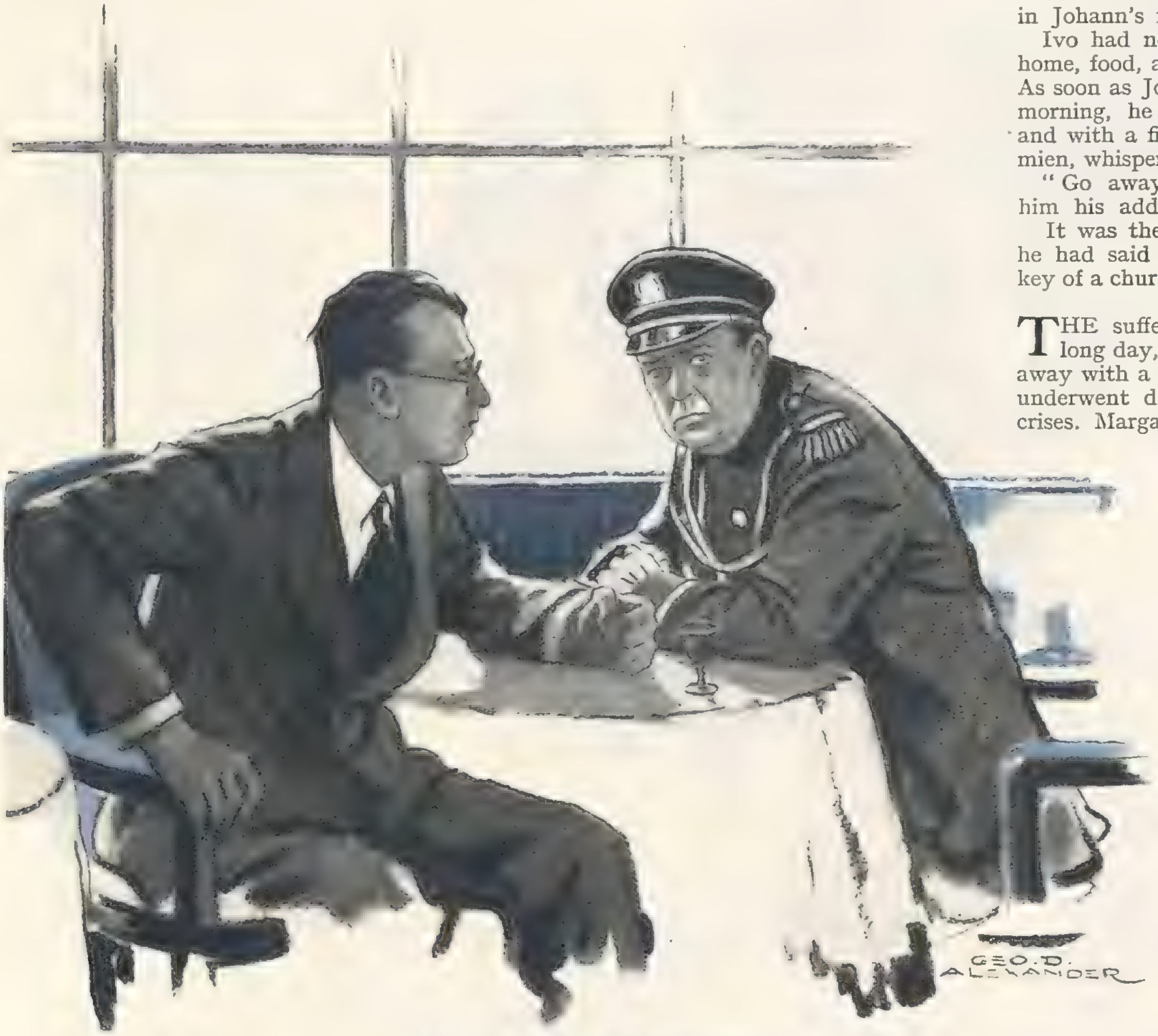
But Ivo stopped within a dozen yards of the outcast, while they stared at each other. People ate and drank and talked, and across these people the outcast's pale eyes, unblinking, without expression, fixed themselves on Ivo's. It was a strange duel. Ivo had never experienced it before in all his time at Schmidt's, because at his look, long before he roared "Get out!" his sad opponents fled as from a naked sword or as blown before a pitiless wind. And Ivo became cold, and felt as if the hair were rising on his scalp under his



braided cap. Then the beggar very, very slowly moved the muscles of his face, just from mouth to nostrils—a twitch, a sneer; it was as if he were sniffing the food as they often did—only, he was sneering. He did this very slowly three times. And then he smiled at Ivo, very slowly, very childishly and bitterly and piteously, and with the smile he routed the great *dienstmann.* Ivo hung his head and turned silently away. It was a great and wonderful victory.

But this was not all. Ivo did not notice the going of the beggar, nor how, as he went, some patron sprang up and gave him a few pfennigs. He noticed nothing for a while. For after these long years, he had seen again his brother Johann.

When he went home that night—or rather, it was nearly one o'clock in the morning when his duties ended; a man did not quarrel about hours in this long post-war struggle for life—there was Marga, soft and bright, with goose soup for him. He could take home a gargantuan supper from the leavings at the restaurant, but he wanted neither soup nor solids; only her soft, substantial breast to lean upon. "What a baby the big man is," she said, understanding from his mood that something was wrong, but asking nothing; helping him to undress and going comfortably to bed with him. He lay close against her all night, not like a man, but like a distressed child.



DOCTOR, I've been thinking that perhaps you're right. A great scientist like you has rights above ordinary people

"If he dares to come to-day I must do something about it," he thought, as he donned his uniform again. His fury rose, but alongside it, submerging it, rushed his fear.

Fear of the strong for the weak! At eleven o'clock, as early customers from the shops and offices, and tourists and fat women shoppers, sat down for their cup of coffee, or their beer, Johann stood again at the kerb edge.

It was a great duel, Johann winning every day, and it went on for a week, no one noticing except Ivo; and then Herr Schmidt.

It went on thus long in silence, because the big *dienstmann* was in a dilemma. He knew that directly he roared at Johann "Get out!" those thin hands, folded against the place where a waistcoat would have been, would be raised to heaven, and the beggar would cry piercingly for all to hear: "I am his brother!"

Where then would be the patrons' approval for the smiling benign *dienstmann* whom they knew so well? "His brother!" they would exclaim, shocked, "and he drives him hungry away!"

But if he did not drive him hungry away there was Herr Schmidt to reckon with.

And if he went privately to tell Herr Schmidt, of the bland face and the amiable eyes, that bland face would set hard, those amiable eyes would go pitiless as pebbles. "You cannot have a brother like that! Come, your relatives are nothing to do with me!"

There were a thousand panting men waiting for Ivo's shoes.

Herr Schmidt, on the fourth day, noticed.

Ivo and Margo had no money, that is to say no savings, to speak of. They had a dry roof and some nice plush upholstered furniture because Marga liked it, and they ate well and loved well, and felt safe. But there was no sum ready to thrust quietly into Johann's hand, so that one might say: "Go—go to the other end of the country. For God's sake leave me alone."

It is at times like this that a kind respectable man may think over killing. Only, Johann vanished. He came, begged more and more openly from the people at the tables; went away. One didn't know where.

On the fifth day Herr Schmidt, who had really been patient, spoke sharply: "Who's that tramp you let come here every day? Come! we can't afford to pity them. We've our living to think of! Are you stupid? Are you blind?"

So on the sixth day the duel ended, in Johann's favour.

Ivo had no fluid cash, but he had a home, food, a wife who was a good cook. As soon as Johann appeared on the sixth morning, he stepped right up to him, and with a fierce face and a threatening mien, whispered coaxingly:

"Go away, Johann." And he gave him his address in the *Damntorstrasse.*

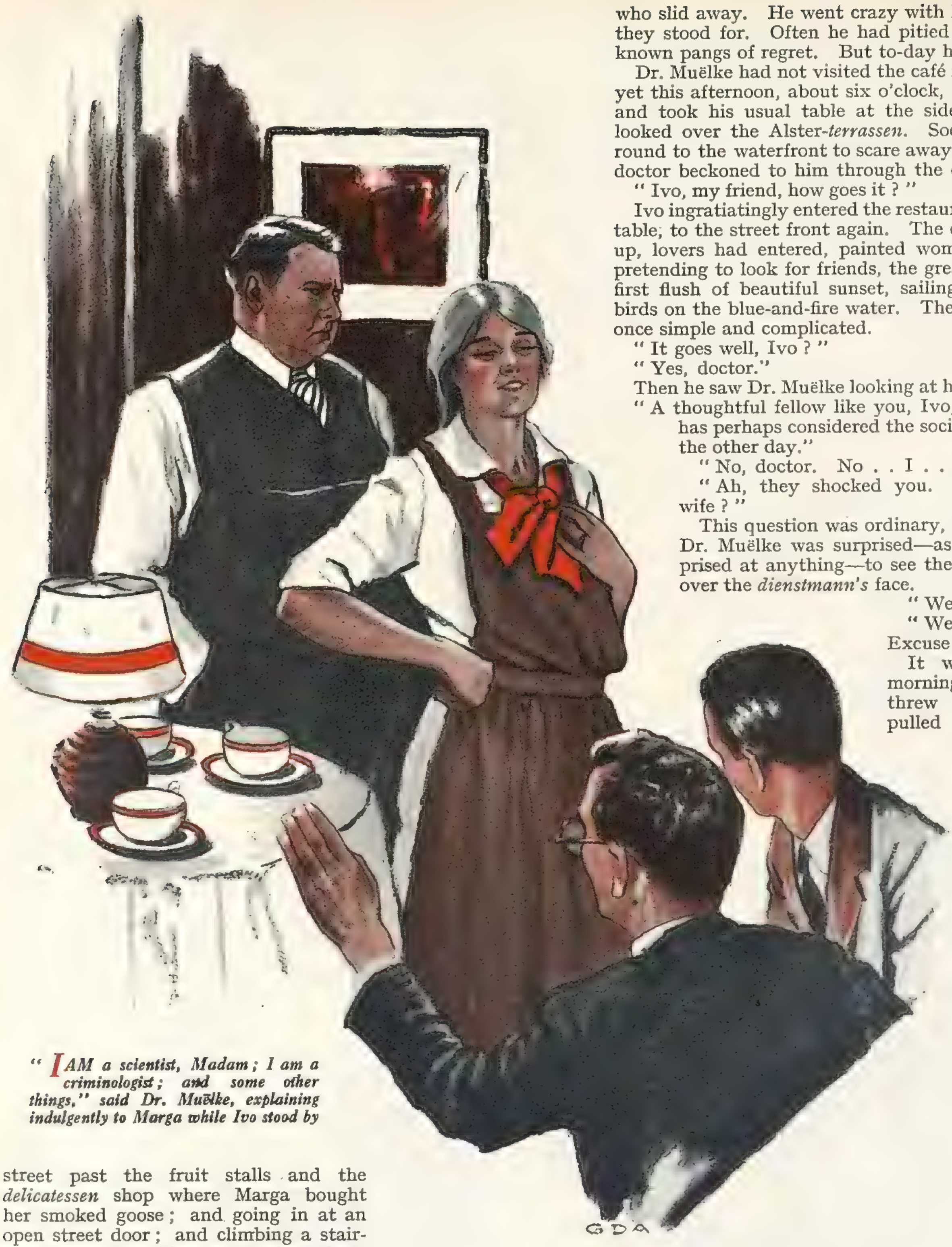
It was the ultimate desecration, as if he had said to a robber: "Here's the key of a church. Plunder it."

THE suffering that Ivo endured that long day, after his brother had slipped away with a queer smile but not a word, underwent different phases and several crises. Marga was still to him the nymph of fields, forests, and young love, and he had sent to her, with her kind woman's heart and unsuspicious mind, this stained outcast, this weedy cur, to batten upon her.

How he hated the weak, the hungry, and the helpless that morning! Never had he driven them so ruthlessly from Herr Schmidt's precincts. His "*Heraus!*" was no mere routine order, but the snarl of a man in battle against unearthly foes. He heard a whole world crying for mercy, and would if he could have torn out its composite tongue; he saw millions of thin hands stretched out and would have struck them off at a blow with some gargantuan axe. He wanted some great slaughter-house, and saw goaded giants, in his own likeness, driving into it all the shambling flocks of those who would not or could not—it came to the same in the end—help themselves.

A mountain lay across his shoulders and he was furiously weary.

He counted the minutes before Johann would arrive in the *Damntorstrasse;* he saw him turning up the narrow side



"I AM a scientist, Madam; I am a criminologist; and some other things," said Dr. Muëlke, explaining indulgently to Marga while Ivo stood by

street past the fruit stalls and the *delicatessen* shop where Marga bought her smoked goose; and going in at an open street door; and climbing a stairway; and knocking at a shut door. It was Marga's washing day, and she would open the door with her pink arms flecked with soapsuds.

Was this her dearest incarnation, or was it as she bent to the oven and took out a sizzling succulent dish, her face flushed with the heat and her eyes serene with pride at her own accomplishment?

Mid-day.

Johann would be there to share a succulent dish with her.

Maybe she—hospitable; eager; women loved feeding men—would prepare some special dainty for Johann.

What would Johann think as soon as he saw Marga—for he must recognise her, unchanged, pretty as ever?

He would smile to himself that smile with which he had so lately routed his fat brother, and think: "So Ivo married 'our' girl."

"'Our girl,'" Johann would think.

At three o'clock Ivo asked himself: "Where is she?" for this was one of the days on which, market basket on arm, she usually sauntered by, with a wink of fond conspiracy at him, a wink that made the whole day light and debonair.

She did not come.

"Get out! get out! get out!" he growled at the beggars, who slid away. He went crazy with hatred of them and what they stood for. Often he had pitied them and his heart had known pangs of regret. But to-day he pitied none.

Dr. Muëlke had not visited the café restaurant for some days, yet this afternoon, about six o'clock, he came in, again alone; and took his usual table at the side of the restaurant that looked over the Alster-*terrassen*. Soon, as Ivo came heavily round to the waterfront to scare away another unfortunate, the doctor beckoned to him through the opened window.

"Ivo, my friend, how goes it?"

Ivo ingratiatingly entered the restaurant, to pass, via Muëlke's table, to the street front again. The orchestra was just tuning up, lovers had entered, painted women had walked through pretending to look for friends, the great lake lay bathed in the first flush of beautiful sunset, sailing boats looked like fleet birds on the blue-and-fire water. The immediate world was at once simple and complicated.

"It goes well, Ivo?"

"Yes, doctor."

Then he saw Dr. Muëlke looking at him cleverly.

"A thoughtful fellow like you, Ivo, a student of the world, has perhaps considered the sociological ideas I expressed the other day."

"No, doctor. No . . I . . No, doctor."

"Ah, they shocked you. Well; and how's your wife?"

This question was ordinary, a politeness merely; but Dr. Muëlke was surprised—as far as he could be surprised at anything—to see the red ferocity that rushed over the *dienstmann's* face.

"Well, I hope?"

"Well, doctor, thank you. Excuse me."

It was nearly one in the morning, as usual, when Ivo threw off his uniform, and pulled on his own big baggy clothes, and got on a tram that would hasten his journey to the narrow street off the *Damntorstrasse*, where he would find . . what?

He found Johann asleep on the living-room sofa, piled with Marga's best fleecy blankets; he found his own soup hot on the stove, and left it there. He found Marga in bed.

He stood beside the bed staring down at her.

"So you found Johann?" she cried. "It was right to send him here. The poor scarecrow! His rags! I could not come out to-day, I took a little of our money and bought him a second-hand suit—not to match, you understand; a brown jacket and some blue trousers; so cheap. I've taken in one of your shirts for him. He must have a shirt! I was busy all day. He says he is to live with us?"

Ivo did not speak to Marga at all. It was the first time in all their married life that they had fallen asleep in such an unkind way side by side in this bed of which they had been so proud.

In the morning she looked at him quietly, and said in a hesitating voice: "Johann will need boots."

Ivo struck her; and at breakfast Johann looked meditatively at a faint bruise that began to show on her face. At night, coming home, he saw Johann's new boots placed under the table, beside which was the sofa on which, again, Johann slept.

IN three days Ivo and Marga seemed like strangers to each other. It was all over, the invulnerable love, the happy front against the world; the merry winks, the embraces, the carnal comfort and peace of wedded life, the prospect of jaunts to Hagenbeck's *Tierpark*, or the *Palast* cinema, or the cosy arm-in-arm enjoyment of firework gala nights over the lake. In three days Marga was a pale, changed woman, and Ivo a brute, a bully, with madness in his brain.

"GOOD-DAY, Ivo, my friend. How goes it?" said Dr. Muëlke.

"I want to speak to you privately, doctor."

"A crowded restaurant like yours is the most private place in the world, my friend."

"Doctor, I've been thinking that perhaps you're right. A great scientist like you has rights above ordinary people. But I—I—I would like to ask you, doctor, what—what—what would you do to a living man if you had him to experiment on as you asked?"

"I might do anything, Ivo," said Dr. Muëlke, studying the congested face of the *dienstmann*. "It would be in my power to make a great criminal whom I should keep under my observation for the benefit of humanity." Dr. Muëlke's voice, when he dropped it, was very soft and quick. "In my laboratory I have such a variety of what you ignoramuses just call glands; and what you would think of as just pigments—for injection; in short, I have so much, Ivo, that I could take a man and change him into what I liked. I could make a white man black. I could take away a man's mind, or restore it; I will guarantee even to make a soul, or to destroy it. Man or robot, saint or sinner, I can make all. I would like also to retrace man's steps, and working backwards, produce from man an ape——"

"Don't tell me any more, doctor. No more, no more, for God's sake. . . Excuse me."

"Come back, Ivo," said Dr. Muëlke softly.

So Ivo returned.

Under his uniform he was in a lather of sweat. "Doctor, I—I—I can procure you a subject."

"To-night, Ivo?"

"Ach, you know then, doctor, when a man's mind is made up to such a thing, it must be now or never."

"My friend, it is nothing—nothing. You benefit humanity in general, yourself especially. These weeds, these sub-humans floating on the tide, polluting the world for better men——"

"Ach, doctor, no more! No more! To-night I can do it."

Ivo was, as usual, bending slightly over the table, resting his knuckles upon it. Into one closed hand he felt a tiny phial pushed.

"You know the small *café* Rosewiener, Ivo, north side of the park?"

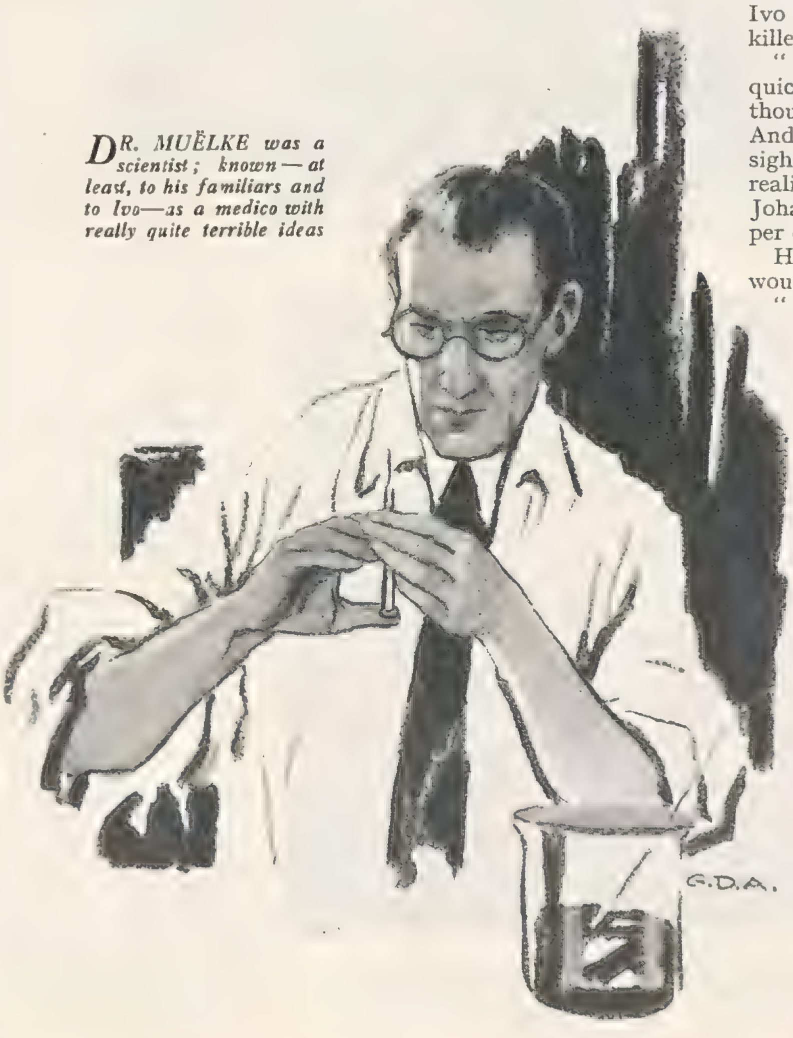
"Yes, doctor."

"A man will be unconscious exactly five minutes after drinking what I have given you. It mixes best in any spirits."

"Yes, doctor."

"You are sure of yourself, Ivo?"

"I am very sure."



DR. MUËLKE was a scientist; known — at least, to his familiars and to Ivo—as a medico with really quite terrible ideas

THIS was Ivo's half day off, when generally he and Marga took the basket and went marketing together, finishing the day by an evening's entertainment. This morning, before the sullen breakfast, they had made no plans. In his mind had rumbled the thought, increasing in noise and violence with repetition: "She and Johann will go together to the fireworks. Oh yes!"

But just before he left work that afternoon, a note was brought to him, reading:

> *"Dear Ivo, I am going out to Hagenbeck's with our neighbour, Frau Wiesner, and the children, and shall be back late.*
> *Marga."*

It was a thing she had never, never, never done before.

It showed that, now, she would not even prepare the special meal that always she planned for his half-holiday. He went home, and saw Johann lying on the sofa, sleeping. How the useless lump slept! Well, very soon. . . .

Ivo shuddered all through his big frame; and then, treading as lightly as he could, he went into the bedroom, and unlocked a small trunk, where, below his spare suit, reposed, again in a locked box, the few papers, recording the only events such as birth, and marriage, which were the milestones of so simple a life. Among these Marga had never even wished to browse, taking a womanly amusement in Ivo's childish assumption of legal importance. Only, in this matter, Ivo was not so childish as Marga thought, for in an envelope to themselves were the identity papers of one Eric Hauss of Frankfurt-am-Main, a murdered man.

For some reason connected with a blind and anxious respect for all official forms, Ivo had never destroyed these.

Now he took them and went into the other room and waked Johann.

There was beginning to creep into his heart again the desire to give even such a derelict a chance. Ideas had occurred to him on his way home, and he thought that they must be the whisper of God.

"Well, Johann."

"Well, brother." Johann lay there, regarding him. Ivo's razor had shaved the fair stubble from Johann's chin, the hot water Marga heated had washed him clean, soon he would be altogether sleeker and fatter. "Well," he said, "our Marga is a fine cook. I enjoyed my dinner to-day before she went out."

"I am going to talk to you."

"Talk on."

"You cannot stay here. Will you go—disappear for ever and never come back?"

"No. I will not."

"I can throw you out."

"The morning would see me back begging at Schmidt's. Let us understand each other, brother. I know your quandary."

"I could force you to go."

"How?"

"By informing the police about the murderer of Eric Hauss."

"*Was Eric Hauss murdered?*"

Ivo stared at him; and, prone on the sofa, from his malicious childish eyes Johann stared back.

"You killed him, Johann."

"What proof have you of that?"

"I saw the body—which was never found by anyone else as far as I know. And you disappeared."

"*You* saw the body, my good Ivo? I suggest then that you killed Eric yourself, for Marga."

"His brain always worked quickly like that, feeble rat though he is," Ivo thought. And a great sigh shook him, a sigh of rage, of despair, of realisation of the cunning of Johann's words. And the whisper of God ceased

He could give no quarter. It would be Dr. Muëlke after all.

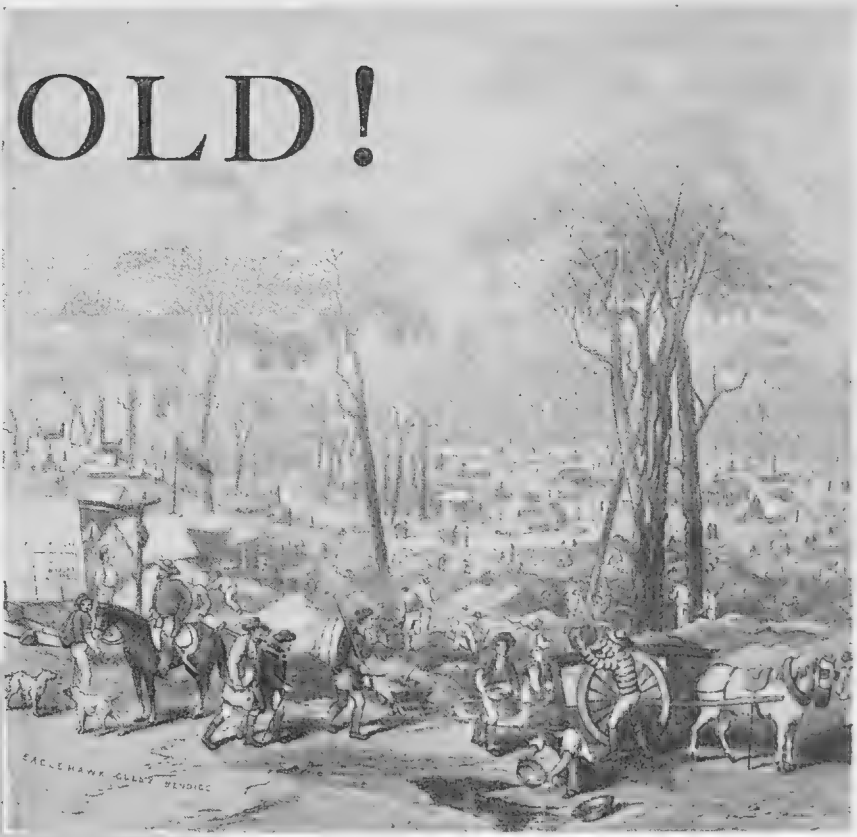
"I see that there is no proof," he agreed in a slow voice. He crushed the crumpled soiled paper in his hand and dropped it into his pocket. That scrap of paper was no sign of Johann's guilt; and yet for years he had been thinking: "If Johann ever comes back I'll show him this and frighten him away for life."

He heard himself speaking purposeful words that sounded friendly and casual: "Well, why think of old troubles? Marga hasn't left much of a meal to-night—'*she put it all in your stomach at midday,*'" ran his thought. "You'd better put on the new boots and come out with me. A walk in the park, eh?"

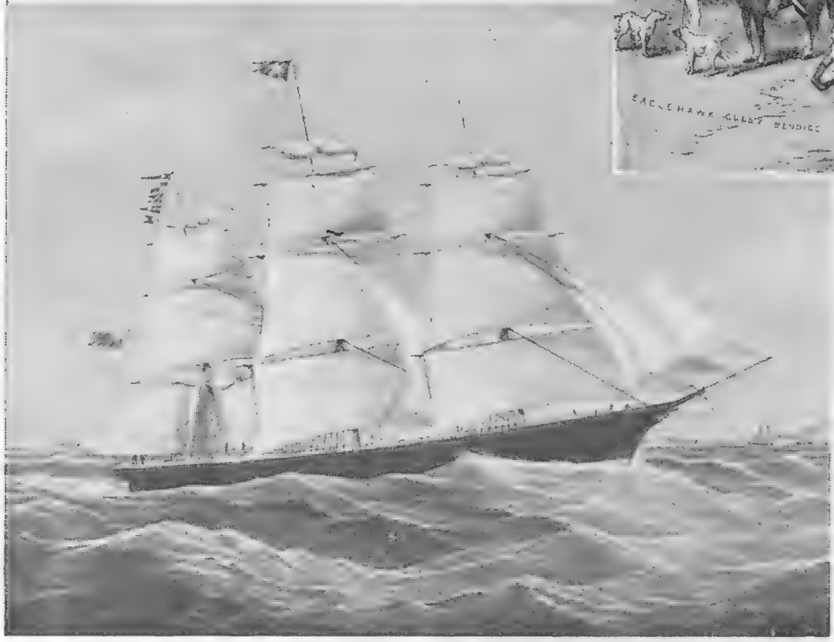
(*Continued on page* 124)

Gold, GOLD!

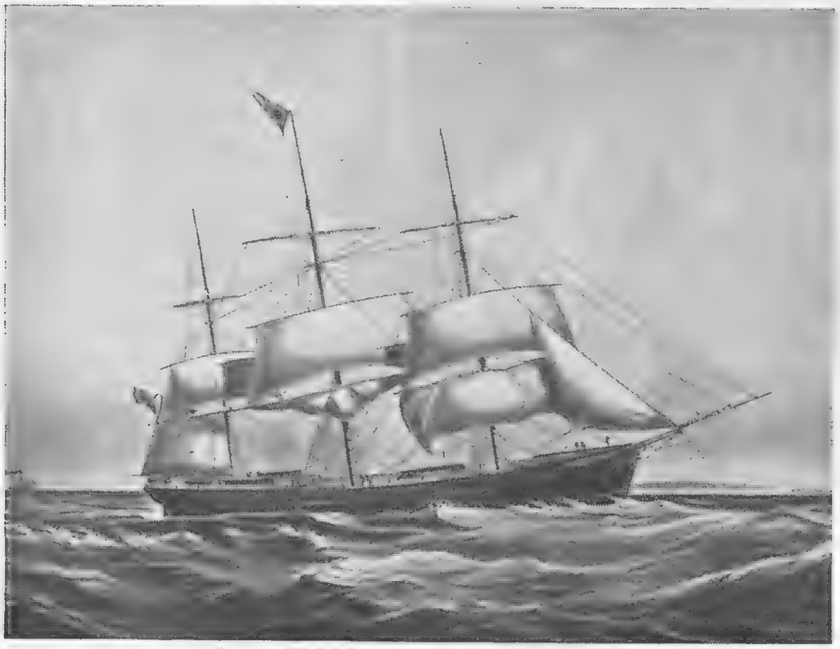
Some Modern Argonauts and their Voyages



THE 1850 Gold Rush to a miners' camp at Eagle



THE clipper ship, "Red Jacket," of the White Star Line. This ship was built for the Australian trade and made many fast passages



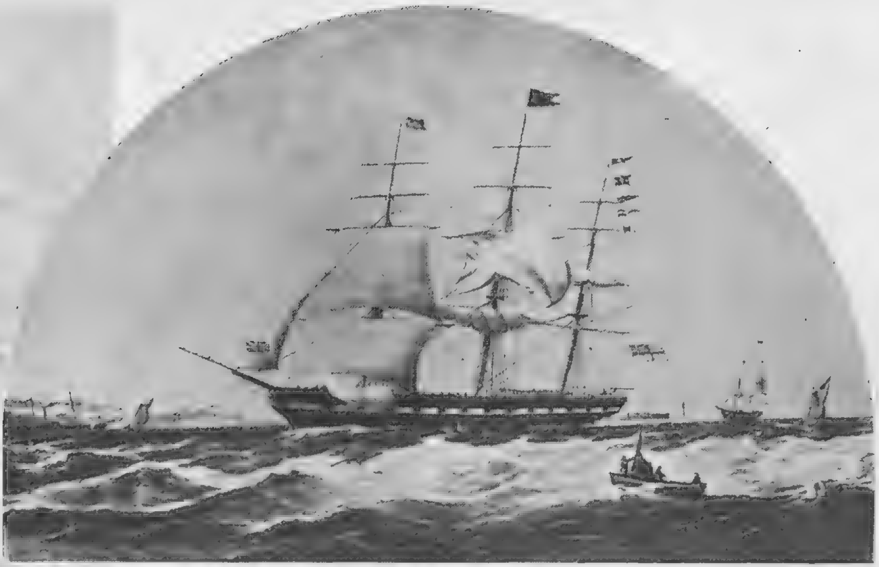
THE Black Ball Line clipper ship "Lightning." Built at Boston by Donald McKie, this ship broke the record of that time for the Melbourne to Liverpool run by ten days, taking 63 days for the port-to-port passage

IT is one of the greatest paradoxes of history that ever since its earliest beginnings humanity has waged bloody wars, and agonised and triumphed, and hungered and thirsted, and faced death and danger in the wildest places of the earth, all for the sake of what, looked on as a metal, is perhaps the most useless in the world, since you can make it into neither swords nor ploughshares, nor horseshoes, nor any of the first necessities of existence, nor even, so far as I know, melt it into bullets and fire it from guns, except by indirect methods.

"Gold!" The magic word which has been a lodestone for adventurers since the days of the Golden Fleece has loomed very large in the minds of the present generation, though perhaps not over pleasantly! and there have been, of course, mild thrills in the way of gold rushes to the shops in the Strand, and lucky strikes in the form of Grandmamma's massive mourning brooches, and even —low be it spoken!—Grandpapa's solid Victorian dentures.

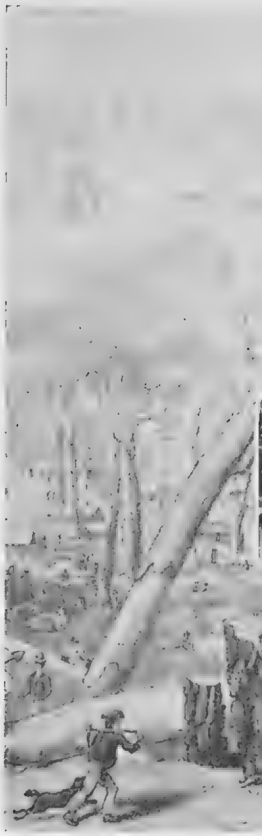
So far, however, the present century has produced nothing to compare with the great gold booms of the mid-Victorian era, or the sensations of the early days on the Rand, nor even with that dramatic episode of the Klondyke with which the nineteen-hundreds closed. Is a new gold rush about due? And if so, what quarter of the globe will be its setting? Is there still something new to come out of Africa? Or will the scene be the far north of Canada, whose mineral possibilities have hardly yet been tapped? Most of the rivers of the West, on both sides of the Rockies, yield gold in small quantities, and which the local unemployed, with a good deal of patience and hard work, can wash out for themselves to the tune of two or three dollars in a day. Who knows but that one of these may one day prove a new Sacramento? It is generally held, however, that most of the virgin ground for the prospector is situated in regions so inaccessible that transport difficulties have so far stood in the way of their successful exploitation. "Here much gold," as the old cartographers phrased it, might probably be inscribed on the map of the Fly River country in New Guinea. Many adventurers have disappeared into the interior of dark, brooding, enigmatic Papua in search of it—and a good many, too, have left their heads, nicely shrunk and smoke-

By
C. Fox
Smith

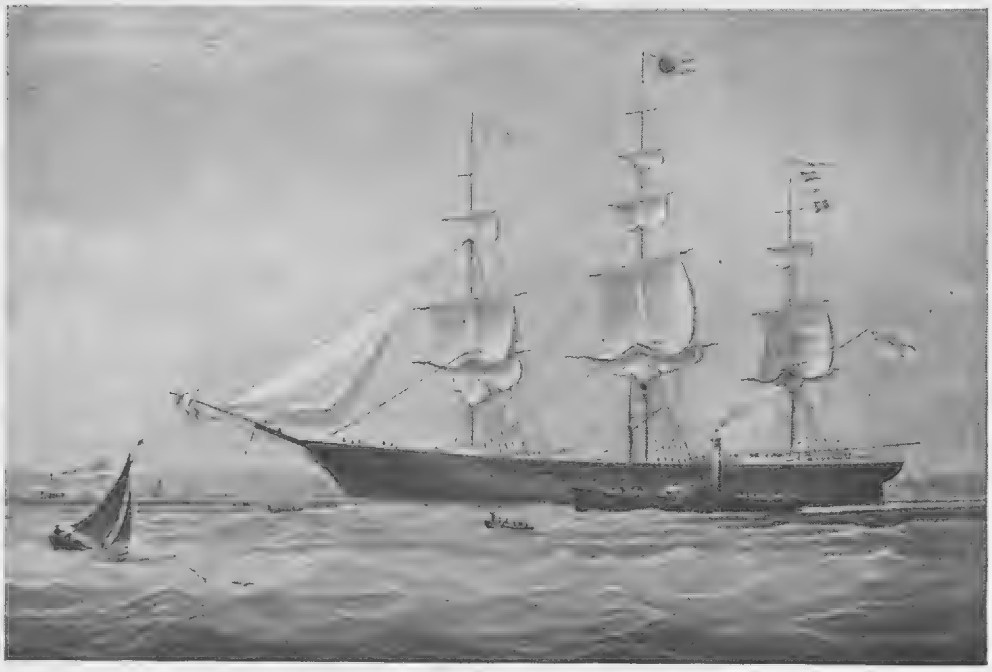


THE "Marco Polo," another celebrated clipper ship on the Australian run, as she appeared in the Mersey after making two very fast passages from Liverpool to Melbourne

The pictures of ships which accompany this article are reproduced from prints in the possession of The Parker Gallery, Berkeley Square, W.1



Australia. A view of Hawk Gulley, Bendigo



THE "James Baines" of the Black Ball Line. The passages which this ship made on the Australian run are writ large in the records of sailing ships

dried, as adornments of some tribal "long house." Now, we are told, a company has started operations there with the aid of aeroplanes; so possibly air transport is to prove the long-sought-for key which will unlock also the treasure-house of the Incas somewhere in the South American jungle.

ONE May morning in 1848, a man walked along the main street of San Francisco, then a sleepy, sunny little Spanish town with a certain amount of trade in hides, very much as Dana had described it in *Two Years Before the Mast*, and roused it from its noontide doze by shouting "Gold! Gold! Gold!" and flourishing a bottle filled with gold dust washed from the American River, one of the many streams which, with the larger Sacramento, find their way into San Francisco Bay.

Returning ships carried the news round the Horn, and soon all the Eastern States were on fire with gold fever. A good many of the gold-seekers set out by the overland route, risking death at the hands of hostile Indians or from hunger and thirst in the deserts of Arizona. But the dwellers on the seaboard, bred as most of them were to salt water, preferred the perils of ice and fog and mountainous seas off the Horn to those of the dry land. The day of the clipper ships had not yet dawned, and ships bound to the Land of Promise were few and far between. Accordingly, in every port, big or little, in Massachusetts and Maine, men formed themselves into associations, after the fashion familiar to them in whaling voyages, in which each member had an interest calculated on the basis of the money or the services he provided. Anything that would float, no matter how ancient, leaky and unseaworthy, found a ready purchaser, and naturally very many of these sorry Argoes never got round Cape Stiff. Handbills advertising this, that or the other Joint Stock Company, with some such heading as "The Best Chance for California," were everywhere to be seen, and everyone with a couple of hundred dollars to spare hastened to join.

Every popular movement produces its own unofficial anthem, and most of the treasure-seekers hoisted their topsails to the lustily bawled chorus—

"Oh, Susanna! Don't you weep for me!
I'm bound for Sacramento, with my washbowl on my knee!"

or to the version of "Camptown Races," which survived as a shanty in the merchant ships of the world long after the great gold rush had become a legend—

"There's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
On the banks of Sacramento!"

Careful constitutions had been drawn up by these companies on their formation, according to which there was to be a fair distribution both of work and profits on arrival in California. But as soon as the diggings were in sight, cut-and-dried rules went to the winds. The men who had been told off to act as shipkeepers promptly went ashore and started mining on their own account, with the result that the Bay was soon crowded with all sorts of derelict vessels, for anyone to take possession of that chose. Some were run ashore and converted into bunk-houses or saloons, and part of the hull of a full-rigged ship survived for many years in the foundations of the Niantic Hotel.

SIMILAR associations were formed all along the North American seaboard, and even in places remote from the smell of salt water. A topsail schooner bearing the hopeful name of *Eureka* brought a party of fifty-three from Cleveland, Ohio, on Lake Erie, down the St. Lawrence River to Quebec, whence she sailed for the diggings via Cape Horn. A barque, the *Rory O' More*, which had been wrecked on Anticosti Island, salved and refitted for sea by a company of Quebec venturers, carried her stunsails all the way round, and beat several of the fast clippers which had sailed just before her. At about the same time the brig *Panama* of 300 tons, a new vessel built in Quebec, left for California; she was probably the only vessel ever built whose classification

(*Continued on page 122*)

Chorus

—With the
the author *or*
Dancing Boys,
of the male

By

A SECTION of the male chorus from "Hold My Hand," a musical play, the star of which was Jessie Matthews

"HE was a typical chorus boy—dissipated, weak and effeminate."

I closed the book I was reading that had that sentence in it in disgust, and threw it furiously into the waste-paper basket.

By a diversity of circumstances over which I have no control, I am myself a member of that underpaid, overworked and unappreciated theatrical status, and I *am sick to death of this continued and almost proverbial attack on our morals and our virility.*

Let me admit at once that I know several chorus boys who *are* effeminate, and even one or two who are dissipated, but these types are to be found in all walks of life, including the non-theatrical world that professes to despise us so much.

Chorus boys as a class are a quiet-living, healthy, hard-working, uncomplaining set of fellows. The strain of the life is terrific, and it is only those who are perfectly fit who can last the run of a show. The work is exhausting in spite of its apparent ease and slickness to the onlooker; in fact, it is the obtaining of this effect that is so tiring.

In passing let me point out that the effect of effeminacy is often caused by our movements in dancing. These are all carefully set by the dance producer, and we have to do exactly as we are told. If these movements are bad and effeminate, it is not our fault, although the critics and the public are apt to forget the producer and blame us for the result.

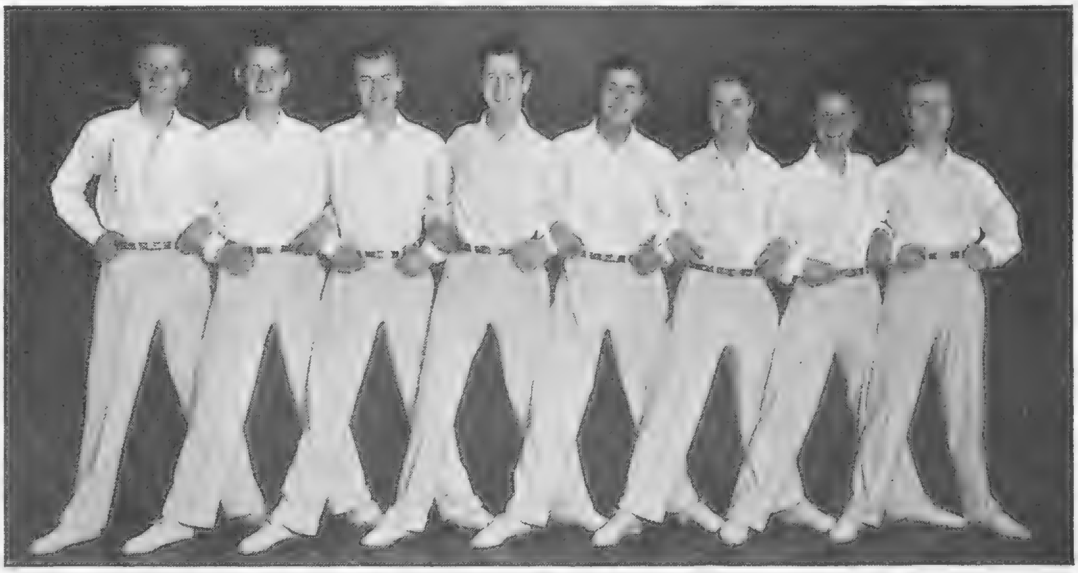
The dancing of the last show I was in —"Words and Music"—was produced by Buddy Bradley, who gave us good material that we could get our teeth into (or should I say our heels ?).

The result was that everybody congratulated Mr. Cochran (who treats us with exceptional kindness and consideration) on the masculinity of his chorus gentlemen. The same set of boys in someone else's hands might have had exactly the opposite effect.

Those who sneer at our efforts and agree with the gentleman who so kindly described our profession as "the most overpaid casual labour in the world" may perhaps be interested in a few facts about a chorus boy's existence, or attempt at existence.

WE will leave out the many months of hard, intensive and costly training he has to undergo, without earning a penny, before he is even fitted to go to an audition. Let us presume that he has been able to exist through this training period, and we see him standing, eaten up with nerves, on a bare stage in the company of anything up to a thousand other applicants equally as nervous, waiting to receive an audition for a vacancy for perhaps ten men. If his dancing, singing, and appearance are of the requisite high standard, and he pleases the managerial eye, he is engaged. If not, he joins another thousand applicants at some other audition.

If he is engaged he receives a contract binding him to play for four pounds a week, out of which the management have to deduct one shilling and sevenpence for insurance. He generally has to rehearse for four weeks without salary or, at the most, half-pay for the last two weeks. He furthermore has to agree to any clause the management may see fit to put into a contract. The most important of these is the "No play no pay" clause. If he is ill his salary is stopped for the performances he misses. On his return to the company he has to



THE Jackson Boys, a troupe of male dancers who have appeared with great success on the variety stage

GentleMEN

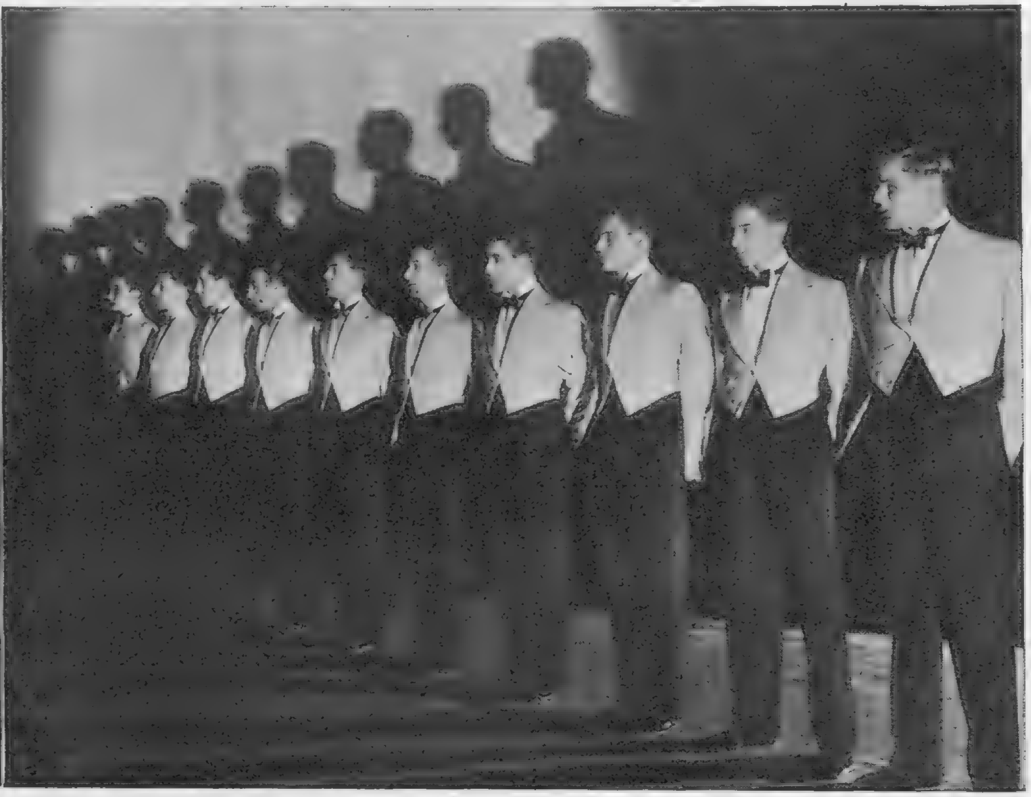
accent, if you *please*, on *the* MEN! Believe not—and *as* one *of* C. B. Cochran's he *ought* to know—*the* job *Chorus* is a *Tough* proposition

Cyril Butcher

THE other section of the male chorus from "Hold My Hand"

Left Centre
A SCENE from the chorus boys' dressing-room. Making up for the first act

Below
THE chorus boys from Noel Coward's revue "Words and Music." The author is included in this picture



produce a doctor's certificate, and if he cannot afford medical advice he runs the risk of being dismissed.

Now let us take an average rehearsal day in a chorus boy's life and see if it lends itself to dissipation, weakness, and effeminacy.

He gets up at eight in the morning. Rehearsals start at ten, and he probably lives in one of the outer suburbs. Sometimes, in addition, he may have to be at the tailors' at nine to have a fitting before rehearsals. He arrives at the theatre at a quarter to ten, in order to have a little time to change into his rehearsal clothes. They generally consist of an old pair of flannels, a cricket shirt and a pair of "tap" shoes, and not, as some would imagine, of an exaggeratedly cut lounge suit and patent leather shoes with narrow points.

"Tap" dancing is the most strenuous exercise in the world, and from ten till one o'clock the chorus boy dances hard, with, perhaps, one or two five-minute intervals, with hair, face and body dripping with perspiration as he breathes the stuffy dust-laden air into his straining lungs. His face is red with his exertions and is covered with sweat, and not with powder and cosmetics as some seemingly well-informed sneerers would suggest.

At one he is given an hour off for lunch, which he proceeds to eat at a neighbouring teashop. His diet is probably a cup of coffee and an egg, for his stomach is strained with the twistings and exertions of the dances, and cannot retain anything but the lightest of foods.

From two till six and from seven till eleven or midnight, the process of the morning repeats itself, and our "effeminate, weak and dissipated" chorus boy barely manages to catch the last train or bus home, too tired to eat supper and with only just enough energy left to have a bath and drop into bed about half-past one in the morning, with a six and a half hours' sleep before the process repeats itself.

And this is the life which is supposed to make us into sibilant, nail-polishing, champagne-drinking, caviare-munching, simpering travesties of manhood.

THE critic will at once point out that such exertions last only for four weeks and that we have an easy time of it after the show opens. To him I would like to suggest that he attempt to keep pace with us as we make change after change in the show.

The chorus men, being the most lowly of all creatures, always have to dress on the topmost floor of the building. When one realises that in a revue we may have anything up to, or even exceeding, fourteen changes of clothes to make (some of them in less than five minutes), and that to reach our dressing-rooms we have to climb seven stories every time we change, some idea can be gained of our expenditure of energy quite apart from our work on the stage. Nor is it only physical energy; we have to concentrate all the time we are working, and especially when, as often happens, we have to play small parts as well.

We are, I think, as democratic a class of young men as it would be possible to find. In the chorus one finds the proverbial peasant working, in terms of equality, alongside of the equally proverbial belted earl. In illustrating this let us once again turn from the general to the particular and discuss a few of the chorus gentlemen who played in "Words and Music." Let us find out what they did before they came on the stage and decide whether we think them profligate.

Probably the youngest was Kenneth Carter, the brother of Audrey Carter, the authoress. He was Public Schools tennis champion of England and later of Middlesex. Not a very effeminate beginning for a young life.

We had Eddie Latimer, a powerfully built ox of a (*Continued on page* 118)

"Boom-tap-
The Mys

A PAIR of drums from the Avakubi region. These small drums are usually beaten with the hands

A DRUMMER of the Sudan. The coming of the white man has made the natives change their attire but not their customs

"BOOM-TAP-BO-O-O-OM!"

That is the old call of Africa which drums on unchanged through the centuries. Insistent, monotonous, sometimes nerve-rending. But when all the other sounds of steaming jungles have faded from memory, that devil's tattoo lingers. The drums of Africa cannot be forgotten. They give a mysterious rhythm to the drama that is played out endlessly on the great sounding-board of the Dark Continent.

I have heard the drums in the west from Sierra Leone to Port Gentil; all along the Congo, as I lay sleepless under the mosquito-net, the deep notes rose and fell and quivered in the forest. Again in East Africa I listened, and remembered the Swaheli saying: "When you play the drums in Zanzibar, all Africa, as far as the Lakes, dances."

There is never a birth or death in Africa of any importance, a feast, a hunt or a war, without the drum beats that spread the news from village to village. White men call it the "bush telegraph"—a good name for a system which carries every sort of information across incredible distances.

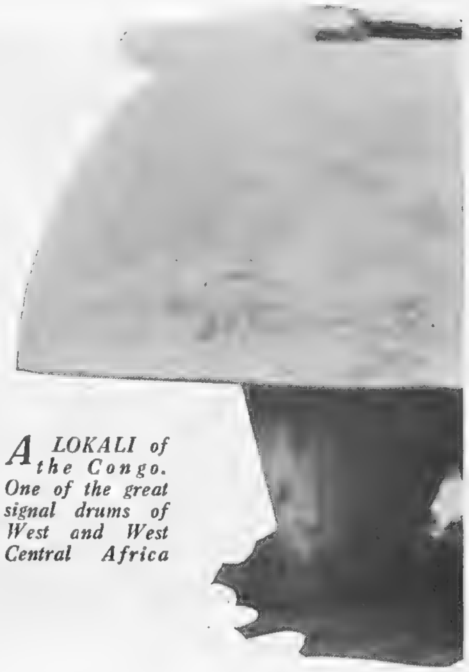
My first personal experience of the drums came in almost theatrical fashion during a sweltering journey by river steamer in the Upper Congo—the country that Conrad rightly called "Heart of Darkness." We had stopped at a trading station in the late afternoon. The smoke from a dozen fires drifted grey and acrid over our decks as the native passengers cooked their dried fish on shore. "Here we rest for the night," announced the Belgian captain comfortably as we sat under the double-awnings drinking iced beer.

Then there arose a faint "tap-boom-tap," carried down the golden surface of the river by the hot breath of the evening breeze. "Signal drums," said the captain lazily. A minute later he started out of his languor, for a black deck-hand stood before him speaking rapid French.

"The drums were talking to us," the captain told me. "We are wanted down the river—there is a white man with his wife and child, all ill and hurrying to the hospital at Albertville. Pray that we do not run aground on a sand-bank in the dark, for we must steam twenty miles to pick them up."

A shriek of the syren and we were zigzagging down the river with the paddle-wheel thrashing up the mud. Several hours after dinner we slid in towards the bank, where a mission station loomed out of the darkness. A bearded Roman Catholic father in white robes came on board. "It is good that you are here," he exclaimed. "The mine manager and his family are coming by forced marches—very soon they will be here."

Out of the darkness of the palm forest they came—a thin human column emerging into the gleam of our deck lamps. First a tall, shivering man in tattered khaki, his white face flushed. Then the proud and tireless gun-bearer. Next a "machila"—a sort of

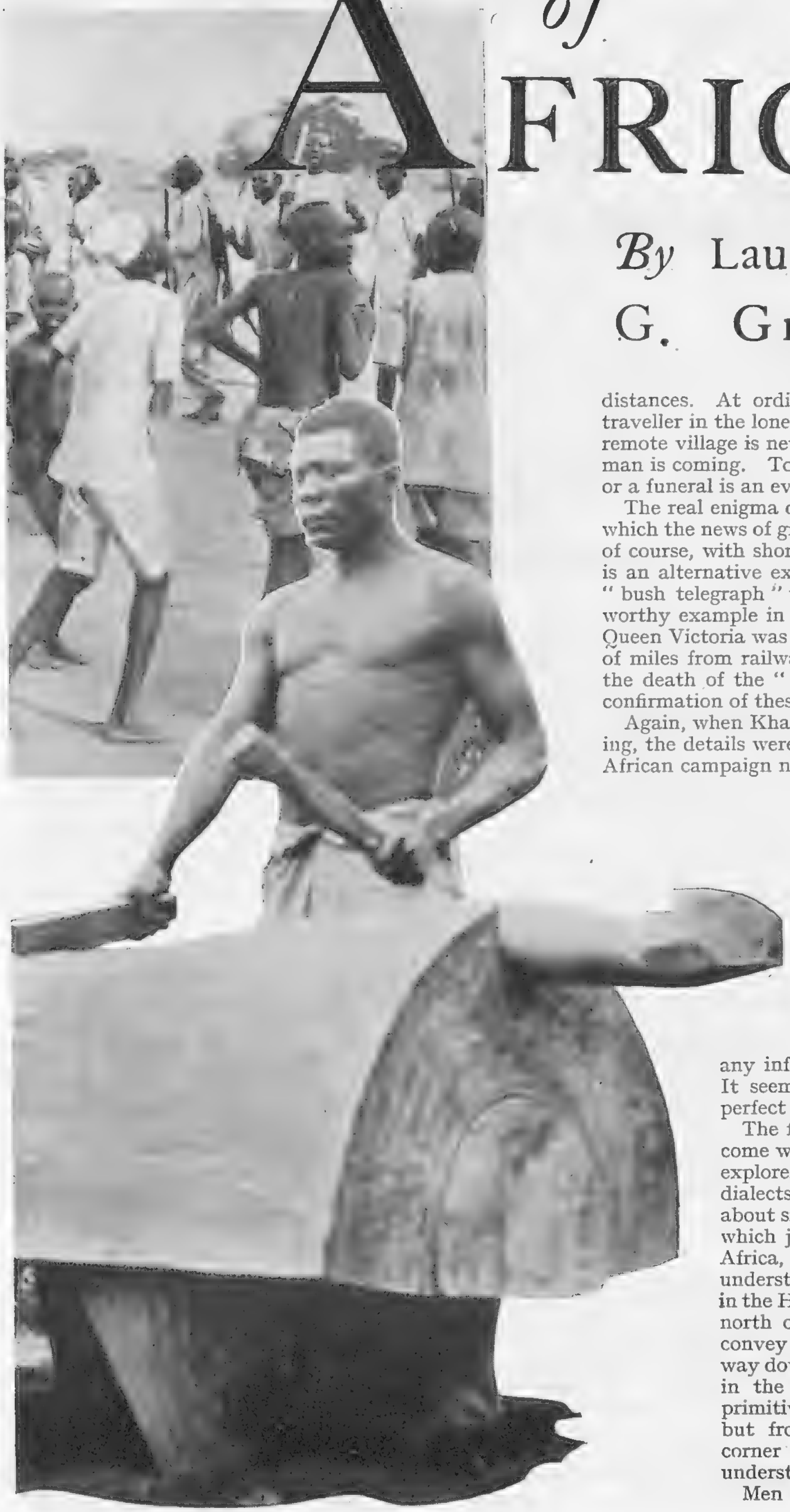


A LOKALI of the Congo. One of the great signal drums of West and West Central Africa

bo-o-om! . . ."

tery DRUMS of AFRICA

By Laurence G. Green



stretcher—with the canvas awning thrown back, so that I could see an exhausted woman and a delicate little girl. (Why, I wondered, do men bring families to this cruel territory ?) Finally there marched the long line of carriers with their head burdens—tin boxes, camp equipment, packages of food, the child's playthings in a basket. As they reached the steamer's side some of them slid to the ground, utterly weary.

It was a race for life indeed that the drums had described—a race decided by the stamina of those faithful bearers, the merciless sun and the barricade of tropical bush.

ALL the way down to the mouth of the Congo there were drums to remind me of that tragic family. All along that waterway, for two thousand miles, the drums spoke, rejoiced, warned, lamented. Men who knew something of the drums and their talk travelled with me and uncovered the fringe of this great African mystery.

For a great mystery it remains. There is nothing remarkable in a code of simple drum signals to announce simple events over short distances. At ordinary times that is all the drums accomplish. The traveller in the lonely stretches of Africa finds that his arrival at the most remote village is never unexpected. The drums have stated that a white man is coming. To invite one's friends by drum call to an elephant hunt or a funeral is an everyday matter, easily understood.

The real enigma of the drums lies in the enormous areas of Africa over which the news of great events has undoubtedly been spread. Nowadays, of course, with short-wave wireless receivers in the loneliest places, there is an alternative explanation which most people would prefer. But the "bush telegraph" was at work a thousand years ago. The most noteworthy example in recent times occurred when the news of the death of Queen Victoria was cabled to West Africa. Natives in outposts hundreds of miles from railways and telegraph lines immediately began talking of the death of the "Great White Queen." Government officials received confirmation of these drum messages days and weeks afterwards.

Again, when Khartoum fell and General Gordon and his staff died fighting, the details were known in Sierra Leone the same day. During every African campaign news has flashed across Africa in this way. Before the Ashanti campaign the British military authorities were aware of the fact that the entire native fighting forces in the territory could be mobilised within a few hours of the declaration of war.

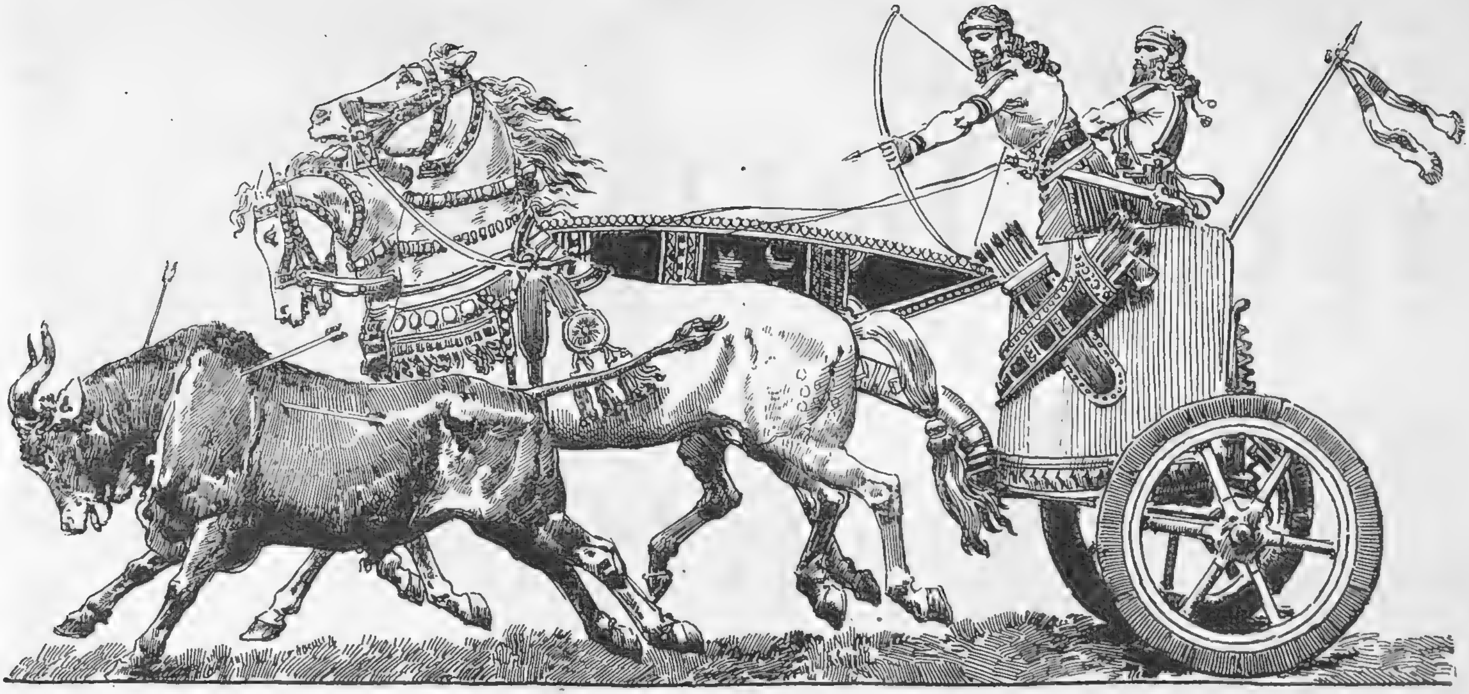
From east to west, from south to north, the drum news travels. The rising of Lobengula and the Matabele impis in 1893 was known almost immediately from Mombasa to Accra.

A study of these and many other authentic records of the power of the "bush telegraph" draws one irresistibly to the conclusion that there is a well-organised system of drum-signalling up and down Africa—a system capable of transmitting any information with considerable speed. How is it done ? It seems incredible that savages should have been able to perfect such a means of communication.

The first tremendous obstacle which must have been overcome was that of language. From the day the first white explorers penetrated the Dark Continent the confusion of dialects has been a stumbling block. There are in Africa about six hundred languages, though many have resemblances which justify their division into groups. In certain parts of Africa, too, you will find a lingua franca which nearly all understand. A drum message thumped out by the Ashanti in the Hausa language would be interpreted almost everywhere north of the Equator and west of the Nile. But it would convey nothing to the Swahili, whose speech is heard all the way down the East Coast of Africa and far inland. In Nigeria, in the French Congo and many other colonies there are primitive tribes which are cut off, not only from the world, but from the people of neighbouring territories. Yet no corner of Africa is so remote that drums are not used and understood.

Men who had lived long and close

(*Continued on page* 119)



Strange Chapters *in* HISTORY:

Romantic Cameos of Long Ago

Retold *and* Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

No. 6. *The Metamorphosis of Vengeance*

QUEER tales are rather frequent in history about unimportant little nations and kingdoms of the past, but what is really worthy of note is the strange mentality of the pioneers of the great civilisations of which one finds some striking examples as the fascinating study proceeds.

One historian whose huge work has been lost, save for a few fragments, is Nicolaus of Damascus, a great friend of King Herod and the Emperor Augustus. He wrote a universal history in a hundred and fourteen books, and in the surviving portion there is an amazing little tale which is set in Babylonia. The episode took place under the rule of Artæus, who was one of the successors of the great king of the Assyrians, Assur-Ban-i-Pal, the Last Magnificent King, Romanised and Byronised into Sardanapalus. The individual kingdom of Babylon was held by Nanarus, but was strongly coveted by Parsondes, a close friend of Artæus.

Every effort was made by Parsondes to influence Artæus against the Babylonian king, and it seems that the strongest argument that he could put forward was the difference between Nanarus and himself. It was a fact that his bravery and courage were well known all over the country, his exceptional beauty of body, his skill in hunting, and the undisputed daring that he showed in every action made him a popular hero, highly esteemed by the king.

Nanarus, however, we find described as an exceptionally soft and effeminate man, wearing a shape of ear-ring preferred by women, having his face made up, and, contrary to the general habit of the Babylonians, shaving his face. We can still see very clearly in our museums from the Babylonian and Assyrian stonework that only eunuchs used to shave, and we can safely presume that when Nanarus introduced this new fashion he must have raised some very unfavourable criticism.

This campaign of deposition by calumny, however, remained without effect, for, in spite of his weakness, Nanarus was a blameless king and Artæus did not feel himself justified in taking any drastic step.

A RUMOUR of what was going on reached the ears of Nanarus, and he conceived the most unusual revenge ever recorded by history. His real plan was carefully concealed from everyone, but the first step was to get Parsondes safely in his hands. The great reward offered to his sutlers kept them on the alert for any opportunity that might arise, for it was not an easy task and could not be carried out openly.

One day Parsondes was out hunting. While he was trying to catch a wild ass he got separated from his attendants. Engrossed in the chase, he did not notice that he had come to a part of Babylonian territory where the market was in preparation. Feeling thirsty, the unsuspecting Parsondes asked for a drink. It is perfectly clear that by this time he had been recognised by his enemies, for he was treated with the utmost politeness; wine was offered to him; he was most hospitably invited to come in and sit down; tempting food was put in front of him and beautiful girls surrounded him with every inducement to tarry awhile.

The drug which had been put in the sweet wine soon bemused the brain of the hero, and there, gently caressed by soft hands, he fell asleep. When he came back to earth, to his bitter astonishment he found himself safely bound and in the presence of the girlish Nanarus. I take the liberty of quoting the interview of the two men by availing myself of the authentic translation reported in the book of "Nineveh," by Layard.

"When Parsondes had recovered from the effects of the wine, Nanarus upbraided him for his conduct. 'Why,' said he, 'did you, who have never suffered any wrong at my hands, call me a man-woman (androgyne) and ask my government of Artæus as if I were of no account although of noble birth? Many thanks to him that he did not grant your request.'

Parsondes, nothing abashed, replied: 'Because I thought myself more worthy of the honour; for I am more manly, and more useful to the king than you, who are shaven and have your eyes underlined with stibium and your face painted with white lead.'

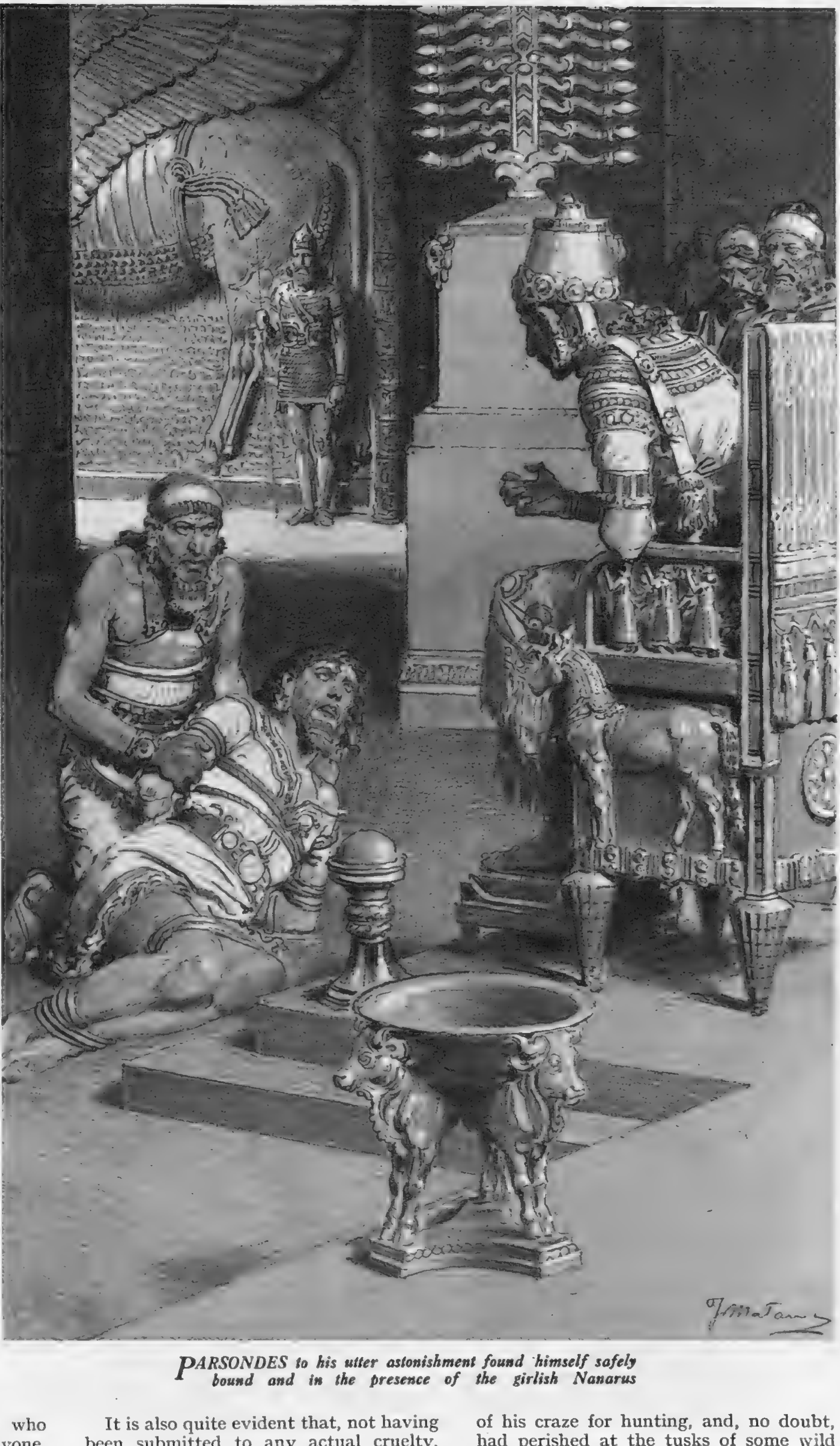
'Are you not ashamed, then,' said Nanarus, 'being such as you describe yourself to be, to have been so overcome by your stomach and passions that you should have fallen into the hands of one so greatly inferior to yourself? But I will quickly make you softer and fairer than any woman.'"

And so under His Majesty's orders the strange process began. His beautiful beard, luxuriant and virile despite his youth, fell under the scissors of the barber; his hands were manicured; his whole body was made smooth by pumice stone and soft by the constant anointing of perfumed oils and creams. His curls, already long according to the fashion, were the only things that remained intact, constituting a great asset to the general effect.

There was no way of escape, and as the ceaseless drip of water pierces even adamant, so did the constancy of the treatment make our hero philosophically resigned to his fate. He himself was flabbergasted by the wonders achieved year after year. The non-exposure to the sun had brought about a whiteness of skin at which he was amazed, but the appearance was not the only transformation that was operated on him. He was insidiously instilled with tuition in every feminine handicraft—weaving, embroidery, knitting, recitation, music, and dancing.

THERE are some men in the world whose brains are so versatile that there is nothing they cannot do; some men who touch nought that they do not adorn. Their particular type of nature is to regard everything as a competition in which they must excel, no matter whether what they do is spontaneously chosen or imposed upon them; that kind of man for whom everything is instinct with the burning question of personal dignity.

Parsondes was one of those who cannot bear to be second to anyone, and now that every other interest was suppressed in his golden prison, he devoted all his talents to surpass his tutors in everything. The agility of his fingers on the harp, the expression he put into his music, showed him to possess the soul of a musician. The gracefulness of his dancing proved not only the wonderful elasticity of his body, but also the spirit of mimicry and artistic sense that possessed him.

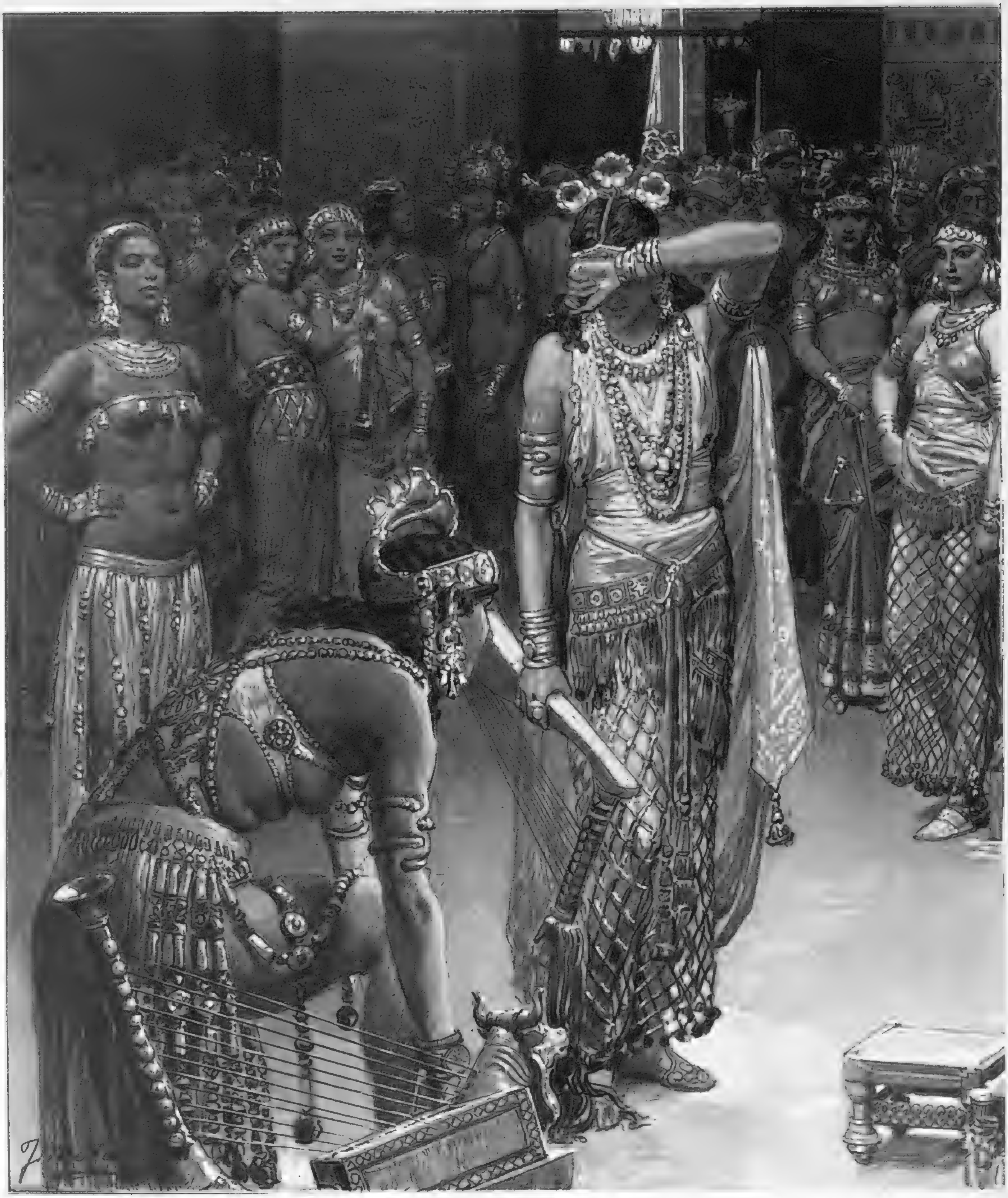


PARSONDES to his utter astonishment found himself safely bound and in the presence of the girlish Nanarus

It is also quite evident that, not having been submitted to any actual cruelty, and living in luxurious surroundings, with all their mellowing influences, he must have found a way to maintain his spirits so as to endure cheerfully seven years of this alien life.

By this time, Artæus had given up any hope of finding his favourite. No one knew what had happened to him. Every attempt to find him had proved fruitless. Everyone believed that the daring Parsondes had paid the price of his craze for hunting, and, no doubt, had perished at the tusks of some wild beast.

But one day, a fattish man, with shaven face, reached the gate of the royal palace, and insisted on being brought before Artæus. He was admitted and, between oaths and prostration, he related to the king that he was a eunuch, escaped from the court of Nanarus, where he had been severely flogged, and he was also the messenger of Parsondes.



The ambassador, without hesitation, singled out one from the glittering crowd. A strange expression af bursting satisfaction

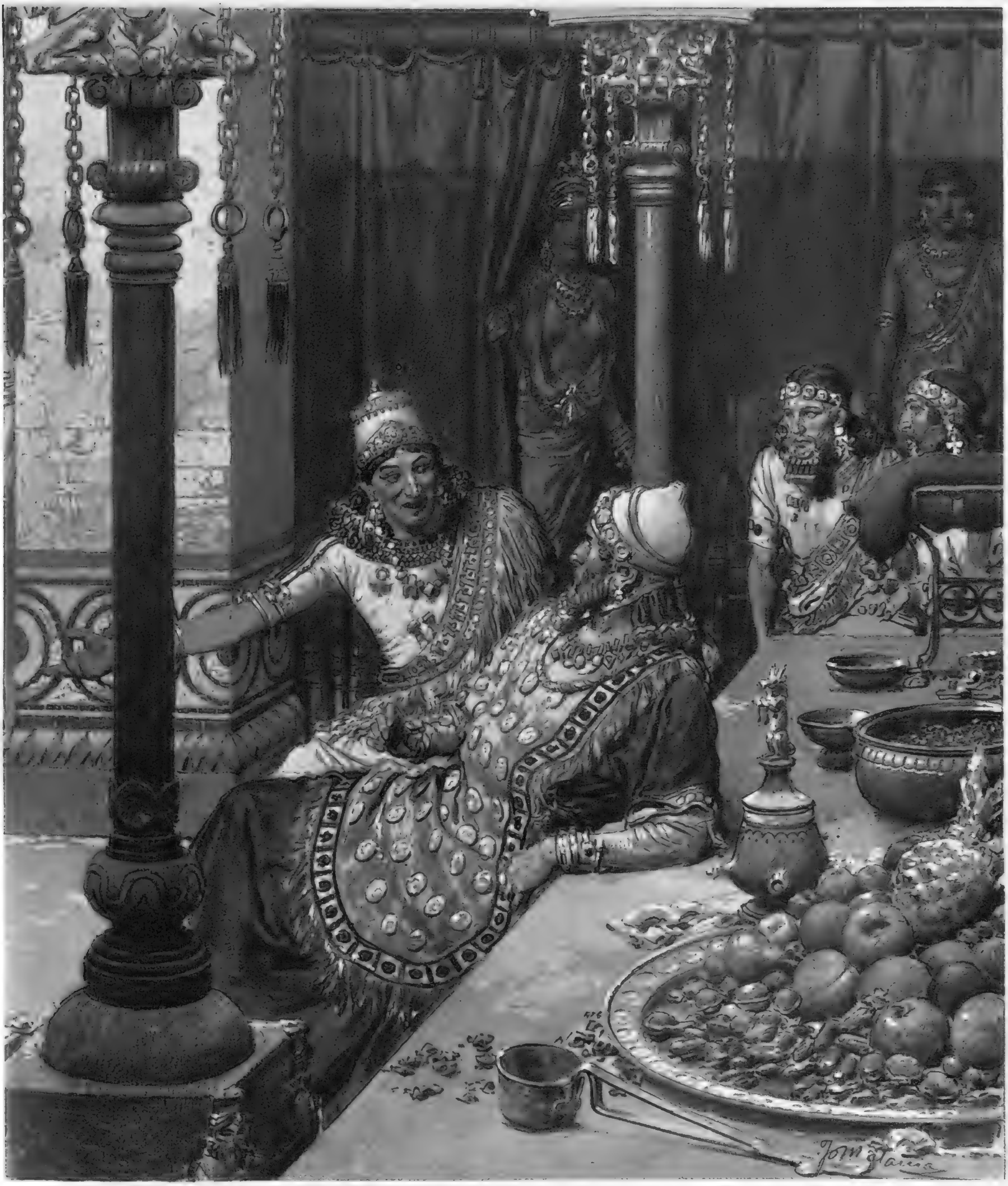
The incidents of the painful story were all narrated to the astonished king. An ambassador was forthwith despatched to Nanarus with the command to deliver up Parsondes, but he came back with an absolute denial of responsibility. Nanarus swore he had never seen Parsondes since his disappearance.

A second ambassador, of much higher rank and authority, was ordered to leave for Babylon. This time it was not a mere request, but a formal ultimatum that, if Parsondes was not delivered immediately, Nanarus would be put to death unmercifully.

As the royal tablet of clay was read, Nanarus was greatly alarmed, and he confessed, adding that his behaviour was perfectly justified by the many malignant attempts made by Parsondes to ruin his position in the eyes of the king. This declaration both calmed the threatening attitude of the ambassador and allayed the anxiety of Nanarus.

With every form of honour, the envoy of the king was entertained and amused.

No. 6. The Metamorphosis *of* Vengeance



and uncontrolled pride brightened Nanarus's face when he asked the ambassador if he would like to possess her.

A great banquet, such as only the Babylonians could then conceive, was held. This was followed by the invariable exhibition of feminine beauty and grace.

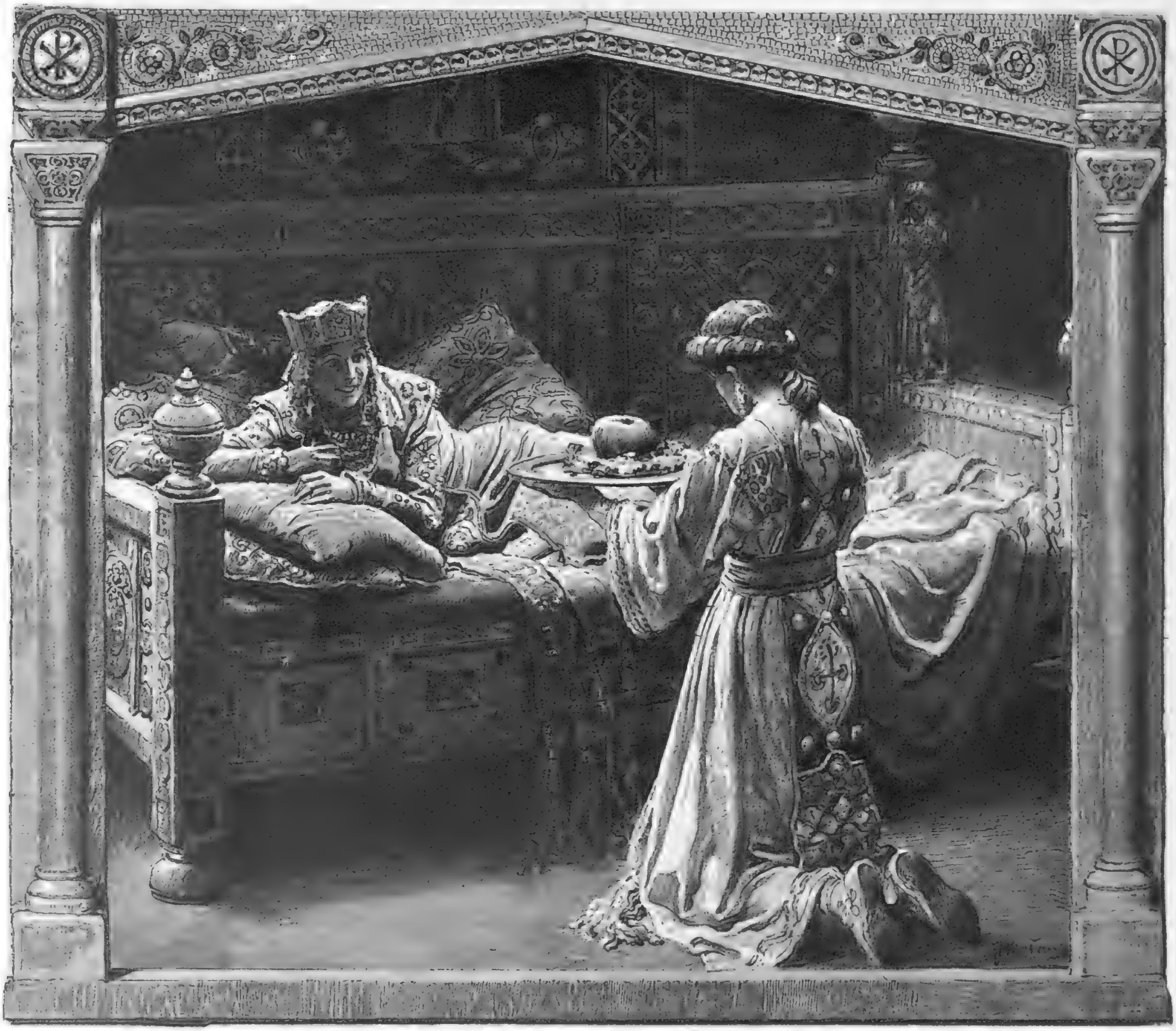
One hundred and fifty superb girls appeared in all the magnificence of their youth and costume, their heads adorned by ribands of gold, decked with flowers, and pendants. Their bodies, at once cleverly dressed and cleverly undressed, emerged momentarily through the undulating strings of beads and diaphanous draperies. Dancing and music were exhibited in solos and in group ; and, when the marvellous display was over, the ambassador was asked which one of the girls in his opinion had shown most skill. The ambassador, without hesitation, singled out one from amongst the glittering crowd.

A strange expression of bursting satisfaction and uncontrollable pride brightened Nanarus's face when he asked the ambassador if he would like to possess her. The offer was enthusiastically accepted, (*continued on page* 92)

Strange Chapters in History : *continued.* No. 7.—THE APPLE OF DISCORD

It is difficult to find an incident where an innocent-looking apple has produced as much harm as that presented to the Emperor Theodosius. It was in 448 A.D. that a man of Phrygian origin gave to the Emperor an apple that, for size and beauty, was considered a unique rarity.

The Emperor, like the majority of his Byzantine house, was very much in love with his wife, and, without hesitation, the monster apple was sent to the Empress.



THE APPLE OF DISCORD: *The superb fruit, the non-consumption of which resulted individually as disastrously as the consumption of the apple of Eden resulted collectively*

But in this world is an Imp of Perversity which causes things to happen the wrong way about. The Apple, which was not meant to be touched, was eaten, with the consequence of making mortal sinners of all mankind, while this apple, for that it was *not* eaten, became the origin of a dreadful tragedy.

It happened that, just at that time, Paulinus, the major-domo of Theodosius, was invalided at home with a bad foot. This man had played a great part in the life of the Empress, because it was through his influence that Eudocia had been raised from her humble status to the Eastern throne of Rome.

So deep was the feeling of gratitude she had for her servant that she never lost any opportunity to express it, so, trusting that the Emperor would never know, the apple was sent to Paulinus with Eudocia's best wishes.

Paulinus, never dreaming, of course, that it originally came from the Emperor, thought that the beautiful thing was worthy only of the great monarch who was his master. Theodosius the Devout, coming out of a church one day, was met by a messenger holding a basket from his favourite Paulinus, with the most beautiful apple ever seen, to be presented to the Emperor with the faithful Paulinus's compliments.

No human mind is quicker to jump to conclusions than the mind of a man in love, and, hiding the worry that was torturing him, he asked Eudocia what she had done with the apple.

Eudocia said she had eaten it.

The Emperor asked her again if she was sure she had herself consumed it or if she had sent it to somebody, and she swore she had eaten it.

From the moment that the lie was endorsed with an oath, Theodosius had no peace. He lost faith in his wife. He lost faith in Paulinus. No arguments were strong enough to stop him from divorce proceedings. The poison of jealousy had distilled its venom in his heart and, in spite of being a man of mild disposition, he went so far as to sign a sentence of death for the man who had once been his most faithful servant.

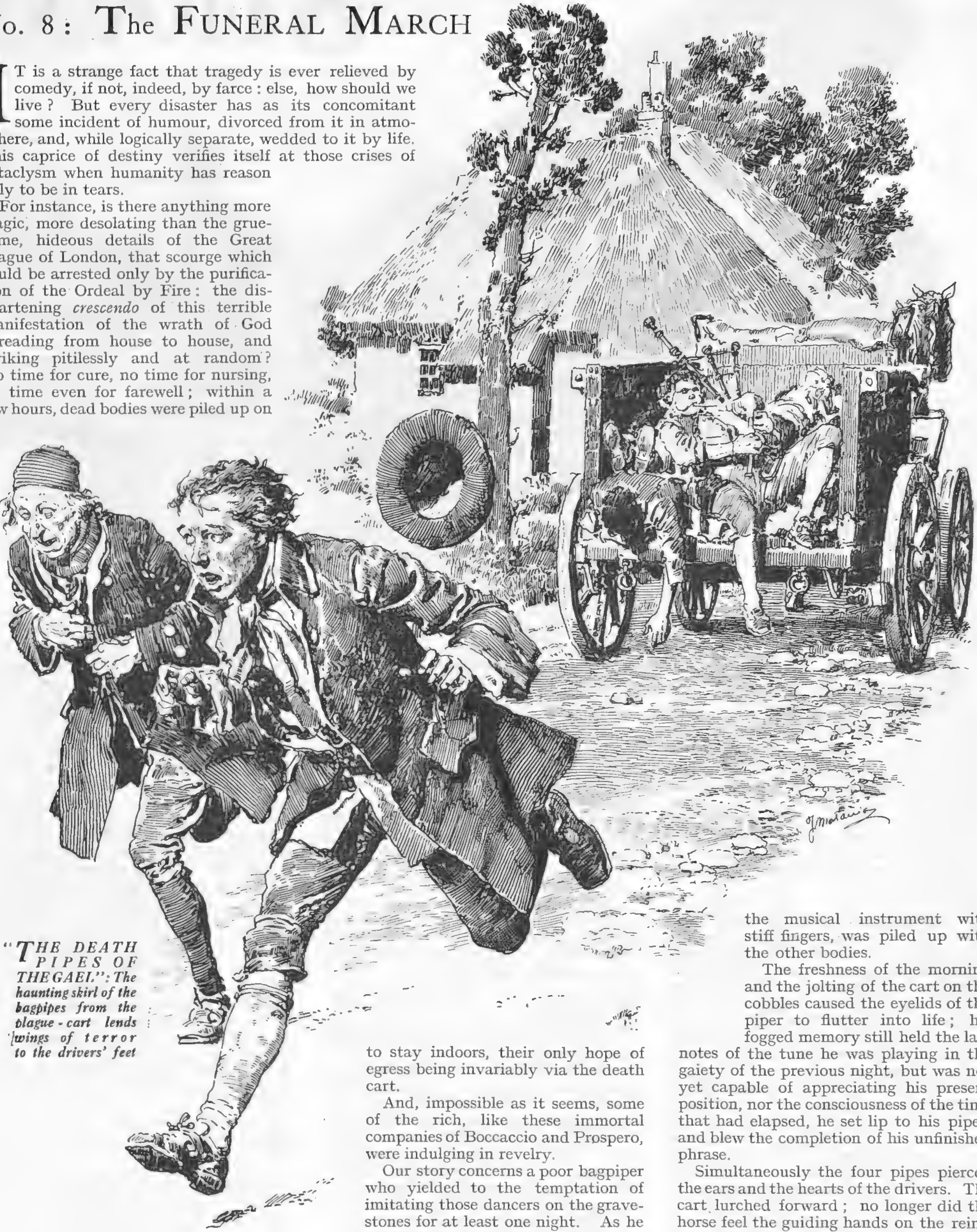
There should have been one argument that should have made any reasonable person hesitate: would a man in love dispose so lightly of a present given to him by his sweetheart? But jealousy is blind, and on this particular blindness some of the greatest tragedies, from those of Æschylus to those of Shakespeare, have been written.

The execution of Paulinus not only cast a slur on the dignity and honour of the Empress, but focussed upon her the hostility of the whole Empire, because it was through her white lie that so important an innocent man had lost his life. Sick at soul with remorse, she asked leave to visit the Holy Land, and, after having done many memorable things for the welfare of the country, she died in the odour of sanctity in the Holy City of Jerusalem.

No. 8: The FUNERAL MARCH

IT is a strange fact that tragedy is ever relieved by comedy, if not, indeed, by farce: else, how should we live? But every disaster has as its concomitant some incident of humour, divorced from it in atmosphere, and, while logically separate, wedded to it by life. This caprice of destiny verifies itself at those crises of cataclysm when humanity has reason only to be in tears.

For instance, is there anything more tragic, more desolating than the gruesome, hideous details of the Great Plague of London, that scourge which could be arrested only by the purification of the Ordeal by Fire: the disheartening *crescendo* of this terrible manifestation of the wrath of God spreading from house to house, and striking pitilessly and at random? No time for cure, no time for nursing, no time even for farewell; within a few hours, dead bodies were piled up on carts, taken away, and dumped in a shallow grave, to be hastily covered with earth and lime. The suspicion and fear between brother and brother, the fear of infection dividing families and friends; the rapid multiplication of those terrible red crosses on the doors of the doomed houses where the residents were compelled to stay indoors, their only hope of egress being invariably via the death cart.



"THE DEATH PIPES OF THE GAEL": The haunting skirl of the bagpipes from the plague-cart lends wings of terror to the drivers' feet

And, impossible as it seems, some of the rich, like these immortal companies of Boccaccio and Prospero, were indulging in revelry.

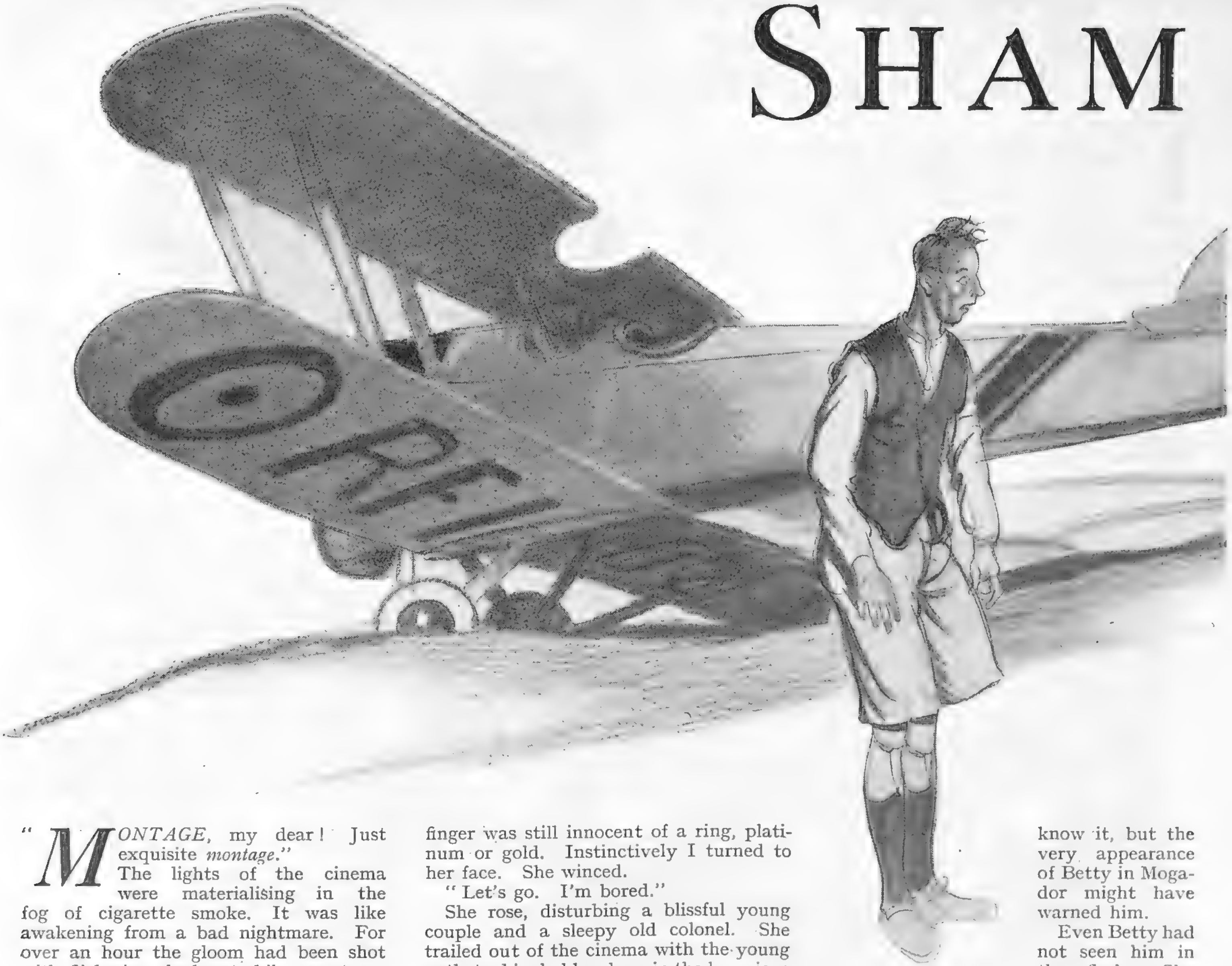
Our story concerns a poor bagpiper who yielded to the temptation of imitating those dancers on the gravestones for at least one night. As he reeled drunkenly out of a tavern, he fell down in the street and succumbed to the drowsiness which was fast overtaking him. A prostrate figure in those days of terror could not be anything but one of the multitudinous victims of the plague, so that, as the death cart passed by the next morning, it stopped for a moment and another human bundle, still clutching the musical instrument with stiff fingers, was piled up with the other bodies.

The freshness of the morning and the jolting of the cart on the cobbles caused the eyelids of the piper to flutter into life; his fogged memory still held the last notes of the tune he was playing in the gaiety of the previous night, but was not yet capable of appreciating his present position, nor the consciousness of the time that had elapsed, he set lip to his pipes, and blew the completion of his unfinished phrase.

Simultaneously the four pipes pierced the ears and the hearts of the drivers. The cart lurched forward; no longer did the horse feel the guiding hands on the reins. From the driver's seat two men jumped off with the rapidity that only terror can inspire or evoke.

Only the devil could play such a trick, and while the breathless fugitives disappeared in the distance, the cart lumbered slowly away with its gruesome load and the bagpipes playing, playing, playing . . .

SHAM



“*MONTAGE*, my dear! Just exquisite *montage*.”

The lights of the cinema were materialising in the fog of cigarette smoke. It was like awakening from a bad nightmare. For over an hour the gloom had been shot with flickering shadows while monstrous voices had megaphoned through the silence. Newbabelsberg had given us the soul of a drunkard in misty photography. And, at the end of it, the high-pitched voice of the young man had drawled his creed.

I turned. Behind twin points of glowing cigarettes I glimpsed them both. The young man was wearing the inevitable green shirt and emerald tie. Surmounting this was the pale, tired mask of the cinema æsthete. On his knees, I am sure, he nursed a black sombrero. And I am prepared to swear that in the pocket of his old sports coat was a volume of T. S. Eliot's poems.

But I was more interested in the woman, naturally. There she was, as beautiful and as provocatively attractive as ever. Obviously the young cinema æsthete adored her. Maybe he had even clutched her hand while the drunkard's soul had flickered before us. I had even held her hand myself, on a similar occasion. Betty Aldington expected it. She was young, beautiful and rich at a time when everybody else seemed poor and plain. A woman to be envied.

And yet she was still unmarried.

Betty saw me looking in her direction. Not by a flicker of her dark, beautiful eyes did she betray herself. She stared, blithely through me. Then she realised that I was not staring at her face, but at her hand—her left hand. That fourth finger was still innocent of a ring, platinum or gold. Instinctively I turned to her face. She winced.

“Let's go. I'm bored.”

She rose, disturbing a blissful young couple and a sleepy old colonel. She trailed out of the cinema with the young æsthete, his shabby shoes in the luxurious carpet behind her. The lights began to fade as though in sympathy with her exit. The funeral procession of some dead statesman scurried across the screen.

Still unmarried!

But there. I am telling you the end of the story before I begin. It is a story without a happy ending. Or, rather, a story *with* a happy ending—for a man.

No, I am not the fellow.

THERE is no real reason for going to Mogador.

“The fleas of Mogador are magnificent. Allah protects them.”

So a particularly scrofulous Arab assured me. I wished I had not smiled in his face. I might have taken his advice and avoided Mogador.

Imagine a heap of petrol tins, some scrap iron, a few whited sepulchres housing a mixed assembly of Greeks, Armenians, Levantines and negroes, all calling themselves French citizens, dumped higgledy-piggledy on a yellow beach laved by the Atlantic. That is Mogador. It is one of the insecure footholds that Europe possesses in Morocco. Only the fleas have a purpose there. They batten upon the perspiring population.

But when Betty Aldington landed there she had a definite purpose. She was determined to marry. Even the man had been selected. He did not know it, but the very appearance of Betty in Mogador might have warned him.

Even Betty had not seen him in the flesh. She had seen his flickering shadow mounted on a horse galloping across the great desert. She had seen him struck across the face by some lout of the Foreign Legion. She had watched him carefully as he wrapped his burnous about him and graciously rejected the love of a convent girl, who, for some extraordinary reason, was wandering alone in the great desert.

Having seen all this, Betty Aldington had lit a cigarette with studied sophistication and drawled:

“I think he's too utterly adorable.”

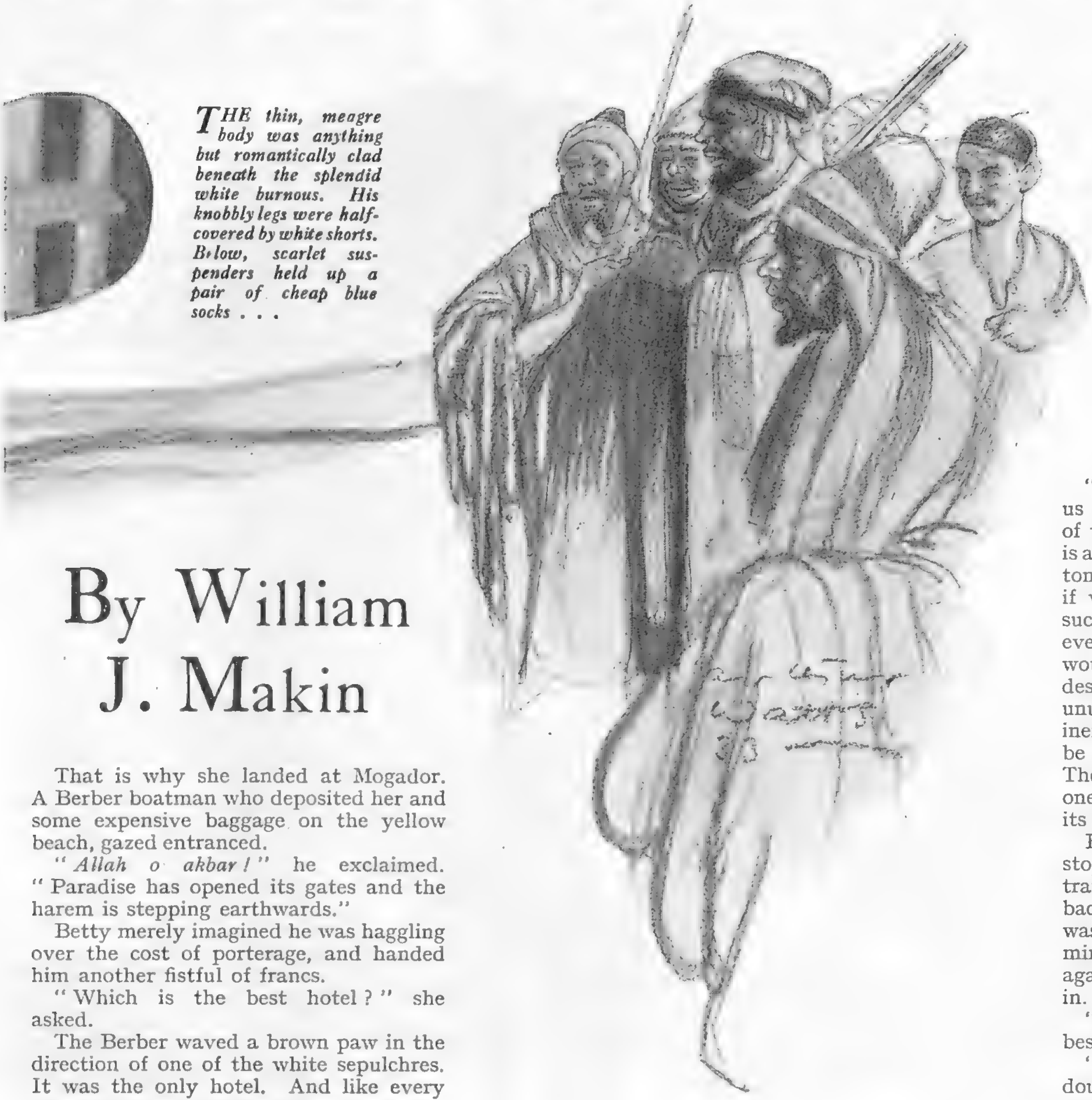
And in the ecstasy of that dawn of love she had accompanied a pink-faced man to a pastry shop and gorged herself with buns.

You will have gathered that Betty Aldington was no ordinary film fan. She did not write to stars for their autographed picture. She was really only interested in one particular star—Brendon Brandt. The whole of the non-Moslem world has bowed in adoration before that great sheik of the screen. He is the great sorrowful lover, the hero of renunciation. How often has the camera depicted him in a sad adieu to the love that is not for him, and riding away into a waste of sand with the wet eyes of a thousand film audiences following him! Betty was wet-eyed in the blessed darkness. She was determined to plunge through that shadow screen and follow him in reality.

SHEIK:

The *Comedy* of *a* Fallen *Film* Idol

Illustrated by
Arthur Watts



THE thin, meagre body was anything but romantically clad beneath the splendid white burnous. His knobbly legs were half-covered by white shorts. Below, scarlet suspenders held up a pair of cheap blue socks . . .

By William J. Makin

That is why she landed at Mogador. A Berber boatman who deposited her and some expensive baggage on the yellow beach, gazed entranced.

" *Allah o akbar!* " he exclaimed. " Paradise has opened its gates and the harem is stepping earthwards."

Betty merely imagined he was haggling over the cost of porterage, and handed him another fistful of francs.

" Which is the best hotel ? " she asked.

The Berber waved a brown paw in the direction of one of the white sepulchres. It was the only hotel. And like every other hotel on this coast it was named—*Splendide*. Shading her face with a pink parasol and smoothing the white organdie of her frock, Betty mounted the ant-ridden steps.

Her entrance into the lounge with its faded furniture that seemed to have been looted from a Turkish bath establishment in London ought to have been devastating in its effect. But it almost passed unremarked. A thin-faced man, clad only in an Aertex vest, grey flannel trousers and dirty tennis shoes, nodded casually to her. He was sucking through a straw a particularly deadly-looking liquid. Betty hated him at first sight, and tilted her head a little higher.

" Is *mademoiselle* with the company ?"

A gross Italian in cream waistcoat and shirt sleeves accosted her with this question in French.

" With the company ! Of course not." Her indignation had to find expression in English. " I want your best room."

The gross Italian, obviously the proprietor, began to laugh in her face. It was then that a tall, handsome sheik in perfectly laundered white burnous stepped forward.

" Pardon me. Can I be of any assistance ? "

It was said with the perfect grace of a Continental courier. With a queer little thrill Betty Aldington recognised the reality of her shadow hero. It was Brendon Brandt.

" That's awfully nice of you, Mr. Brandt. You see——"

" Ah, my dear young lady. We have met before ? "

There was delight in those brown eyes of his, and the delight was enhanced by her reply.

" No. But then, of course, *everyone* knows you, Mr. Brandt."

He waved a thin, meagre hand in a gesture of despair.

" Ah, the mockery of this shadow-show. We are known to millions and are denied the delightful personal contacts. We ought to have met ages ago, Miss . . . . er . . ."

" Aldington . . . Betty Aldington." She hesitated whether to add her telephone number. One usually did nowadays. But, perhaps, in Morocco——

" You have come to see us create this great epic of the desert—*Mirage*. That is a great honour, Miss Aldington. A great honour. Ah, if we could only be sure of such a charming audience every day. My God, how we would act ! And this great desert, so lonely, ah, so unutterably lonely, lost in an ineffable sadness, it would be as the Arabs call it, The Garden of Allah, with one such as you looking into its vastness."

Brendon Brandt never stopped acting. He was entrancing Betty. But at the back of her shrewd mind was an emphasised determination to marry him. Once again the gross Italian burst in.

" Mademoiselle desires the best room."

" She must have it. Splendour of Allah, but she must have it ! " cried Brendon Brandt.

" But, *mon vieux*, you have it," grinned the Italian.

For one brief second the white garbed sheik hesitated. He rose magnificently to the occasion.

" Then she shall have the next best," he cried. " I will see to it myself."

He bowed her to a faded chair in the lounge. The stuffing was exuding like a fungus growth. She was left gazing entranced at his carefully washed feet in their bright red sandals. They slithered through a doorway.

Betty turned slightly. She discovered to her disgust that she was seated within a few feet of the thin individual in the Aertex vest and flannel trousers. He smiled at her, displaying tobacco-stained teeth.

" How disgusting ! " she murmured to herself, and waited for her hero to return.

The man in the vest sucked noisily at his straw.

A NEWS item in a film paper had sent Betty to Mogador. She had learned that Brendon Brandt was starring in a desert epic that was to be called *Mirage*. And with the determination of a young woman who knew what she wanted she telephoned to a tourist agency to send her tickets for this place that her school geography lessons had sadly neglected. The tourist agency obliged.

Betty did the rest. After that preliminary introduction in the lounge of the *Splendide*, she proceeded to ensnare Brendon Brandt with an ease that surprised herself. But then, Brendon Brandt was always willing to fall in love. He was the real sheik-lover. He acted the part perfectly off the films as well as on. And when the girl happened to be wealthy as well as beautiful, and a subject that was fair game for the gossip-writers of Fleet Street, he believed sincerely in his own love-making.

So the love drama of the epic film of the desert, *Mirage*, was often interrupted by real love drama. The whole cast of that film hated Betty and her pink parasol. The blonde from Czecho-Slovakia, who was to be renounced in the last five hundred feet by Brandon Brandt, hated her. Even before the cameras had begun clicking she had been passionately accepted by Brendon Brandt. Now, with less than a thousand feet of film pictured, she was already renounced. The sheik hero dined *à deux* in the hotel, always with Betty Aldington.

"Dese English girls are icebergs mit hell inside," grumbled the blonde from Czecho-Slovakia.

Two German cameramen nodded. The Italian hotel proprietor twirled his black moustache. Only the man in the Aertex vest, grey flannel trousers and tennis shoes, grinned and lit his twentieth cigarette.

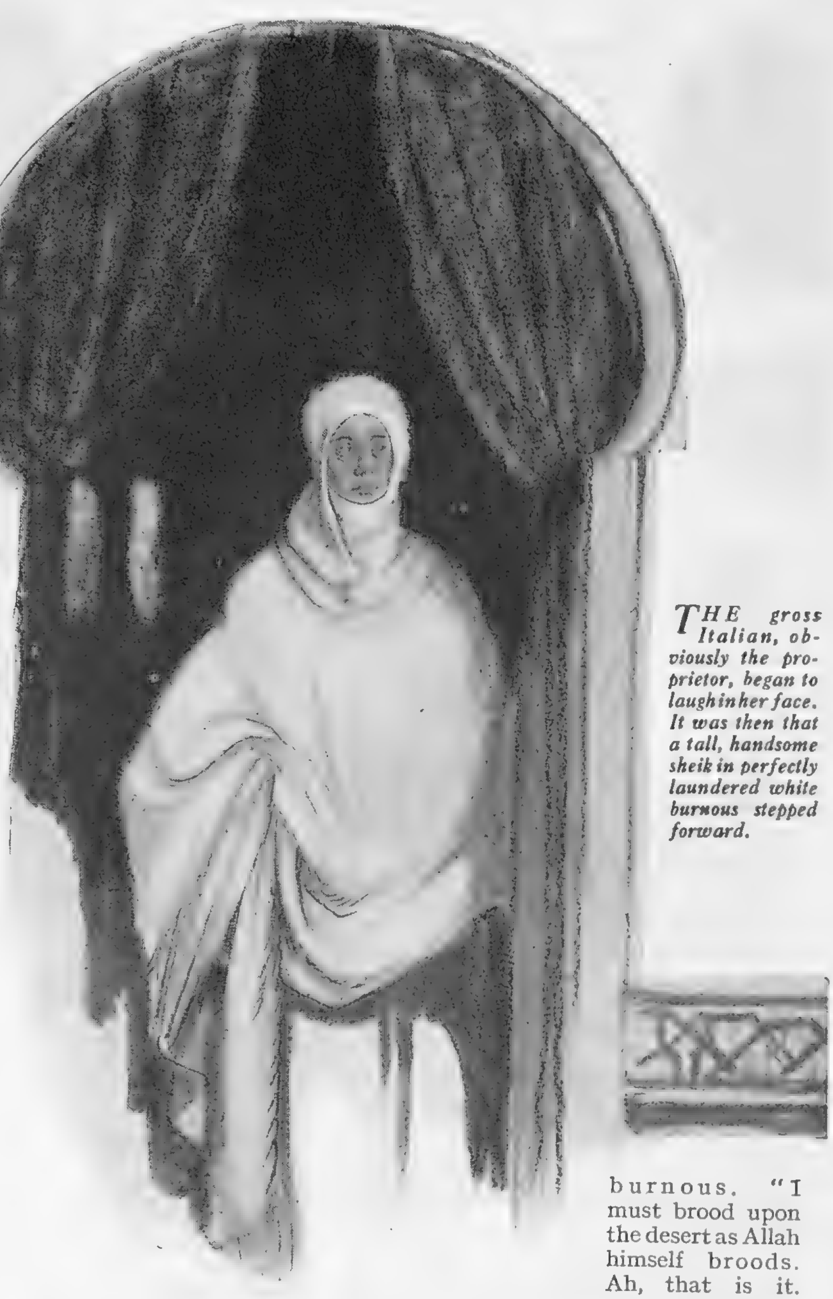
Work on the epic film was held up again and again. Betty was entranced. She was causing devastating havoc both in hearts and celluloid. And her admiration for Brendon Brandt became more intense every day. Here was a man who had renounced the ordinary life of the West. He was a real man of the desert, gabbling an Arabic that nobody outside the hotel could understand, and causing consternation to cameramen by stopping their busy clicking in the middle of a big scene while he produced a gaily coloured rug and prostrated himself in the sand.

"I have my duty to Allah," he would say with a sign to Betty. "I am but a humble follower of Mahomet."

Betty would seat herself beneath the pink parasol and gaze entranced at him through a haze of cigarette smoke while he passed through the elaborate gestures of devotion. She imagined the thrill that this would cause at a tea party in her house in town. Her husband at prayer. But, of course, she had already decided he was to be her husband. Not one of her friends could produce a husband who said his prayers publicly. She would have one room decorated with praying rugs. Visitors must feel instantly that they were entering the tent of a great sheik.

One must be fair to Brendon Brandt. He believed in himself. Apart from having the average European's delight in dressing as an Arab, he had early discovered that his dirty brown complexion necessitated a burnous. A medical man would have said that bad digestion was the cause of that complexion; the dramatic brain of Brendon Brandt had turned it to commercial account.

"The Arabs are the last noble race to stand against the parasitic whites," he had told Betty Aldington, in one of his inspired moments at the dinner table. "They have been born in the desert, cleansed by the winds of the desert, and they go back, gratefully, to the desert. Ah, I weary of this huddle of roofs, these tramping crowds, of our great cities. In the desert the spirit of Allah comes upon one and——"



THE gross Italian, obviously the proprietor, began to laugh in her face. It was then that a tall, handsome sheik in perfectly laundered white burnous stepped forward.

"I've had my eye on a marvellous house in Sloane Square," mused Betty. "Four bedrooms, and a marvellous reception room decorated with Chinese dragons and a red lacquer cabinet. No, but that would hardly be right. I think——"

"Next year I shall go as a pilgrim to Mecca," went on Brandon Brandt. "By the splendour of Allah, that will be a fine gesture. I will go humbly, with head bowed, as the Koran commands. I shall kiss the black stone in the Holy Kaaba. And I shall take a cameraman with me. Yes, that is an idea. Not even one of the great stars of Hollywood has been on humble pilgrimage to Mecca. I shall then be accepted as a great Moslem and——"

"Another bottle of wine, signor?"

It was the Italian proprietor, all smiles, who bowed at the table.

"Filthy stuff," exclaimed Brendon Brandt. "Bring me a brandy liqueur."

"*Si, signor!*"

"Perhaps yellow silk hangings would be best if——" continued Betty.

"I need inspiration," muttered the sheik, twitching impatiently at his burnous. "I must brood upon the desert as Allah himself broods. Ah, that is it. From the sky!" His brown eyes glowed. "To-morrow, my dear, we will fly by aeroplane over the desert."

"What fun," said Betty, and felt suddenly ill.

"Your brandy liqueur, Signor," smiled the Italian.

"Bring me one, too," murmured Betty.

She almost stuck out her tongue at the disgusting sight of a man in an Aertex vest and flannel trousers sitting down to dinner. Did the man never change his garb?

The clothes were even dirty enough to suggest that he slept in them.

THE aeroplane, humming gently, was waiting for them on a sandy patch of ground outside Mogador. A scarlet insect impatient to be droning skywards. And, standing beside it, the inevitable figure in an Aertex vest, flannel trousers and tennis shoes.

" Who is that dreadful man ? " asked Betty, stung into the question. He was grinning cynically.

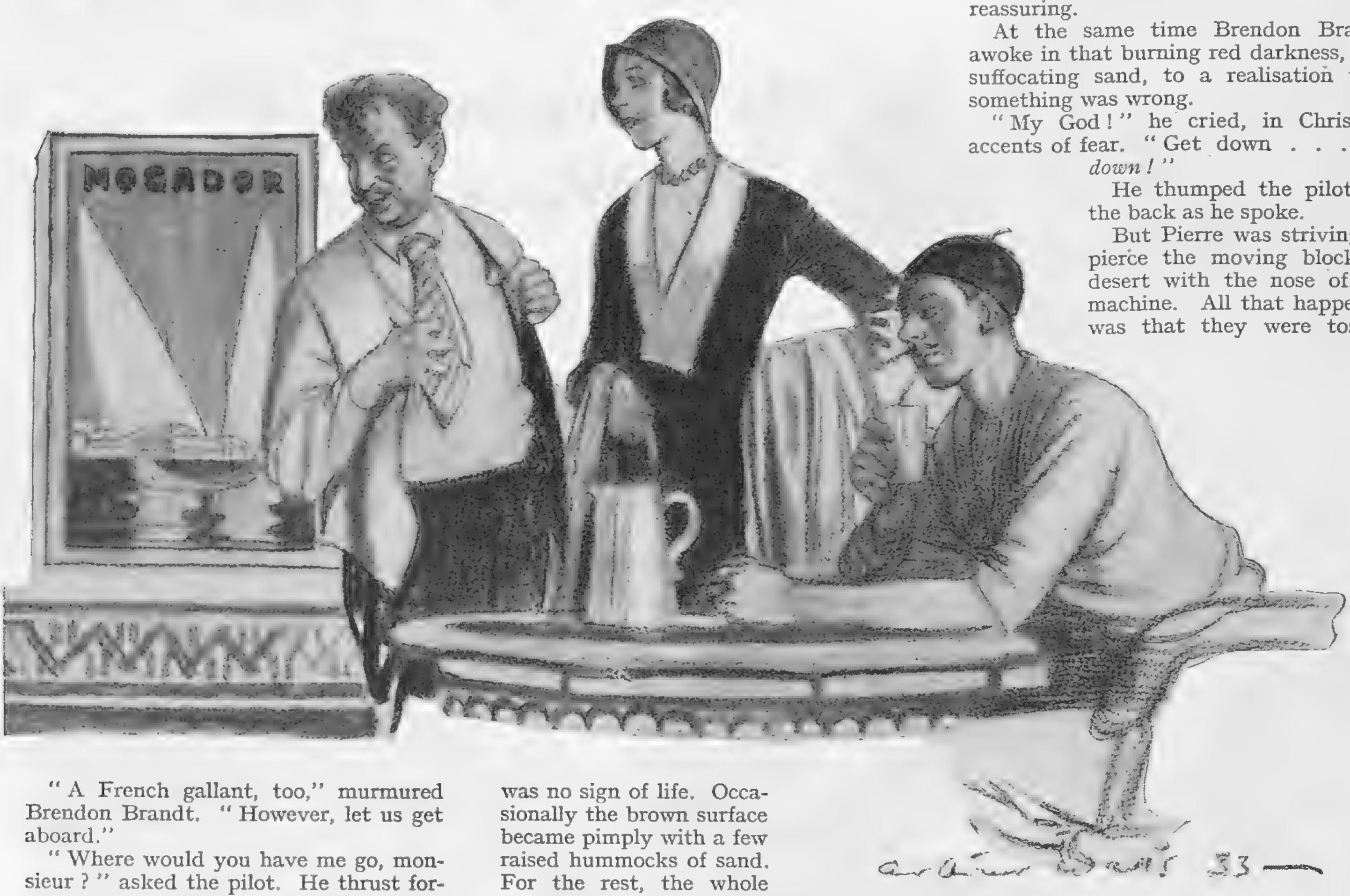
" Pierre ? " replied Brendon Brandt, garbed as usual in splendid white burnous. " Pierre's a pilot of the Aeropostale, lent to me by the French officials. A good pilot, Pierre. You can trust yourself to him."

" But what is his other name ? " persisted Betty, as they neared the machine.

" Allah defend me, but I don't know," replied her companion. " Tell me, Pierre, what is your other name ? The lady would like to know."

They were confronting the figure in the dirty white vest.

" Does it matter ? " His grin widened. " Pierre is surely easiest for mademoiselle to remember."



" A French gallant, too," murmured Brendon Brandt. " However, let us get aboard."

" Where would you have me go, monsieur ? " asked the pilot. He thrust forward an oil-smeared hand to Betty Aldington, but she studiously refused it and climbed into the small cockpit unaided.

" Let us fly over the desert, the great desert, where Allah broods in his loneliness," replied Brendon Brandt magnificently and waved his hand in a gesture that seemed to capture the whole of North Africa in its orbit.

" *Bon !* " was the only comment of the figure in the Aertex vest, and he climbed into the pilot's seat after Brandt had taken his place.

There was a roar from the engine, a brief gesture of the oil-smeared hand, and in a few seconds they had raced across the sandy patch and were climbing towards a sky that resembled a strip of blue silk.

Betty saw the desert spreading its dirty brown carpet beneath them. They banked, and the surf-fringed Atlantic came sideways towards them. Then, as though toppling upon them, the Atlas mountains in the distance. The pilot seemed to be amusing himself with reckless flying. At 2,000 feet Betty hated him even more than at sea-level. This flight seemed as senseless as a ten minutes' flip at the seaside.

" I . . . think . . . this . . . is . . . very . . . uninteresting," she shouted, but the words were whipped away by the wind. Brendon Brandt made no response. Either he had not heard her, or else was deep in Koranic meditation. (If the truth must be told Brendon Brandt was feeling distinctly squeamish, and so veiled himself completely in the burnous.) Only the pilot turned at Betty's remark, and nodded and smiled as though he agreed.

They flew southwards over the interminable area of sand. Gazing downwards, Betty had the impression that she was flying over a dead planet. There was no sign of life. Occasionally the brown surface became pimply with a few raised hummocks of sand. For the rest, the whole world might have been smothered in a gigantic sandstorm.

Half an hour passed. Suddenly, a tremor passed through the machine. It was as though it had shivered at some awful glimpse against the sky. At the same moment the pilot banked heavily and swung the machine round. One glimpse Betty had of him, and the dirty sunburnt face seemed set.

She noticed his oil-smeared hand reaching out to Brendon Brandt and shaking the figure in the white burnous. He then pointed behind. Brandt gave no response beyond a vague gesture. He was much too ill to bother.

Betty glanced over her shoulder. She saw a black patch on the horizon. It suggested a black sunset. Actually it was a sand wind, a moving block of desert that travels in these regions faster than the fastest aeroplane. The man in the Aertex vest, Pierre, had turned the tail of his machine to the storm and was racing back towards Mogador. There was no grin on his face at this moment.

Almost as soon as she had glimpsed it, it heralded itself. Pellets of sand began to spatter the wings of the aeroplane. Pierre was sending the machine up in a steep climb, but he realised that it was almost impossible to get above the sand wind. Betty gazed fascinated at those spurts of sand against the wings. It was as though a machine-gun was riddling them.

The next moment it was upon them. A blanket of sand flung over them. A burning red darkness enveloped them. The machine began to spin. Desperately, the pilot strove at the joy-stick. Betty could glimpse the straining muscles bulging behind the Aertex vest. With a supreme effort he straightened out the machine and gave her a quick glance over his shoulder. As usual, he grinned. This time, Betty found the grin amazingly reassuring.

At the same time Brendon Brandt awoke in that burning red darkness, and suffocating sand, to a realisation that something was wrong.

" My God ! " he cried, in Christian accents of fear. " Get down . . . *get down !* "

He thumped the pilot on the back as he spoke.

But Pierre was striving to pierce the moving block of desert with the nose of his machine. All that happened was that they were tossed about by columns of mustard yellow smoke. Betty found her ears, her eyes, everything being filled by sand. And the weight of this travelling desert began to sag the wings of the machine. Sand was even pouring into the cockpit.

Then came the first warning splutter from the engine. Betty saw an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders beneath that dirty white vest. At the same moment the machine dived steeply and Pierre throttled down. Swish . . . swish . . . swish . . . they went through that burning red darkness. A cold breeze seemed to come leaping towards them in their powdery prison. But the next moment there was a roar. Pierre had opened the throttle of the engine to its widest and flung the machine once again into a climb. Beneath them, only a few feet away, was the glittering spray of the Atlantic. (*Continued on page* 100)

Studies in Psychology: No. 4

"That ye be

Is Hanging *the* End... *or* a *Worse* Beginning?

YOU will find this statement of mine, after my death, with my private papers, my will, which, although I am a lawyer, I hope you will find in order, and some letters for friends which, I know, you will see reach their destination.

I ought to have told you all this before. I should have showed it to the world. I know all that.

But, as you know, I am a man of reserve who, never once in his life, has been guilty of an indiscretion, and who, throughout his career, has been cautious.

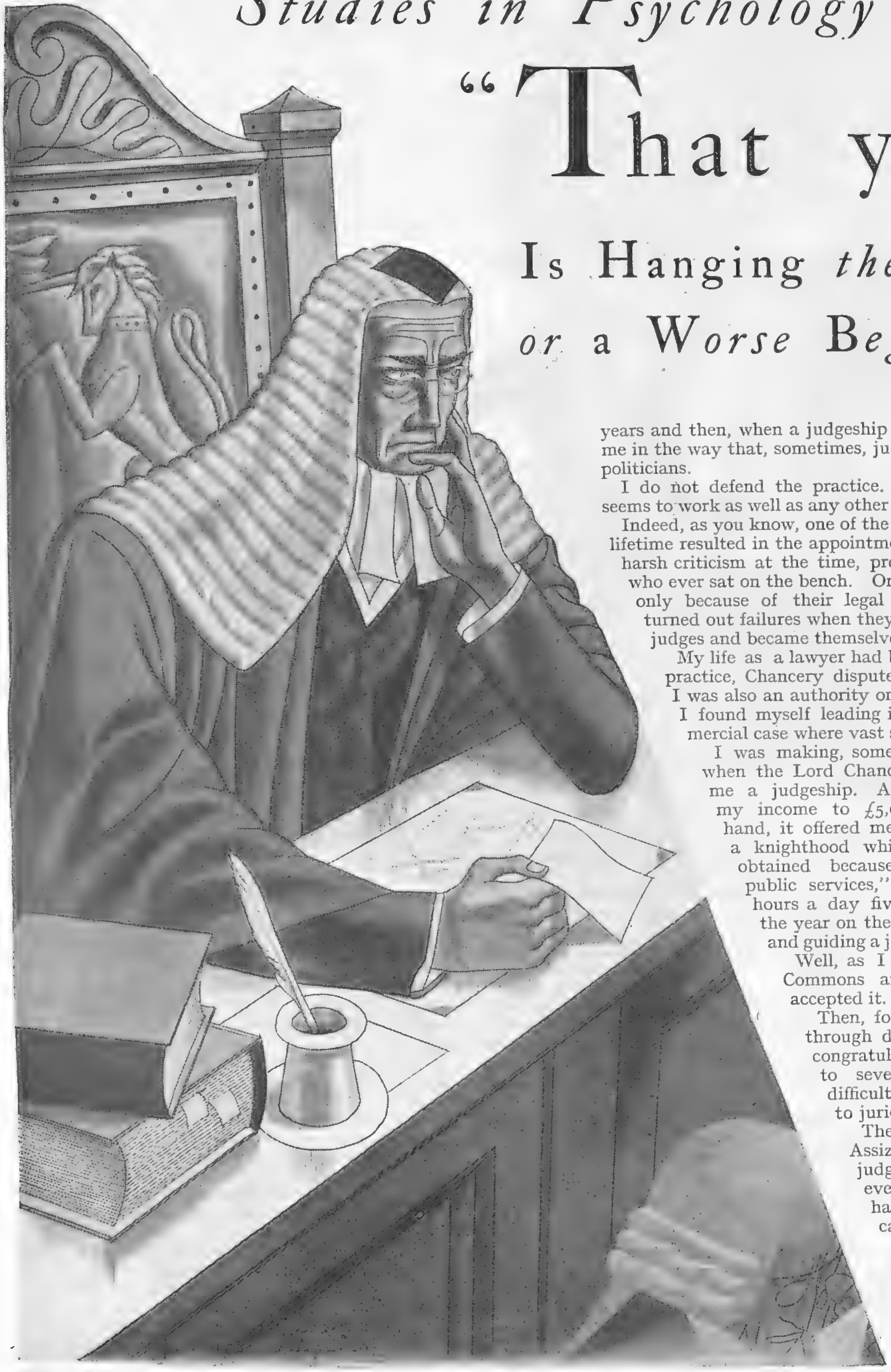
But when you find this, I shall be dead. Only then have I the courage to ask you to make it public.

You will remember how I was appointed a judge, and how the newspapers announced, only a few weeks afterwards, that, owing to ill-health, I had relinquished my appointment. My tenure of office was one of the shortest that was known.

You yourself, as a friend, must have wondered how, although I had resigned on the ground of indisposition, I went on normally with my life.

I was often asked about it. I always evaded the question, turning it away with a smile.

Well, now, at last, you will know all about it. I want the rest of the world to know.



I had served my party well in the House of Commons for years and then, when a judgeship fell vacant, it was offered to me in the way that, sometimes, judgeships are given to faithful politicians.

I do not defend the practice. Nor do I condemn it. It seems to work as well as any other way.

Indeed, as you know, one of the worst cases of jobbery in our lifetime resulted in the appointment of a man who, in spite of harsh criticism at the time, proved one of the best judges who ever sat on the bench. On the other hand, men chosen only because of their legal distinction have sometimes turned out failures when they ceased to plead before other judges and became themselves judges on the bench.

My life as a lawyer had been entirely confined to civil practice, Chancery disputes, and matters of that sort. I was also an authority on copyright. Now and then I found myself leading in some very important commercial case where vast sums were involved.

I was making, some years, as much as £20,000, when the Lord Chancellor sent for me and offered me a judgeship. Accepting this would reduce my income to £5,000 a year. On the other hand, it offered me a position of great dignity, a knighthood which, however, I could have obtained because of my "political and public services," by asking for it, and five hours a day five days a week for part of the year on the bench, listening to evidence and guiding a jury.

Well, as I was tired of the House of Commons and I had saved money, I accepted it.

Then, for a few weeks, after going through dignified formulas, and being congratulated in court, I listened to several civil disputes, decided difficult points of law, summed-up to juries and delivered judgment.

Then it came my turn to go on Assize. Decided by rota, all judges do it, as you know, whatever their previous training may have been. Anyway, criminal cases are usually the easiest.

So, for the first time in my life, I found myself in a small city, with a long calendar before me.

Now, on the calendar was a murder case, one to which I paid no particular attention because it so happened that I had read the report of the police court case, a short one of a few lines. It seemed obvious to me that the man was guilty.

It was just one of those cases of wife murder, an argument, it would seem, a blow, just one of those ordinary Saturday-night sort of quarrels by no means unusual in working-class homes where there is drink, or where there is grinding poverty.

I scarcely mentioned it to the Grand Jury. They found a true bill and the case was left on the calendar for trial.

Then, for two or three days, I found it my duty to preside over criminal trials of the usual type: thefts of all kinds, a case of arson, a brutal assault, and so on.

Some of the prisoners were defended. Some pleaded guilty. Justice is supposed to have blinded eyes. I must confess that I peeped over the bandages and looked at the prisoners, and was as merciful as I felt I could be in the circumstances.

not Judged . . ."

By Hannen Swaffer

Then, when all these were disposed of, there only remained the one charge of murder. The accused was a clerk, named Alfred Wilkinson. It was to come before the court next morning.

Then it began to worry me. I knew the formula, for I had read and heard about it all my life, how the judge carries in, as unostentatiously as he can, a black cap, laying it beside him, how the chaplain is seated on the bench, waiting to pass a sort of benediction on the court's decision. . . .

Every judge, unless he has been hardened by constant association with criminal courts, and, even then, unless he has been Crown prosecutor for years, must approach with some hesitation the hour when, for the first time, he has to condemn some other human being to death.

I left the court, went to my lodgings, had my bachelor dinner by myself, and then . . .

Now, as you know, my butler Ferguson had been with me for many years. He was almost my only servant. He was, in fact, the only one I knew, for the female part of my establishment were, by my desire, kept well below the stairs when I was about.

My relations with Ferguson were those of a good master and a faithful servant. We did not talk much but we understood each other, except that it had always seemed to me he was a little bit peculiar. I cannot exactly explain it, but, every now and then, I would notice in his eyes, which were very bright and luminous, a far-away sort of look. Now and then I would surprise him in abstractions. Sometimes I had to call him twice.

I never reproved him because it did not matter. I am not a fussy man, and he served me well.

During dinner that night, the dread business of To-morrow was in my mind. I did not like my job.

I almost regretted that I had given up my life of pleading in the court. I did not want to face that prisoner. I did not feel good enough to condemn someone else, or bad enough, perhaps, would better explain it.

I had never seen the man. I only knew his name and occupation, and, very roughly, the circumstances of his crime. I understood that he had refused to be defended, that he would plead guilty. Judges hear things like that.

I decided it would be all over in a few minutes.

But, somehow, I began to think of the three weeks of waiting that man would have to go through when I had sentenced him. I dramatised in my mind the last dread morning.

I felt I ought to know better, for I am a man of the world. These things had to be. As members of Society, we all conspire to condemn by deputy, even it we are not the one deputed to represent the rest.

"When I have got used to it, though," I wondered, "shall I be a better man, because of it, or a worse one?" You face things, sometimes.

Then, when I had dined, and I was sitting by the fire, an extraordinary thing happened.

Ferguson had waited on me, removed the dinner cloth, cleared away the glasses and the knives, and taken the cheese back to the pantry, when, for no reason I knew, he came back into the room.

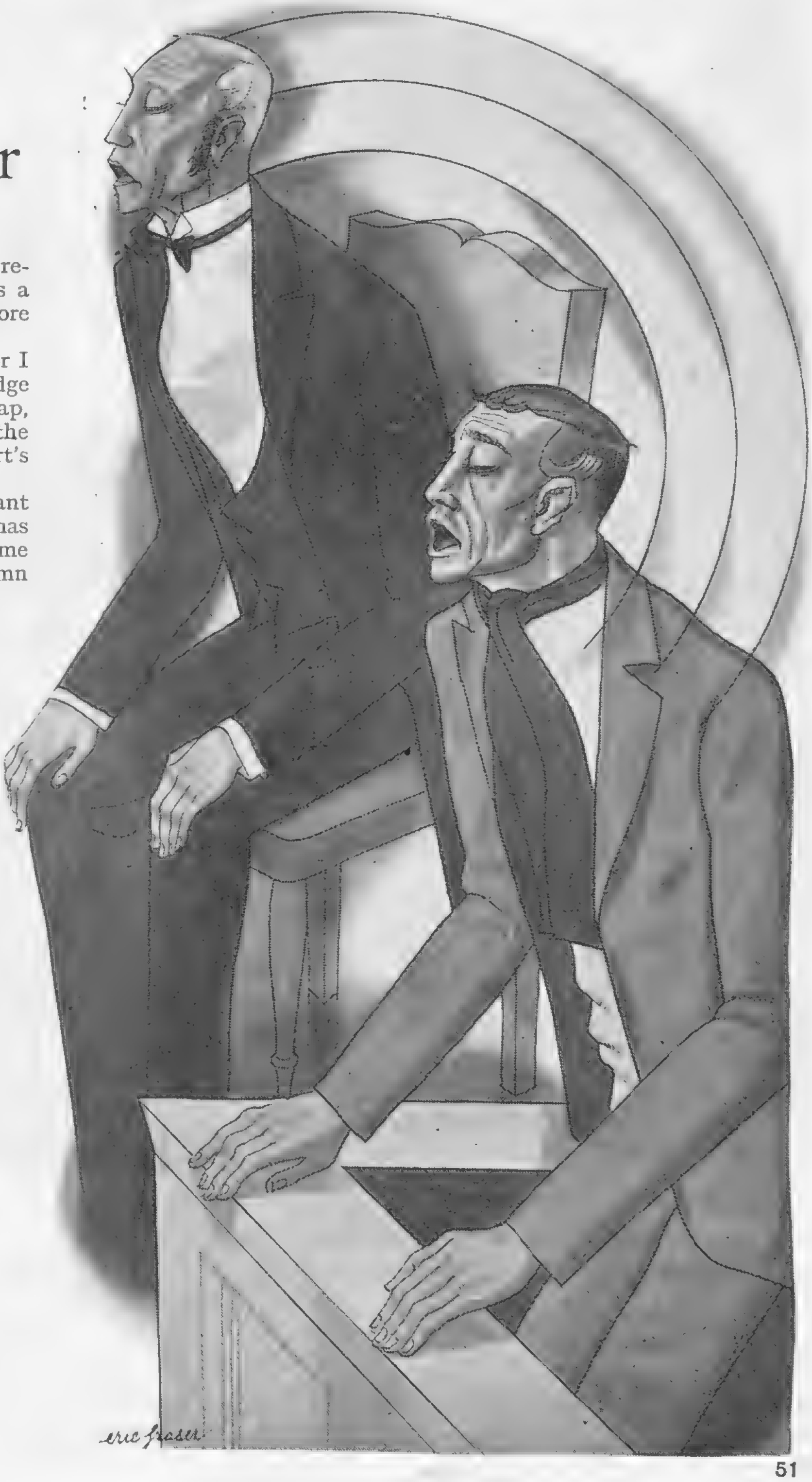
Then, as I was sitting by the fire, he said, "Pardon me, sir," and pulled up another chair. Then sitting in it, he faced me!

"What do you want, Ferguson?" I said.

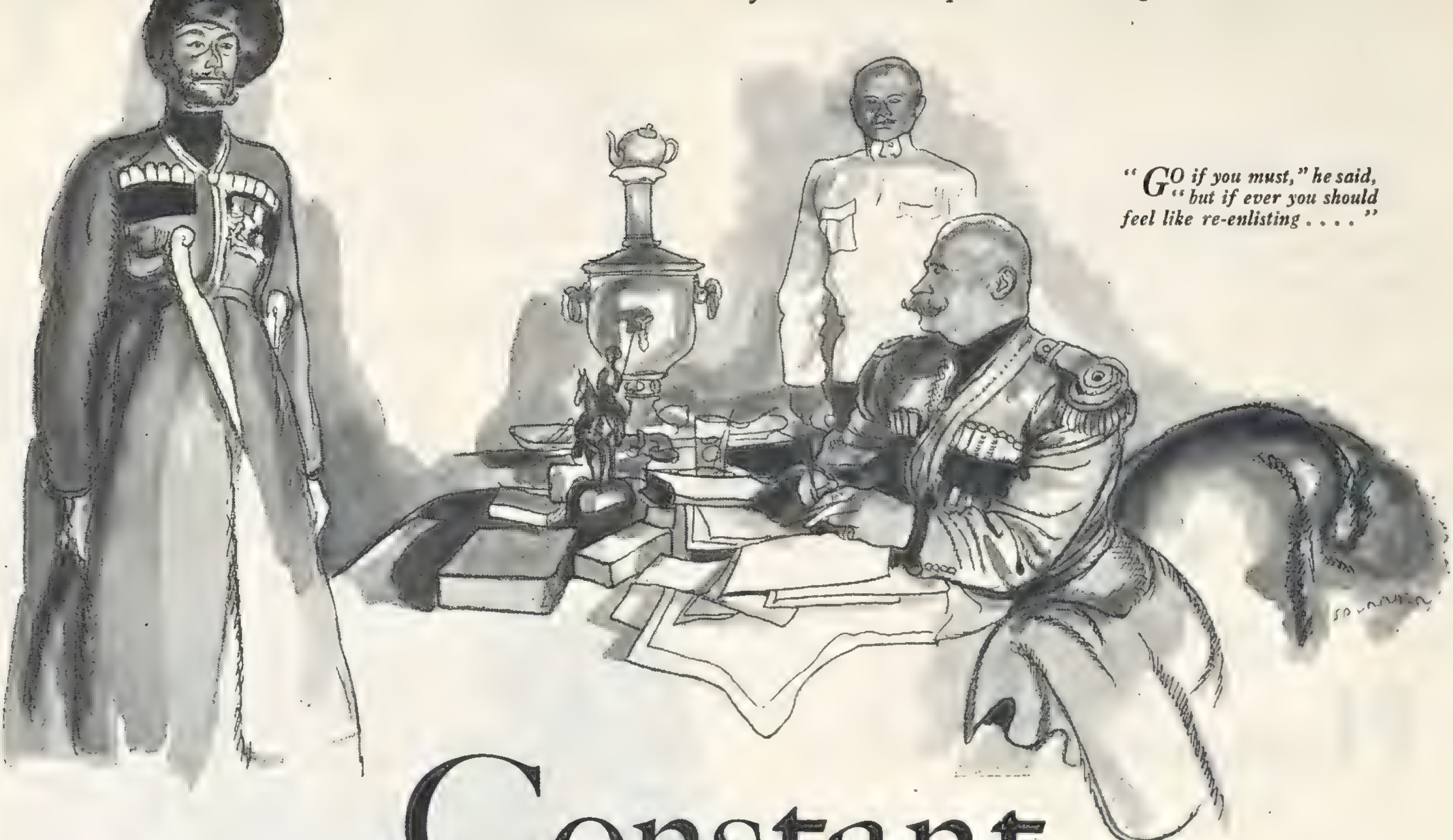
"I don't know, sir," he said, dreamingly. "You must forgive me, but I feel I have to sit here. I have something to tell you. Forgive me if I am offending you, but I feel I must sit here."

And then there came into his face an expression I had not seen before. His polite manner

(*Continued on page 104*)



Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



"GO if you must," he said, "but if ever you should feel like re-enlisting . . . ."

Constant *and* Eternal

FOR seven long years, first as private and later on as sergeant in a Cossack regiment, Mustaffa Ishmailoff followed the thunder of the Bolshevist drums from Moscow to the Crimea, and from the Manchurian border to the mountains of the Caucasus. For seven long years—as he put it in his queer Tartar parlance—he went forth amongst alien swords with a sword of his own.

The Army it was for him. Fighting Poles one month, and the next, riding against rebel peasants in the Ukraine or White Russian counter-revolutionaries in Siberia. Not for the sake of political conviction. He had none. He had not even the faintest smattering of political knowledge. So it did not matter to him if he swore fealty to the Tsar or Soviet, to autocracy or Communism. Nor did it matter with whom he battled, or for what reason.

War—according to his simple code—was in itself sufficient reason for war. It was a lusty man's trade; an honourable trade. He enjoyed it thoroughly. He enjoyed the glitter of it, the keen, high zest.

Yet, of late, there had been moments when he would feel home-sick. Moments when, in barracks or drinking-den or galloping with his squadron along some dusty road, he would remember his native Central Asian land spreading its steppes and fields, its orchards and forests and hills south towards the Indian frontier . . . and, with a sigh, he would recall the days of his boyhood there.

The days—dear Allah!—far-off and lost. The long days. The merry, careless days.

They would come back to him like the sweet, vexatious lilt in a half-forgotten tune, bringing memories. And he would long for the tents of his tribe, the Karabashi, the snug, brown felt tents where the folk were so jovial and free. He would long for the steppe and the clean wind across the steppe; the small, sappy grasses there and the towering rocks passing each other the pleasant time of morning; the plain, whitewashed mosque where the old priest—unmindful of the fact that once he had been a notorious raider with steel ever on thigh—preached eloquent sermons about the blessings of peace; the tall trees whispering secrets in the twilight; the cheery, companionable nights with ballad and story and a bit of hearty love-making busy around the great fire on the village green.

Ah! the deep longing. . . .

AND then, on a day in early May, his term of enlistment came to an end. So he went to his colonel and told him:

"I am going home."

"Eh . . . ? Is that your way of asking for furlough?"

"My time with the Army is up. I am going home for good."

"But—why . . . ?"

"Because—oh!——" embarrassed, faltering, for how could he make this Russian, this foreigner, understand what was in his Tartar heart?—"because it is spring in the steppe."

"Spring here, too," was the dry rejoinder.

"A different spring." Mustaffa was no longer tongue-tied. "Spring in my own land—ah, it is like a soft, green rumour! And the forests teeming with deer, the birds swarming in the bracken, and the brooks singing their songs. . . ."

"You talk like a poet," mocked Colonel Plotkine, "and not like a soldier."

"I have been a good soldier," Mustaffa announced, flaring up.

"The medals on your tunic prove it. That's why I hate to see you leave the regiment. Why—consider—is there a better life than a Cossack's, with honour and adventure and glory always at your elbow, and sound roubles clinking in your breeches . . . ?"

"And do I need all that? Pah—what would a simple man be needing to make him happy but merely his wits about him and food in his stomach and a dagger at his hip—and, maybe a girl's hand warm upon his heart . . . ?"

"Are there no girls in Russia?"

"Not like our own girls. Tall are our own girls—and supple and sloe-eyed. And—*wah!*—where is their like when tenderness is wanted and loyalty?"

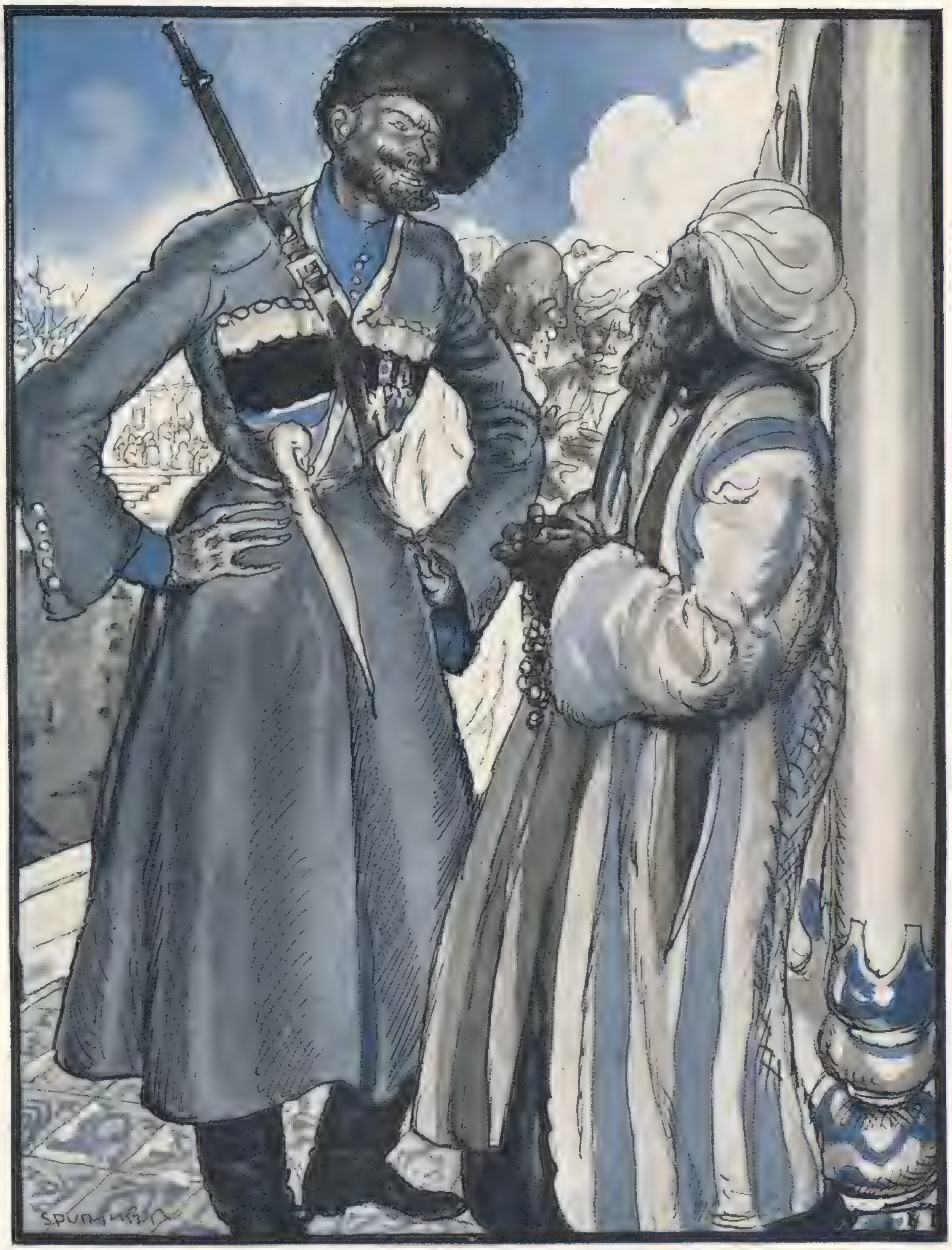
"And yet I have heard tales about you—and a woman in Moscow—another in Irkutsk. . . ."

"And a third in Vladivostok." Mustaffa made a lordly gesture. "I

How a Soldier of Tartary, who left War for Love, re-enlisted, rose to high rank, paid his score and won the girl of his dreams

By Achmed Abdullah

> *"AN old priest whom he met at Samarkand—mumbling his prayers and clicking his amber rosary beads in front of the little pink mosque of Bala-i-Halva—told him that there was a certain omen in the date . . . .*



dismissed these women out of my life. They are no more. For," he repeated, "I am going home."

Colonel Plotkine shrugged his shoulders. A grey wolf aye back to the timber—he thought—and a Tartar aye back to his native wilderness.

"Go if you must," he said. "But if ever you should feel like re-enlisting. . . ."

"Never. My feet are no more for the alien places."

"You may change your mind. If you do, come straight to me. You are brave, shrewd, obedient. The Army needs men of your stamp. I shall help you make your way. And some day, perhaps, you will be a commissioned officer with grand epaulets and a silver-hilted sword, also a shaggy, white fur cap cocked over your left ear and a silken couch to stretch your long legs on at night." He clapped Mustaffa on the back. "And how would you like that, my lad ?"

"I would like it fine," was the Tartar's answer. "But not as fine as a rough sheepskin and a bed of spruce boughs in myown land." He saluted, and said :

"God be with you !"

"God be with you !" echoed the colonel, forgetting that, by recent decree of the Moscow Soviet, the deity had been abolished and declared illegal. . .

MUSTAFFA left on the following afternoon. He left on the first day of the Month of Pilgrimages ; and an old priest whom he met at Samarkand—mumbling his prayers and clicking his amber rosary beads in front of the little pink mosque of Bala-i-Halva—told him that there was a certain omen in the date. Told him—for what, in a man's life, did not ?—that this omen dealt with a woman's heart.

"Good omen or bad ?" inquired Mustaffa.

"Who am I to know ?" replied the other ; and he added, after the thin, pretentious manner of Moslem clergy : "There is no power nor strength save in Allah the Most High !"

"A measure of power, too," laughed Mustaffa, "in my own arms, my own lips—when it comes to woman. . . ."

Woman—he thought—liked bright plumage. She preferred it to—what had he told the colonel ?—oh, yes—a rough sheepskin coat. So he went to a bazaar where he bought handsome Tartar raiment—such raiment as a chief might wear: round skull-cap of scarlet cloth embroidered with violet and gold, loose linen trousers, voluminous *kalat* robe in narrow stripes of purple and mauve, and splendid Bokharan waist-shawl. Nothing he kept to remind him of the seven long years in Russia except his rifle. And he was on his way, travelling by train, river-boat and caravan, and finally, three weeks later, reaching the valley of the Karabashi.

A rich valley. Rich in content; not in money. For fifty roubles might spell a small fortune hereabouts; and three coppers might be a field-labourer's weekly wage. But what need had he even of three coppers—with his tent his own, and his horse and dromedary and flock of sheep and span of oxen his own, and Nature piling good food at his very threshold, and fish to be had for the casting of a baited hook, and wool for the shearing and carding and spinning, and a fine fur coat for the slight trouble of setting out a trap in the woods. . . . ?

And, if a brisk man craved excitement and wanted a bit of a brawl, a bit of blood-letting, there was always the neighbouring clan, the Akbashi, with whom the Karabashi were carrying on endless feud.

Nobody knew what caused it. Yet, since the days of their grandfathers' great-grandfathers, there had been this enmity, this bickering hate, this turgid, churlish jealousy. Never intermarriage, which would have brought peace. And, whenever Karabashi ran across Akbashi, an exchange of salty abuse, an angry shaking of fists and a hurling of stones. Too, occasionally, bad wounds were inflicted, and once or twice there had been killing.

Mustaffa, riding down into the valley, thought of this feud. With a wry smile he remembered how once, as a boy of fourteen, he had gone to the woods and met there a little girl of the Akbashi. Very lovely she had seemed to him, and, on an impulse, he had offered her the basket of wild strawberries which he had gathered. She had smiled at him. And then, all of a sudden, a number of Akbashi, lads of his own age, had rushed out from amongst the trees, where they must have been waiting in ambush, and had pounced upon and cruelly beaten him; and—*aywah!*—the welts had hurt him for weeks.

Well—he told himself—things were different now. He had a rifle and knew how to shoot straight. There were no other rifles on the steppe except a few rusty muzzle-loaders. And he had been a soldier; had made war here and there and everywhere. Killing—he reflected grimly—had become a habit with him. And he would teach these Akbashi hounds proper manners if they threw out their chests too haughtily or stepped on his toes. . . .

It was late when he entered the village. He went to the tent of his grandmother, Selima, who had brought him up, his parents having died years earlier.

She saw him. She trembled with age and emotion. At first she was unable to utter words; could only make ludicrous, birdlike little noises:

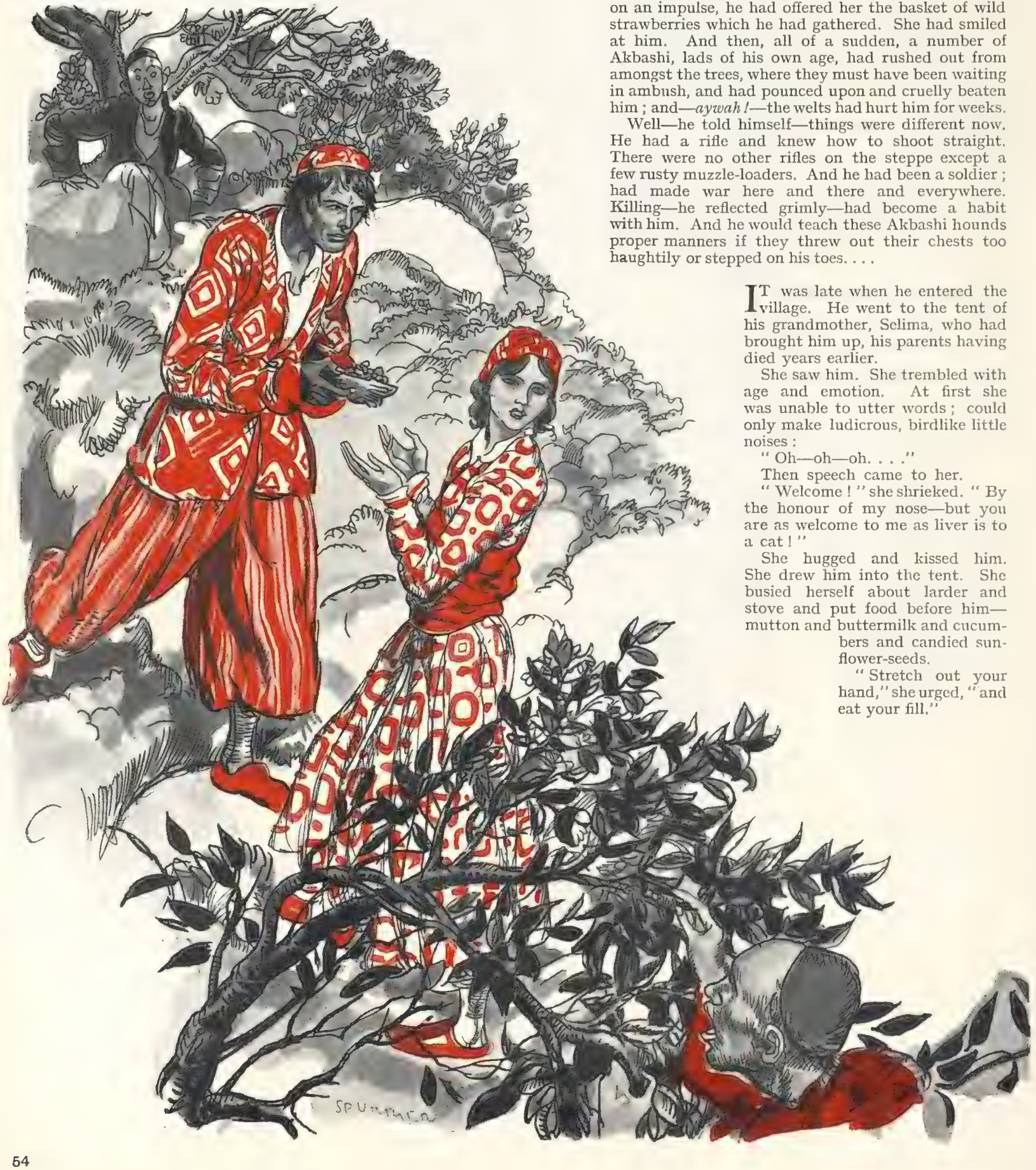
"Oh—oh—oh. . . ."

Then speech came to her.

"Welcome!" she shrieked. "By the honour of my nose—but you are as welcome to me as liver is to a cat!"

She hugged and kissed him. She drew him into the tent. She busied herself about larder and stove and put food before him—mutton and buttermilk and cucumbers and candied sunflower-seeds.

"Stretch out your hand," she urged, "and eat your fill."



The next moment she abused him roundly when he helped himself without invoking a blessing.

"Have you become a heathen amongst the heathen Russians?" she demanded. "Thank Allah for His bounties before dipping your fingers into the pot, O first-born of Satan's spawn!"

He laughed. He bowed his head. He said decently:

"*El-hamdu illahi Rub el-alamin*—unto God all praises, the Lord of the worlds!"

Then he did justice to the meal while Selima—for she could not read or write, nor could he, and no message had passed between them for seven years—told him the home gossip of these same seven years in an excited helter-skelter of phrases.

The old chief—may his soul enjoy Paradise!—had died. And the young chief seemed to be no better than a braggart—aye!—with his words on horseback and his deeds on foot. And the priest—and he over threescore, but then some people never learned sense—had taken unto himself a fourth wife, sixteen years of age. And the daughter of Hassan the smith had run away with a Bokharan gipsy, an eater of dirt. And Aga Jehan—did Mustaffa remember him?—had gone south across the Himalayas to India. There, having always hated the Russians, the Tartars' masters, he had become a trooper in the Army of the British, who—the telling was—were making ready for war against Moscow. And the Akbashi—may they, in the hereafter, dwell for ever in the lowest realm of perdition!—were still at their old tricks, throwing stones from ambush and ham-stringing stray cattle of the Karabashi, and otherwise behaving like the fathers of pigs they were. And. . . .

She interrupted herself when she saw her grandson yawn.

"Oh!"—she cried—"am I not the selfish old woman, babbling with leaky tongue—and you so weary with the crossing of the thousand, thousand miles! To bed with you! And, to-morrow morning, you must tell me all about the far places and the glorious things you did there, O king. . . ."

HIS head was hardly on the pillow when he was asleep. But he awakened as the first sun-rays came out and stared at him.

For the sharp scent of the open drifted in through the tent flap. He looked out and saw the hills seeming to lift, the glens to deepen; and he could no longer abide the bed. So he up with a leap of both his feet on the earthen floor to face a new day, a home day, and all the luck of it. Then out through the valley and into the far woods.

Quite early it was; nobody about; and the wind having it all its own careless way without a challenge from laugh or song or scraping, spiked harrow. He roamed about here and there for hours—happy to be back, so happy. And presently, being hungry, he squatted on his heels while, on a forked stick above a small fire in front of him, a chicken was roasting—and we may as well admit that he had found this chicken farther down the valley as, rapidly, stealthily, he had crossed the Akbashi village.

He ate. He smoked a cigarette. He stretched out his full length in the bracken.

Alone he was; but not lonesome. For everything around him was home. Everywhere the wilderness was speaking to him. Somewhere a stag bellowed with a loud throat, calling to his queen. A fox barked in the underbrush. Across the sky a flock of wild geese went westward, honking.

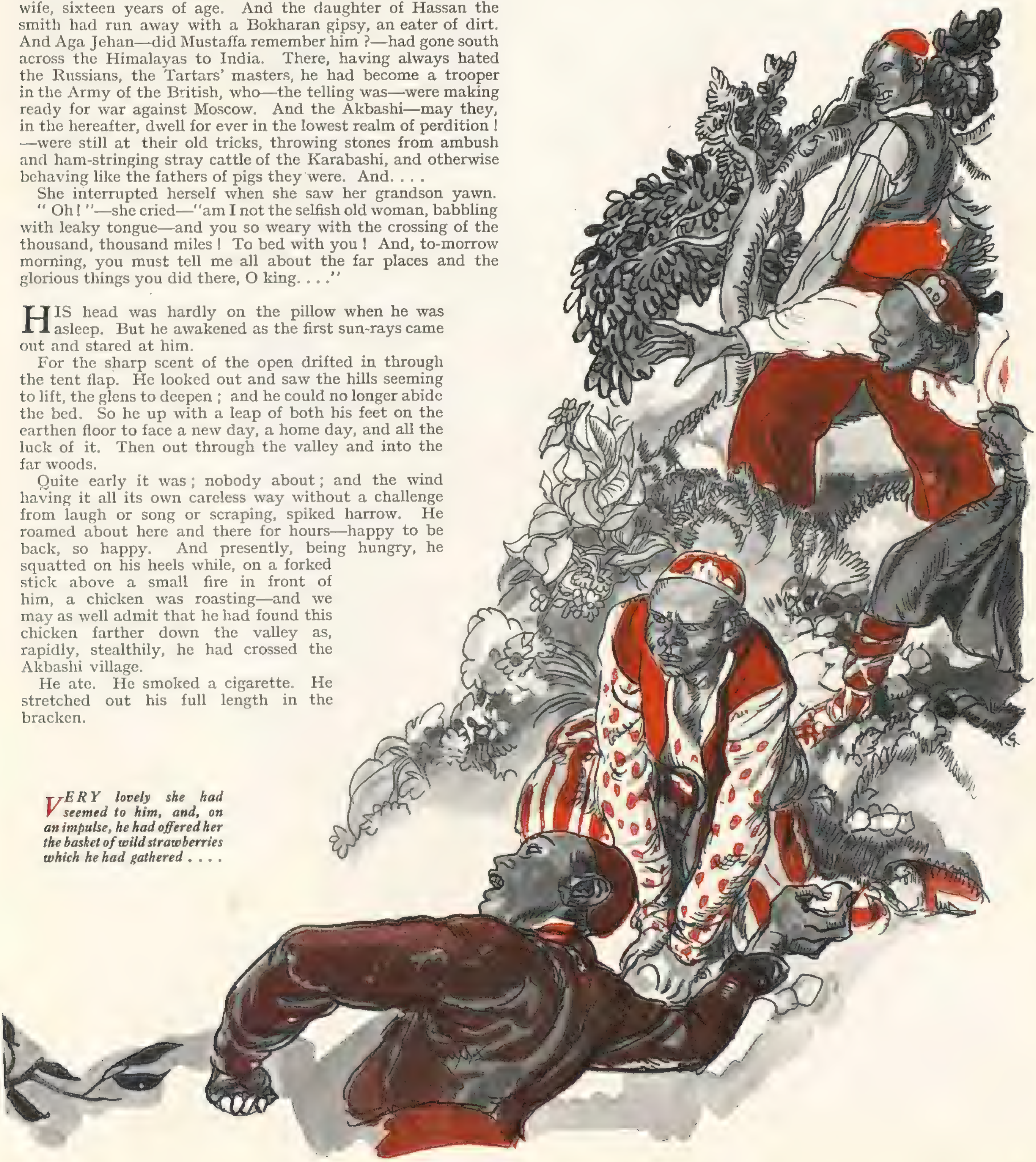
Happy; so happy!

And then, suddenly and unreasonably, a curious, saddening imagining came to him.

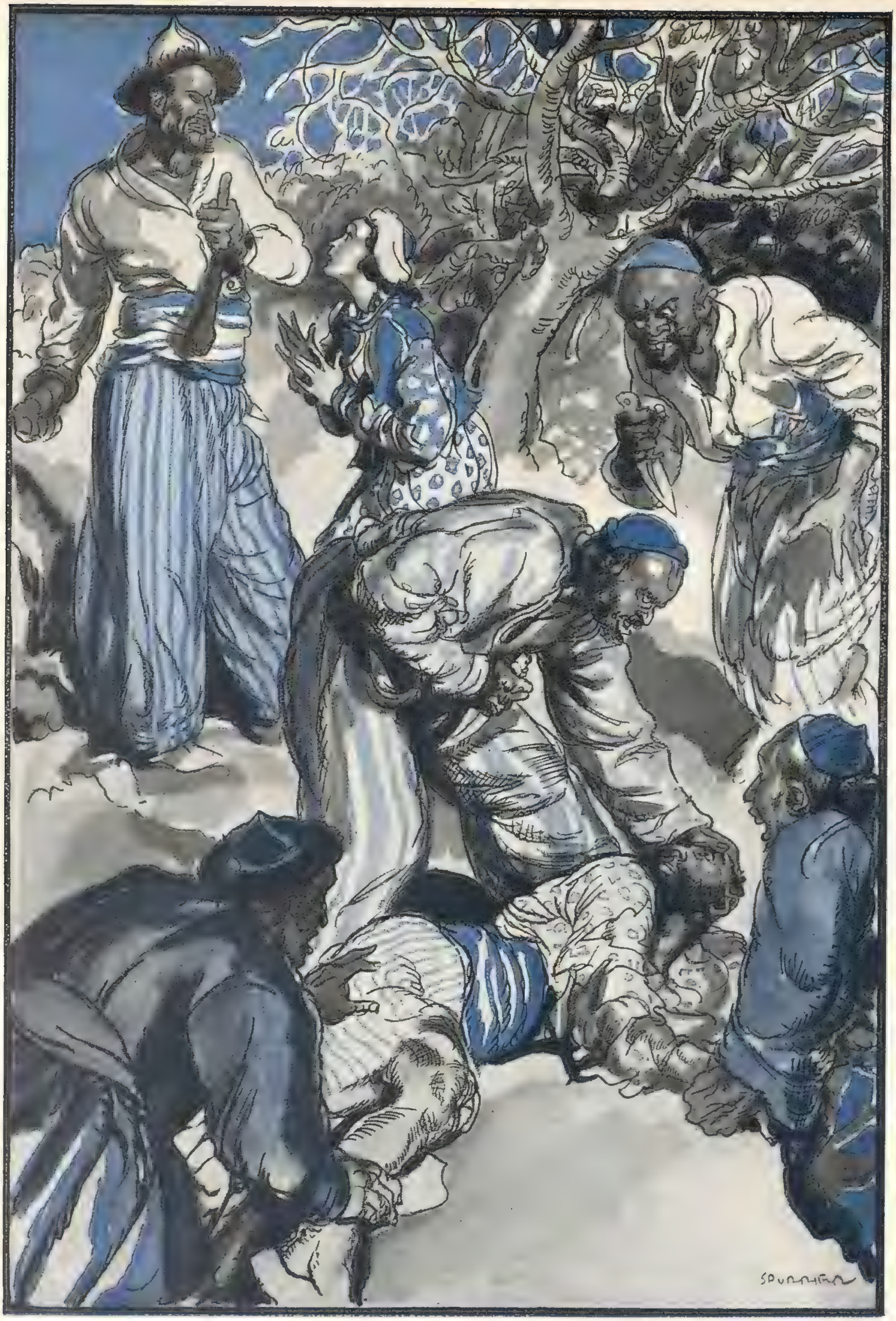
"Here am I," he told himself, "and here are the hills, the forests, the steppe. And is it not hard that a man should have to pass on, leaving no mark—and the forests and hills and steppe be eternal and constant . . . ?"

And, after a while, he reflected:

"Man, too, can be eternal and constant. Through his children. The pride of fine, strong children playing about the hearth. Children—and a woman to bear them for him



VERY lovely she had seemed to him, and, on an impulse, he had offered her the basket of wild strawberries which he had gathered . . . .



THE Akbashi did not have to be told twice. They bent to their task, hacking at Mustaffa's cheeks with their short daggers . . . .

because she loves him and he loves her." There had been women in his life, in Moscow, Irkutsk, Vladivostok and—Allah !—a few other towns. Flaming, delightful women, for the sake of whose kisses daggers had been out amongst the Cossacks of his regiment. But they were not like the women of the Tartars, his own people. And—he considered—now that he was home, he must look about amongst his own people for a proper woman, a proper wife—to make his life eternal and constant.

So he mused. Then, hearing a noise, he raised his head. He saw a girl coming from the right. She stood still for a moment, peering toward the west. She did not notice him in the bracken.

He knew her at once. She was the Akbashi girl whom, years earlier, as a boy, he had met, to whom he had offered his basket of wild strawberries . . . and —oh, how the lads of her tribe had beaten him !

Lovely she had seemed to him then, a mere wisp of a child. More lovely to-day, with her wanton chestnut curls, her white neck, the ripening of her breast and cheek, and her fine, straight height, like a young fir-tree . . . and he smiled; and then a queer thing happened to him. For he said to himself :

" Here—upon my honour—is the girl I love. The girl whom I shall marry. This girl—and none else. . . ."

He rose suddenly. She was frightened ; was about to run away. But he stretched out a detaining hand. He begged :

" Won't you stay. . .?

She stared at him without recognition. A stranger she thought him. Thought that she liked the outer man, with his ruddy, hawkish face, his black beard, and so tall and broad, and wearing his clothes with such an air. Handsome clothes, bazaar-bought, not made by a clumsy village tailor, that must have cost him the price of a span of oxen ; and a splendid ring glittering on his thumb ; and his manners courtly as he bowed to her.

Perhaps — she wondered — a chieftain from the west, from Bokhara or Samarkand, come to visit awhile on the steppe . . . ? Well—whoever he was, he was good-looking enough to go on with, as the saying had it. And so, when he asked what her name was, she replied that she was Shah-i-Banu, daughter of Hunza Khan of the Akbashi.

" A charming name," said Mustaffa.

" You think so ? "

" I know so." He smiled at her, and she smiled back. He continued : "May I tell you what is in my mind ? "

" In regard to—the weather ? "

" In regard to—myself."

" Would I be interested ? "

" Maybe. You see—it is in my mind that, during all the years I was in the north, amongst the Russians, my soul ached with longing for this Tartar land, for the sound of cattle crunching the hardy grass, the scratching of wild claws in the woods, and the lapping of the small brooks as soft as a cat at milk. For all these things I longed, and "—slowly—for one more thing."

" A roast of mutton well basted ? " she laughed.

" No, no ! "

" What then. . . . ? "

" A girl with wanton, chestnut curls. A tall, sloe-eyed girl. A girl very much like yourself—with grand beauty about her shining like the sun."

Soft his voice, beguiling. And she felt confusion stealing over her ; was angry at herself, angry at him.

" You talk like a town fop," she said.

" And yet there is nothing foppish about my desire—for you, O heart of a rose ! "

He took a step nearer, and her confusion and anger grew.

" Heart of a rose ! " she echoed mockingly. " Pah—here, in our steppe, this business of honeyed words has fallen out of repute. We hold that a man who cannot speak his mind in plain, honest Tartar is a fool. . . ."

" Or—perhaps—a coward. . . . ? "

She took him up sharply.

" Are *you* a coward ? " she demanded.

" I am. For I am afraid to tell you I love you."

" You fall in love—quickly ? "

" So quickly—with you ! How can I help myself ? Has not my love for you been ordained since the beginning by Allah ? " He came still nearer. " And what have you to say to that ? "

" That you do not lack boldness."

" Ah—how bold may I be. . . . ? "

She was silent. So was he. He stretched out a hand. Their fingers met, clasped. And, all at once, she was in his arms. He kissed her. He whispered :

" I love you ! I love you so ! And you—do you love me the least little bit. . . . ? "

She smiled up at him through half-closed eyes.

" How can I love you—since I know neither your name nor your tribe ? "

" Would it matter, O delight ? "

" No." She gave a faint laugh. " I would not care were you even a Karabashi."

And then, as he was about to tell her that, jestingly, she had spoken the truth, he heard a sharp snap of brushwood. He turned. A dozen Akbashi came running from amongst the trees, and their leader, a giant of a man, broad-shouldered tight-belted, swinging a great cudgel.

The girl was startled.

" Oh—" she stammered—" father . . . ! "

For her father he was, Hunza Khan of the Akbashi. He recognised Mustaffa.

" A Karabashi ! " he cried. " Let him have it, lads ! "

At once the Tartars were upon the weaponless Mustaffa, the smaller men clinging to him like leeches, the bigger pawing him like bears. Presently, overwhelmed by numbers and weight, he was on the ground, bleeding from a dozen bruises and cuts, and still the cudgels descending mercilessly. And, when Shah-i-Banu tried to interfere with a choked : "Father—please ! " Hunza Khan struck her heavily across the face.

" *Wah*—" he shouted, " what have I for a daughter but a shameless wench—to let herself be hugged by a Karabashi, an enemy ! "

" An enemy," she declared stoutly, " whom I love ! "

" Be quiet, O creature bereft of decency ! " roared Hunza Khan.

He looked down at the prone man. He mused aloud :

" What shall his punishment be ? "

Then a thought came to him. He turned to his tribesmen.

" Knives out," he ordered.

" You "—sobbed his daughter—" you—oh—you would not cut his throat. . . ."

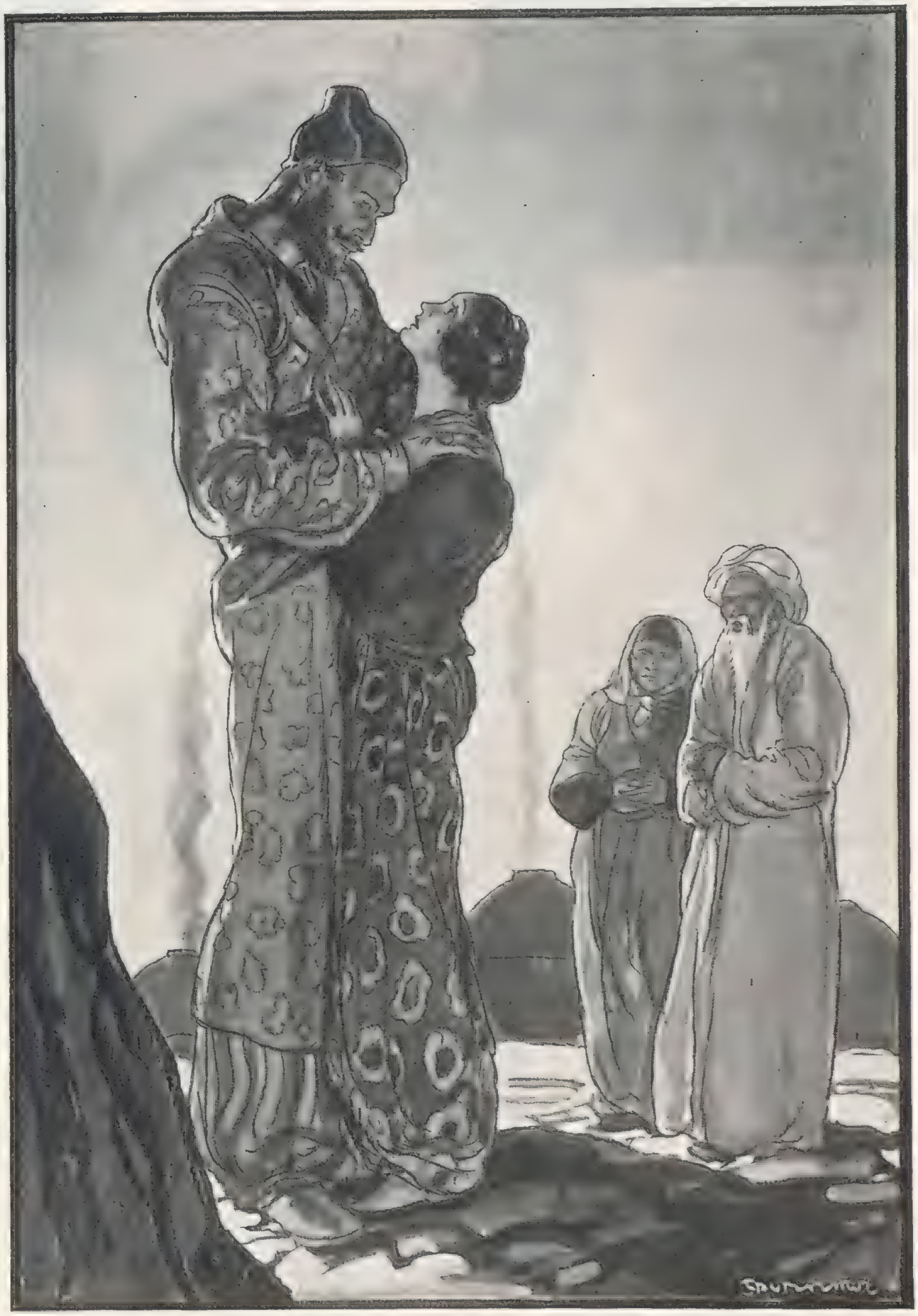
" No more than his beard," replied Hunza Khan . . . and he smiled with grim amusement, since, throughout the lands of Islam, from Morocco to High Tartary, no greater insult can be offered a Moslem than to cut off his beard.

The Akbashi did not have to be told twice. They, too, were amused. They bent to their task, not gently, hacking at Mustaffa's cheeks with their short daggers, ripping and tearing with cruel hands, and finally kicking him to his feet.

He stood there, white with rage and shame, his fine clothes in rags. And his face . . . ? Oh—a bald patch here and a hairy patch there, and blood upon his forehead and mud on his nose. Truly, a ludicrous figure. And—perhaps it was hysteria, perhaps straight through her grief, the sight struck her as ridiculous—Shah-i-Banu laughed.

She tried to

(*Continued on page* 106)



HE took Shah-i-Banu in his arms. He whispered: " Constant and eternal—like the steppe . . . ."

BOOKS: *Reviewed by* ARNOLD

Are Women the Weaker

BASIL D. NICHOLSON, author of "Business is Business," an original and luminous first novel

KATHARINE M. WILLANS, author of "Faith Unfaithful," a first novel which has charm and originality

FREDERICK NIVEN, author of "Mrs. Barry," a very genuine and satisfying piece of work

CLEVER, paradoxical, energetically amusing people, those people whom it is most entertaining to meet and most restful to take leave of, who are so brilliant that from envy rather than conviction we label them superficial—among these folk it is taken for granted that women are the Stronger Sex: that Woman is the Realist, whereas Man is the Sentimentalist; that Woman is much nearer to Life (whatever that means) than Man. But when we are alone, and there is no need to try to be wittier than somebody else, we may like to reflect upon men and women with the idea of discovering what (if any) are the main differences between them. I have been looking over the new novels which I have read during the month, and I find that, if I arrange them in two piles, according to the sexes of the writers, a rather significant difference does emerge. But let us notice the novels before we start drawing conclusions.

Place aux dames! If *Faith Unfaithful*, by Katharine M. Willans (Desmond Harmsworth, 7s. 6d.), is, as it appears to be, a first novel, then it is a promising effort. The gentle, fanciful story has charm and, what is better, originality. The author introduces us to a fairyland peopled by romantic young things and puzzled, dull, old-fashioned elders. (One may perhaps venture to guess that the author can still look forward to some years of activity.) None of the events and persons she describes has quite the authentic ring of common existence. We look through a lens which produces not only a rosy hue but considerable distortion as well. The result is comforting and pleasant, but the means which have brought this about are not, I think, calculated. Miss Willans describes the world of her imagination, the world in which she prefers to dwell. She has not consciously manufactured it as a literary asset. It is her own private world.

Miss Maysie Greig, whose *Professional Lover* (Benn, 3s. 6d.) is her sixth work of fiction, does not write so well as Miss Willans. Indeed, this story of fascinating film stars and brilliant directors and blondes and gossip columns must surely be incapable of deceiving anyone over ten years of age. And yet, just as it has been eagerly written by a woman, so it will be eagerly read, I dare say, by thousands of women. For it corresponds to a vision, held in secret and in common by the author and her readers, of the world as they would

Emotions

"Victorian Sensations": *by Horace Wyndham*

(Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.)

"Passion": *by Robert Neumann*

(Hutchinson, 6s.)

EXCEPT for one chapter in Herr Neumann's book, both these volumes are concerned with the habits of the last century. The German writer re-tells, in semi-fictional form, the queer marriage stories of Balzac, Byron, Goethe, Shelley, Dostoievsky and Strindberg; Mr. Wyndham revives seven themes which were once of burning interest to the Victorians. Since literary unions have often been, and still often are, rather strenuous affairs, Herr Neumann's book may be said to deal only accidentally with the nineteenth century. For the most part the stories he tells in his vivid but slightly superficial manner illuminate a certain kind of temperament and not a certain phase of history.

MR. WYNDHAM'S work, on the contrary, is meant to give a definite picture of the Victorians, their interests, their excitements and their reactions—though that is a word they seldom if ever used. Two points emerge from his most amusing volume. The first is that each of these seven "questions of the day" would be burning topics, headline topics, if they had happened to come to the front to-day. To that extent the English character has not changed. (True, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer could walk about in trousers without having stones thrown at her; but to get any idea of the revolution she preached, we must compare her theories with those of the nudists.) The second point is that the Press then was far freer than it is now. The newspaper comments quoted by Mr. Wyndham will make any modern journalist's hair stand on end. The Victorians were a capable generation, but they had not discovered the full uses of the law of libel. Or perhaps one should say that a third point emerges, and that their prudishness only seems much greater than ours because it was different. They were deeply shocked by Adah Isaacs Menken's costume when she played Mazeppa, although her dress would make people yawn to-day; but when an eminent specialist was accused of undue familiarity with attractive young patients, nobody seems to have thought that he should be expelled from his profession.

PALMER

Sex after All?—The Evidence *of the* Novel

like it to be. Miss Greig, I mean, really seems to believe that, if only you are lucky enough, life is as she presents it.

At this point you may detect, I fear, traces of confusion in my manner. For *The English Family Robinson*, by D. L. Murray (Constable, 7s. 6d.), seems to me to show many of the signs by which I am accustomed to recognise the female novelist; and yet the publisher alludes to the author easily and naturally and, in fact, truthfully as Mr. Murray. Well, a theory which never fails ceases to be a theory. Mr. Murray shows us a world in which difficulties, though dreadfully numerous, are apt to melt away a little too easily; and, what is more, he seems to believe in his world, and not to have made it up specially to please us. But it is a pleasant story that he tells, and if, as far as I am concerned, it nullifies the labours of a lifetime—well, that occurs, somehow or other, most days.

Mr. Murray, who also wrote *Stardust*, takes in his new book a quieter theme—a happy English family suddenly pauperised, and deciding to retain and run, at a profit, its happy country home. Such an undertaking wants, as the saying goes, a bit of doing, and there are times when the family, and Mr. Murray, show signs of strain. Speaking as one who has spent months flinging grain in the impassive faces of poultry and pointing out to them the dangers of rusting unburnished, I own to feeling surprise at the alleged profits of the chicken farm, to mention only one of the family's activities. However, one is always willing to make allowances in a good cause. Mr. Murray's family endears itself to the reader. I found myself genuinely sorry when the time came for us to part.

ALL the novels mentioned hitherto seek to attract the reader by offering an escape from the unpleasant jars of life as most of us have to live it. But there is a sort of innocence about their appeal, an implicit belief that if you are really nice—why, then you'll be all right. The optimism of these books is uncalculated and unconscious, and it seems to me to come from the fact that the authors, although they may be most efficient citizens, have private worlds of their own in which they enjoy a larger freedom. But though a novel like *Human Being* (Faber & Faber, 7s. 6d.) also offers an escape into another world, the author does not make the offer innocently. Is it because Mr. Christopher Morley is a man that the enchantment he provides has more of a Magic Fair than of Fairyland about it?

Mr. Morley has written a clever book—human, comforting, consoling, just what the doctor ordered—and never for a moment do we, or does he, forget what a clever book he is writing. All the reliable ingredients are here, measured to a grain—humour, pathos, realism, brutality, tenderness, friendliness, love—and the mixture agreeably tinted with whimsicality, and labelled " To be taken neat, after dinner." But somehow it is difficult to believe in its efficacy. Perhaps it tastes just a little too good. The human being, the obscure, unknown citizen, Richard Roe, whom the author has selected to rescue from the common oblivion, is never anything but a figure of fiction. Much the best parts of the book are those which describe, almost casually, the lives and surroundings of ordinary New Yorkers. It is worth reading for these.

A REMARKABLE " first novel," *Business is Business*, by Basil D. Nicholson (Secker, 6s.), also offers escape. But whereas the foregoing writers have tried to disguise the nature of their calling, Mr. Nicholson wears a hat with " Courier " written all round it, and takes the further precaution of standing under a lamp. He has written a wild, impossible, violent story, some of it about the Heaven above and some of it about remote corners of the Earth beneath; and what precisely he means, or whether he knows what he means, is hard to say. But there is no difficulty at all about recognising his power. For a newcomer, he shows the most

(*Continued on page* 94)

"*Allow the Bearer to Pass...*"

"Gone Abroad Again": *by Charles Graves*

(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 6s.)

CHARLES GRAVES

MR. GRAVES'S travel volumes are always enjoyable affairs. There are many varieties of *voyageur*. Some folk travel for business, some for health, some to improve their minds, some to impress their friends, some because the central heating installed in their houses needs overhauling, and some because home has become too hot to hold them. Mr. Graves, eccentric creature, travels because he likes travelling. His books shrink from giving instruction unless they can afford it in an entertaining way; and so it requires no effort to read them, but only to lay them down.

His latest trip consists of a dash across land to Venice; a cruise down the Adriatic and through the Ægean Seas on a 17,000-ton liner; and another dash, in a motor-car, from Venice homewards. The whole expedition lasted less than a month, and the author has been successful in reproducing the glorious rush of the journey. He makes no serious attempt at thoroughness (even so, how can he mention Nancy without alluding to that sudden miracle of symmetry, the Place Stanislas?), but he has produced one of those jolly books which make one long to pack a suitcase and call a taxi and sing out, " Victoria Continental, and we haven't too much time! "

Short Notices

"What Shall I Be?" Part I.: *by Amabel Williams Ellis*

(Heinemann, 6s.)

HERE should be an unusually helpful book to parents, teachers and children, for it provides a good deal of information not easily accessible elsewhere. In this, the first, volume Mrs. Ellis describes the conditions, surroundings and duties of the architectural, engineering and various scientific professions. Her suggestions gain enormously in value from the fact that they cover not only the main branch of each profession but many subsidiary ones as well. Thus a child with an ineradicable hatred of the sight of blood or of mathematics may yet find a happy nook in one of the tributory medical or engineering services.

"The Short Stories of Michael Arlen"

(Collins, 7s. 6d.)

THIS omnibus volume contains over 30 stories, including such popular collections as *These Charming People* and *Mayfair*. Re-reading them after an interval of time, one is struck by the debt which the author, in his studies of English character and English prose, owes to Mr. Kipling. Perhaps it is because they are essentially a simple folk that the English love their authors to be knowing, " fly," and sentimentally cynical.

AMABEL WILLIAMS ELLIS

"The Old Gang and the New Gang": *by Wyndham Lewis*

(Desmond Harmsworth, 3s. 6d.)

AN essay in two parts—the first, an amusing account of political gangsterism in our midst, and the second a rather less satisfactory revue of Remarque and other war novelists. Mr. Lewis has somehow managed to retain a completely individual outlook. In other words, it is easy to disagree with him, but impossible not to be stimulated by him.

America *discovers* ENGLAND

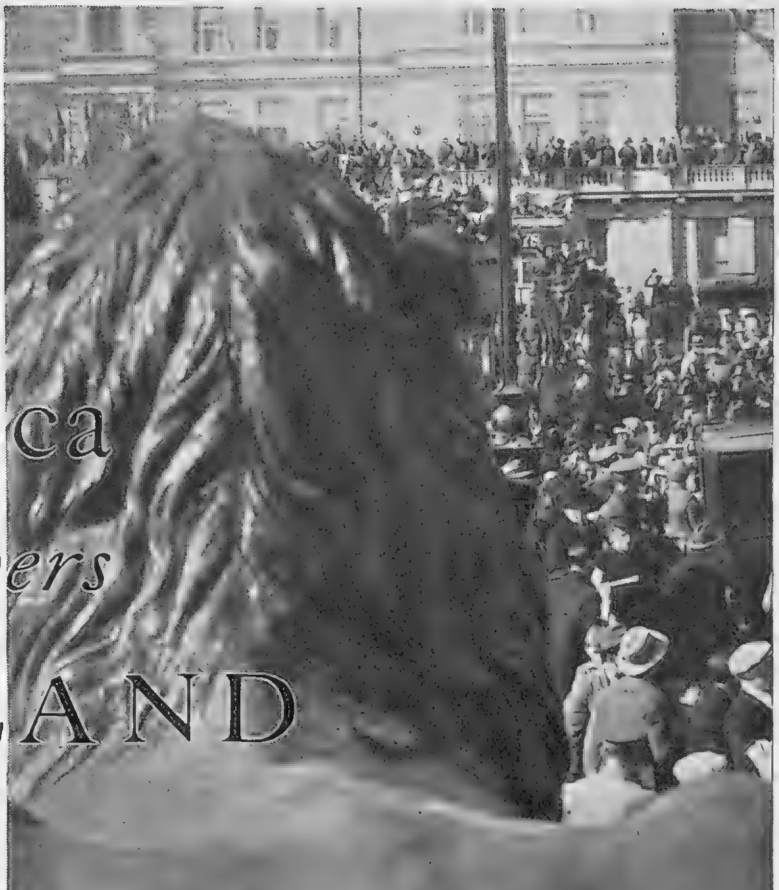
In 1492 a certain Mr. Columbus, financed by progressive Spanish monarchs, discovered a continent which became a convenient dumping ground for Europe's malcontent millions. In the intervening four hundred years works of art, English authors—many valuable and some inconsiderable bric-a-brac—have found their way across the Atlantic, and in return America has given to the world the Film Industry.

But a little while ago the stories of the American film slump were calculated to harass the most hardened. Hollywood's only chance of survival was to find something *new* with which to titillate the world's reactions to celluloid dramatics. That something "new" has proved to be this little old country. To be fair, American film magnates did urge the English "trade" to exploit their own country, its history and customs and people, on the screen; but, in the same way that a man who lives in London does not visit the Tower (unless a "mysterious" prisoner is added to the exhibits), so English producers could not see dramatic elements in the accustomed scene, and continued to make pseudo-Viennese or Balkan musical comedies . . .

And so it has been left to America to "discover" England, and when America discovers anything the immediate result is a film. Two English playwrights have supplied America with material for the most important pictures of the year, pictures that are not only masterpieces in their own, utterly different, ways, but are destined to make enormous sums of money for their producers and assure Hollywood's "come back."

Wilson Barrett, a romantic actor of the last century, wrote a grandiose, religious, sentimental melodrama called "The Sign of the Cross," which stirred the patrons of the theatre to their depths. What he would have thought of Mr. de Mille's film presentation of his *opus* only the lions know, but one cannot feel that any injustice has been done. The story is tawdry to-day, as it must have been thirty years ago: the setting is colossal and what must have been incapable of presentation on the stage is magnificently conceived and executed on the screen.

There are obvious causes for criticism: an American accent comes strangely from the lips of patrician Romans; there is a recognisably Beverley Hills flavour to the orgies: the casting of Claudette Colbert as Poppæa seems



TRAFALGAR Square, 1918. Armistice Day in "Cavalcade." The British Lion looks on

A MOTHER'S farewell. Jane Marryott (Diana Wynyard) bids her husband, Robert Marryott (Clive Brook), farewell on his departure to South Africa to fight the Boers

A SON'S goodbye. (Frank Lawton) to his lover, Fanny Jeans), on the last

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strangely inept, as this actress's whole personality is modern as opposed to classical, and what allure she has is utterly divorced from any possible conception one has of the ruthless, powerful, wanton Empress. But, as a spectacle, "The Sign of the Cross" is incomparable.

The Coliseum, the gladiatorial combats, the dungeons where the Christians were imprisoned, all the mise-en-scène are magnificently conceived and executed, and the technical brilliance and experience with which Mr. de Mille handles the vast crowds and the way in which, by clever cutting, he keeps up the excitement and movement are masterly.

For English audiences there is satisfaction in the fact that by far the most outstanding performances are those of Mr. Charles Laughton as Nero and Miss Elissa Landi as Mercia, the Christian girl. In so colossal a scheme it calls for exceptional artistry and personality for any player to stand out. The part of Nero is comparatively small: Mr. Laughton makes it the most memorable item in this pictorial galaxy. He obviously enjoys the part and at times comes near to making it a burlesque, but redeems it by some extraordinarily subtle characterisation in the scene when his favourite, Marcus, is begging for the life of the Christian girl and the Emperor, cynic and moral weakling, is only persuaded to austerity by Poppæa's reminders of the despotism with which he must maintain his power and dignity.

Elissa Landi gives the best performance of her career. She has a dignity and purity of movement and speech which is quite outstanding, and, if the truth must be told, it is her sincere delineation of Mercia which reduces some of the scenes and players which revolve about her to a tawdriness which would otherwise have been much less apparent. This is notably the case during the orgy in Marcus's house.

UNTIL "Cavalcade" was shown at the Tivoli, "The Sign of the Cross" was the most important film of the year. You may contrast these two pictures, but not compare them. To begin with, "Cavalcade" is founded not on a Victorian melodrama, but on a really great play; secondly, it has been made not with any exaggerated attempt at spectacular exploitation, but as a faithful translation of its author's original conception, and lastly, it has the unquestionable advantage of excellently cast and talented English actors and actresses. As the theme and the scene are so consistently indigenous, it seems the obvious thing for the American producing company to have engaged English players, but their selection is a triumph.

Diana Wynyard imbues the wife and mother, whose story is England's story during the last thirty years, with a beauty and strength and dignity which is moving and impressive. She never for a moment sentimentalises the part, and her restraint is the restraint of breeding and feeling and courage which surely Mr. Coward intended the character of Jane Marryott to epitomise. Clive Brook, as her husband, strangely colourless and flat in the stage version of "Cavalcade," fills out the part and confers on it a staunchness and reality and even charm which it needed to complete the pattern. Herbert Mundin, who in the past has been condemned to farcical roles, shows that he has an admirable sense of character. His Cockney butler who becomes a publican and a drunkard is an excellent sketch. Frank Lawton as Joe Marryott and Ursula Jeans as the chorus girl daughter of his parents' servants, with whom he has a love affair during the war, make this little, rather commonplace idyll into something distinctive and as moving in its way

(Contd. on page 98)

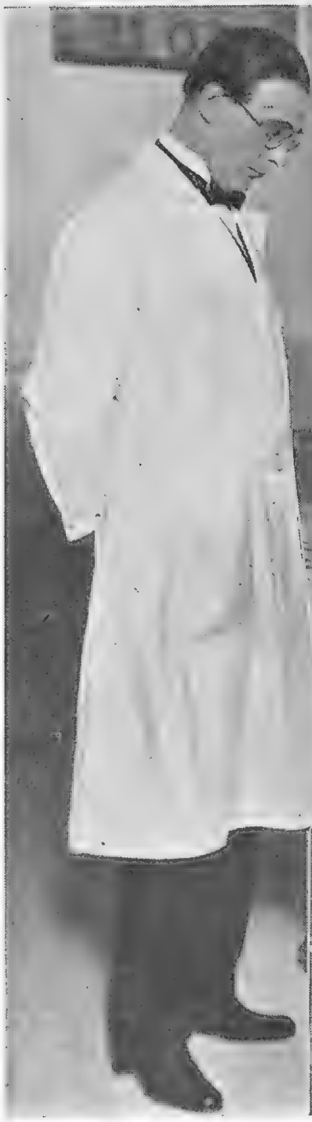
By Sydney
Tremayne

Joe Marryott saying goodbye Bridges (Ursula night of his leave

A HUSBAND'S resolve. Alfred Bridges (Herbert Mundin) informs his wife Ellen (Una O'Connor) that he has decided to join the Army and go out to South Africa to fight

Care of the Teeth

> *Of all our pains since man was*
> *curst,*
> *I mean of body, not the mental,*
> *To name the worst among the worst*
> *The dental sure is transcen-*
> *dental.*
> Hood



The dental department at Guy's Hospital. As many as 40 patients can be attended to in this department.

MEDICAL men now realise, and wisely impress upon their patients, that a number of illnesses may have their origin in the teeth and gums. If there is any caries or bacteria present, poison may be absorbed by the whole system; and intestinal troubles and rheumatic conditions are among the most common of the resultant evils.

It therefore behoves us to pay regular visits to a dentist, and in this connection the old adage that prevention is better than cure is indisputable. It is the neglected tooth that causes the pain which Thomas Hood describes as "transcendental." Apart from the necessity of having teeth stopped before decay reaches the more sensitive parts of the tooth and nerves are exposed, it is desirable to have teeth "scaled" by a dentist at regular intervals, as tartar makes the gums soft and tender and liable to bacterial infection.

But it is not enough just to visit a dentist occasionally and perfunctorily to brush the teeth once or twice a day. In the interest of health the most scrupulous care should be taken to preserve the teeth and gums in a thoroughly healthy and hygienically immaculate condition. A tooth-brush should never be used for more than one month and each time that it is used it should be thoroughly rinsed in an antiseptic solution. Brushing should always be done up and down and not across, and every facet of the teeth must be conscientiously cleansed. Even so, it is almost impossible to clean between the teeth with a brush, and the use of dental floss for this purpose is essential.

After cleaning the teeth with a moderately hard brush and the floss, the mouth should be well rinsed with a good antiseptic mouthwash such as glycerine of thymol or Listerine.

If the gums show any tendency to sensitiveness and bleeding they should be massaged with the fingers and a suitable mouthwash. Magnesia, which counteracts acidity, is useful in this connection. When practicable the teeth should be cleaned or, at least, a mouthwash should be used after meals, and a thorough brushing and "stringing" night and morning is absolutely indispensable.

The importance of the bocal toilet should be impressed upon children at an early age, and parents and guardians should be severe in seeing that it is thoroughly carried out. Much may be done to ensure the teeth and gums being strong and healthy by diet, especially in the very young. A sufficiency of lime in the dietary is essential and children should be taught to use their teeth; crusts and rusks and hard fruits are good for children, and their thorough mastication releases salutary salivary fluid and assists digestion.

A doctor's opinion is a valuable adjunct to that of a dentist, as his knowledge of the patient's general condition and constitution will assist him in diagnosing and prescribing. The "fashion" for wholesale extraction is past, but if there is any suspicion of a really unhealthy condition of the gums, accompanied by general symptoms of auto-intoxication, it is advisable, after consultation, to have the infected tooth or teeth removed to avoid really serious results. But every effort should be made to avoid so drastic a step and meticulous daily care should guard against any such serious condition arising. A good set of teeth and a healthy mouth are incalculable blessings and well worth the little extra care which they demand.

and Beauty

WE will leave the old source of argument as to whether a woman dresses to please men or annoy other women to those who are in need of such oft-ground grist to the conversational mill. There is an aspect of woman's desire to adorn herself, to look her best and her youngest, which is, I think, generally overlooked. I am quite sure that a number of women make special efforts to keep young and look young for the edification of their own children, who are often their most severe critics.

Women know the appraising eye of sons and daughters when they go to their schools for speech-day or meet the train which brings them back for the holidays. Children have a frank "snobism" about their parents. I have known little girls express pitying contempt for their schoolfellows because their mothers were old and dowdy, and even boys often write anxiously to their mothers advising them what to wear when they visit them at school so as to do them credit among their school friends. Probably no compliment is more thrilling to a woman than one from the frank lips of her own child. "Mummie, you *do* look nice! So-and-So said he (or she) couldn't believe you were my mother, that you must be a sister or a young aunt."

Certain it is that mothers require all their energy to keep pace with the ebullient spirits and consequent activities of their offspring, and nothing makes a woman *feel* so young as the consciousness that she is really *looking* young.

Give Yourself A New FACE

Scaioni Studios

Hormones figure once more in a rejuvenating treatment which, while not claiming to perform miracles, has scientific sanction and many successes to its credit

By Chrysis

Nowadays that is not difficult. The scientist and the beauty specialist are accessories before and after the fact. The discovery of hormones—those vital elements in endocrine gland extracts—has made the search for the elixir of life a pastime as obsolete as "hunt the slipper."

There are a variety of ways in which these hormones can be introduced into the human system and induced to do their work of re-invigoration and rejuvenation of cells and tissues beginning to atrophy and lose their activity through age or illness or temporary fatigue. Most elaborate of all are the famous "monkey gland" operations. Voronoff's experiments were supplemented by the discoveries of other scientists who found that glandular extracts could be beneficially administered by means of injections, or even when taken locally. At last it has been proved that, if preparations containing the precious hormones can be absorbed by the skin they have a definitely beneficial effect on subcutaneous cells and tissues, dissipating wrinkles and reviving the youth of the skin.

Women are much too sophisticated nowadays to believe unequivocally every claim made for beauty preparations, or to imagine that by smearing some cream on their faces at night they may expect to wake up looking ten years younger and ten thousand a year more beautiful! And the genuine beauty specialists, working on scientific lines, know too much to ask women to believe in miracles only to prove themselves false prophets. On the other hand they are too far-sighted to neglect to make use of a discovery of such infinite and revolutionary importance.

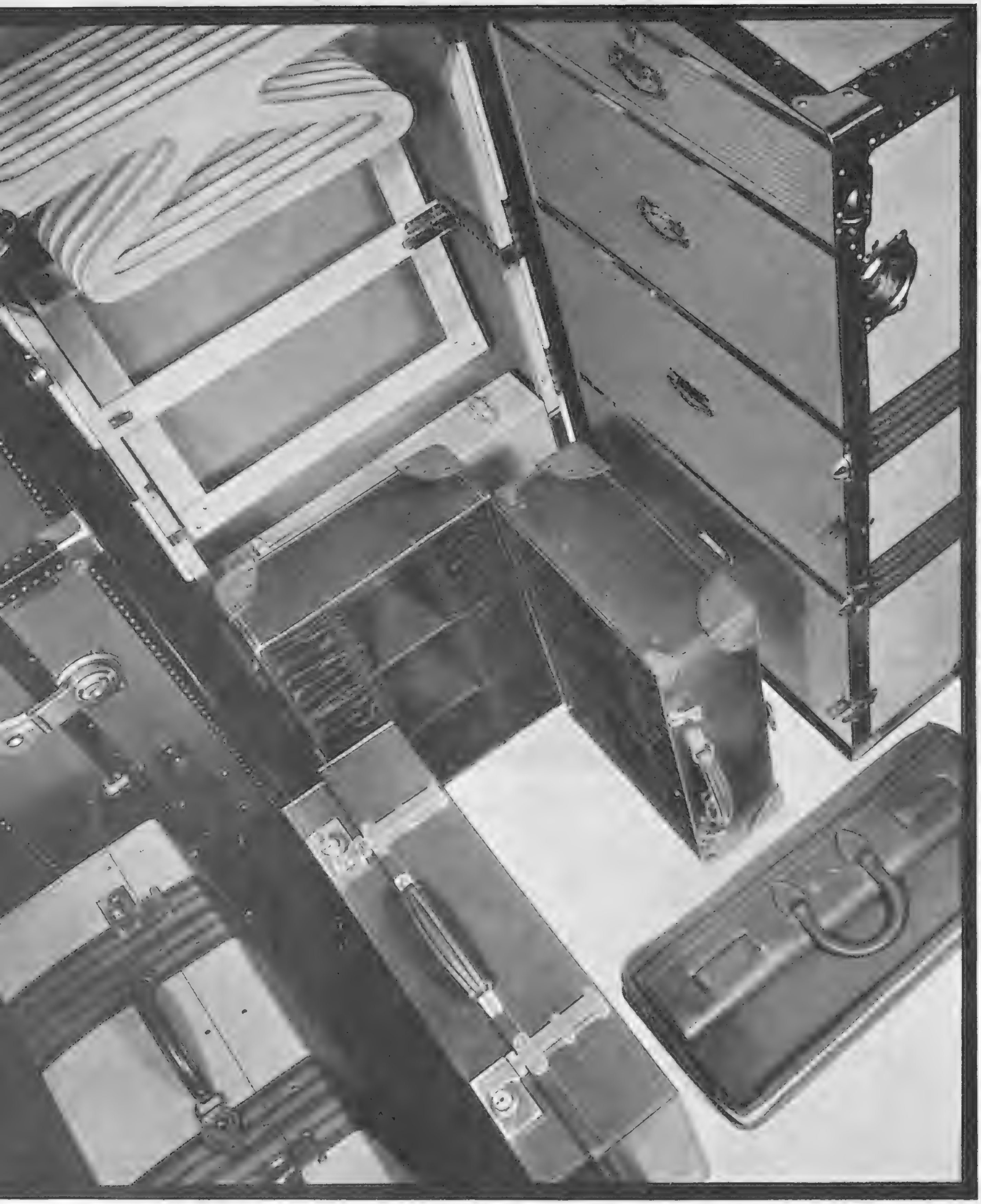
ONE of the most untiring and progressive of these experts has been working for a considerable time on the utilisation of this new beauty "secret" in practical form. Some months ago she launched a gland cream which she was satisfied would justify the very moderate but definite claims she made for it. Experience has proved that her experiments were not wasted and her faith in its efficacy was not exaggerated.

It will be readily understood that the results from the use of this gland cream, which rejuvenates the skin by means of feeding and activating underlying cells and tissues, depends on its absorption. The ideal way of availing oneself of this treatment is to use the cream in conjunction with this specialist's famous Vienna mask. A plaster cast of the patient's own face is made by an artist and lined with a conductor of electricity by means of which warm, glowing diatherms are applied. Before the mask is put on, the face is thickly smeared with the gland cream and when it is taken off it will be found that the cream has all been driven right into the skin and its action is, of course, assisted by the deep-reaching diatherms. The results are really extraordinary. The face and neck actually regain youth of form and texture and colouring.

THOSE readers who wish to avail themselves of the advice of the beauty specialist whose work is described in this article, and who would be interested to fill in her "Economy Questionnaire," are invited to write to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, who will see that their letters receive immediate attention

AT the moment of writing, an interesting letter is just to hand from this beauty specialist in regard to her new "Economy Questionnaire": a series of "key" questions as to colouring, age, constitution and skin conditions, the answers to which will enable her to diagnose and prescribe accurately and precisely for her individual clients so that they shall not lose time, money and loveliness by experimenting, using preparations of inferior or unknown quality, mixing treatments which are not complementary and "trying out" an unnecessarily extensive range of beauty products. She writes:—"I know that these economy counsels are in line with your own policy of sticking to really good and well-known preparations instead of experimenting haphazardly. As we both know, it is not at all necessary for a woman to have a large assortment of preparations to care for her skin adequately. Aside from her cleansing equipment and make up she may not need more than two other preparations if they are intelligently selected to treat just the conditions which apply to her particular case."

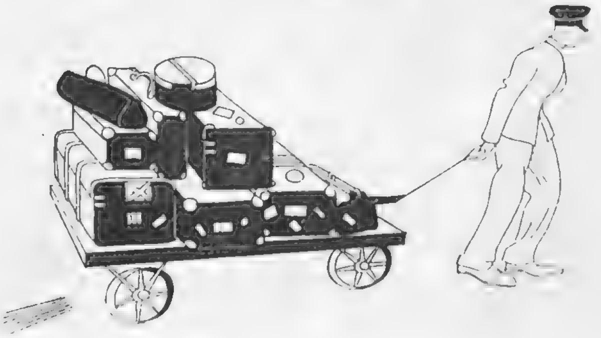
This seems to me so sound that I would like my readers to know that there are beauty specialists who, though naturally not philanthropists, realise the importance to themselves and their clients, economic as well as æsthetic, of giving sound advice and effective aid instead of merely selling a posse of pots.



A NOTE OF THE MONTH

John Havinden

MODERN luggage is a far cry from either nailed trunks or tin boxes and the trunk of to-day manages to combine lightness of weight with durability and an astonishing holding capacity in relation to its size. The selection from Finnigans shown above includes a large size wardrobe trunk painted in individual colours, with a hat-box to match, and a smaller size wardrobe trunk of dark blue composition studded with brass nails. The special shoe-trunk fitted with twelve velvet pockets will appeal to the particular person, and a good last minute acquisition is the collapsible hide and canvas bag on the right, which is easily packed, but will prove a boon when you have landed at innumerable ports and bought those inevitable souvenirs; so will the expanding leather suitcase in the foreground.

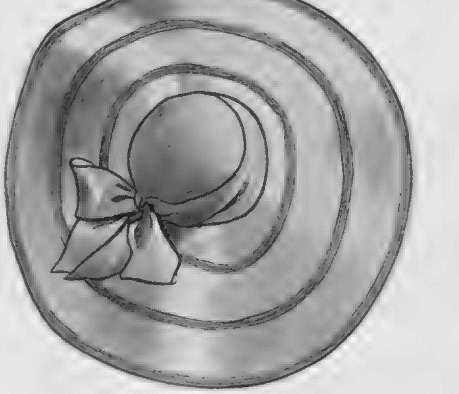


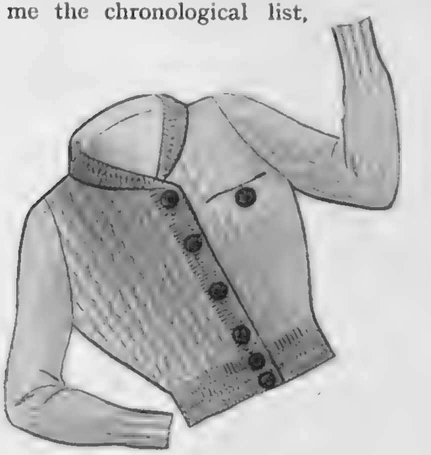
I Go ABROAD . . .

The verb of the moment is to CRUISE: here are some ways of conjugating it

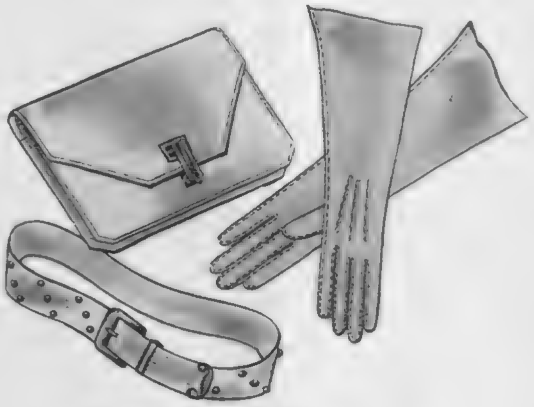
By MADGE GARLAND

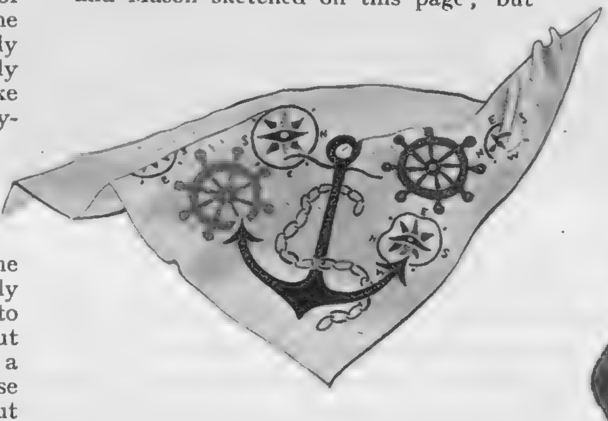
(Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve")



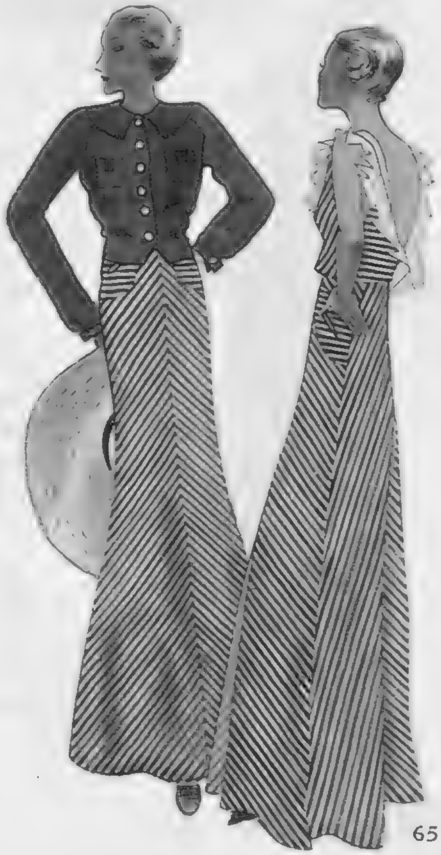


MY dictionary tells me that "to cruise" is "to sail up and down in quest of an enemy's ship," or, it adds as an afterthought, "for pleasure." Well, it is in the latter capacity that we have learnt to know it in these days of (comparative) peace, and perhaps a new dictionary will shortly assure us that it is "to sail round and round the world in comfort and without any trouble or much expense." I have before me the chronological list, compiled by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons, of the pleasure cruises arranged for 1933, and the variety of places visited, the different dates, the various lengths of each tour have only one thing in common—an exceptionally low price when one considers that, unlike any other form of travel or holiday-making, all travelling expenses, hotel and food bills are included in the stated fare, and that extras consist solely of souvenir-hunting ashore, or perhaps gambling on the ship's run! But the variety of these cruises brings forcibly to my mind the futility of trying to answer a question which is so often put to me—what clothes do I need for a cruise? I can only reply that cruise clothes are in no way extraordinary, but include a good selection from the average woman's yearly wardrobe with the entire exclusion of all afternoon ensembles: silk and satin "Ritz" dresses and elaborate fur-trimmed coats have no place in the modern cruiser's wardrobe trunk. On the other hand, all forms of sports clothes, from the warm woollens worn for golf to the sun-bathing dresses designed for the South of France, are necessary, according to the time and place of the chosen cruise. If you are going in early June on the *Straithaird's* cruise to Algiers, you will certainly require the large shady linen hat from Fortnum and Mason sketched on this page; but if you have chosen to go to Bergen and the North Cape, in order to get a glimpse of the midnight sun, then the little woollen jacket from Marshall and Snelgrove (one of many new woollen coats and blouses they are now showing) will be far more necessary. Most liners have swimming-baths, therefore a bathing-suit is essential (the ultra-marine blue one with the white belt and the cork-soled shoes comes from Fortnum and Mason); flat sports shoes are essential, preferably rubber-soled; sports skirts with alternate sweaters and blouses are the most practical basis for one's wardrobe; beach or deck pyjamas have given pride of place to backless sun-bathing dresses; and all cruises, even those which begin in the Adriatic and take the Ægean Sea and the Greek Islands as their goal, require a really warm but lightweight woollen top-coat. Jaeger's have an excellent selection at very low prices. Evening gowns are exactly similar to those we wear every evening at home or at a restaurant; they must not be too elaborate and preferably of a material, such as lace or crinkly crêpe, which will not crush or spoil in the damp sea air.

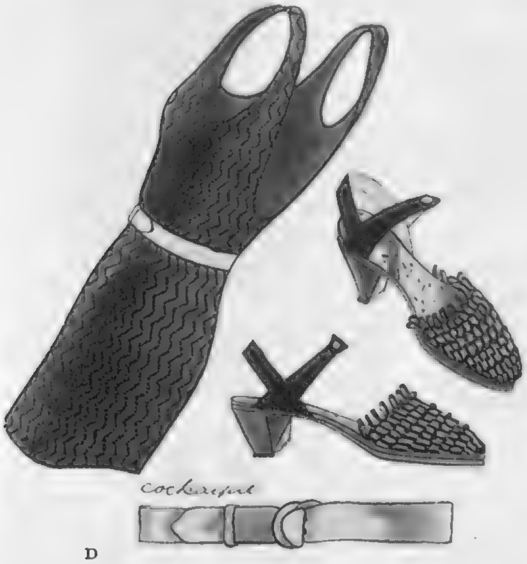


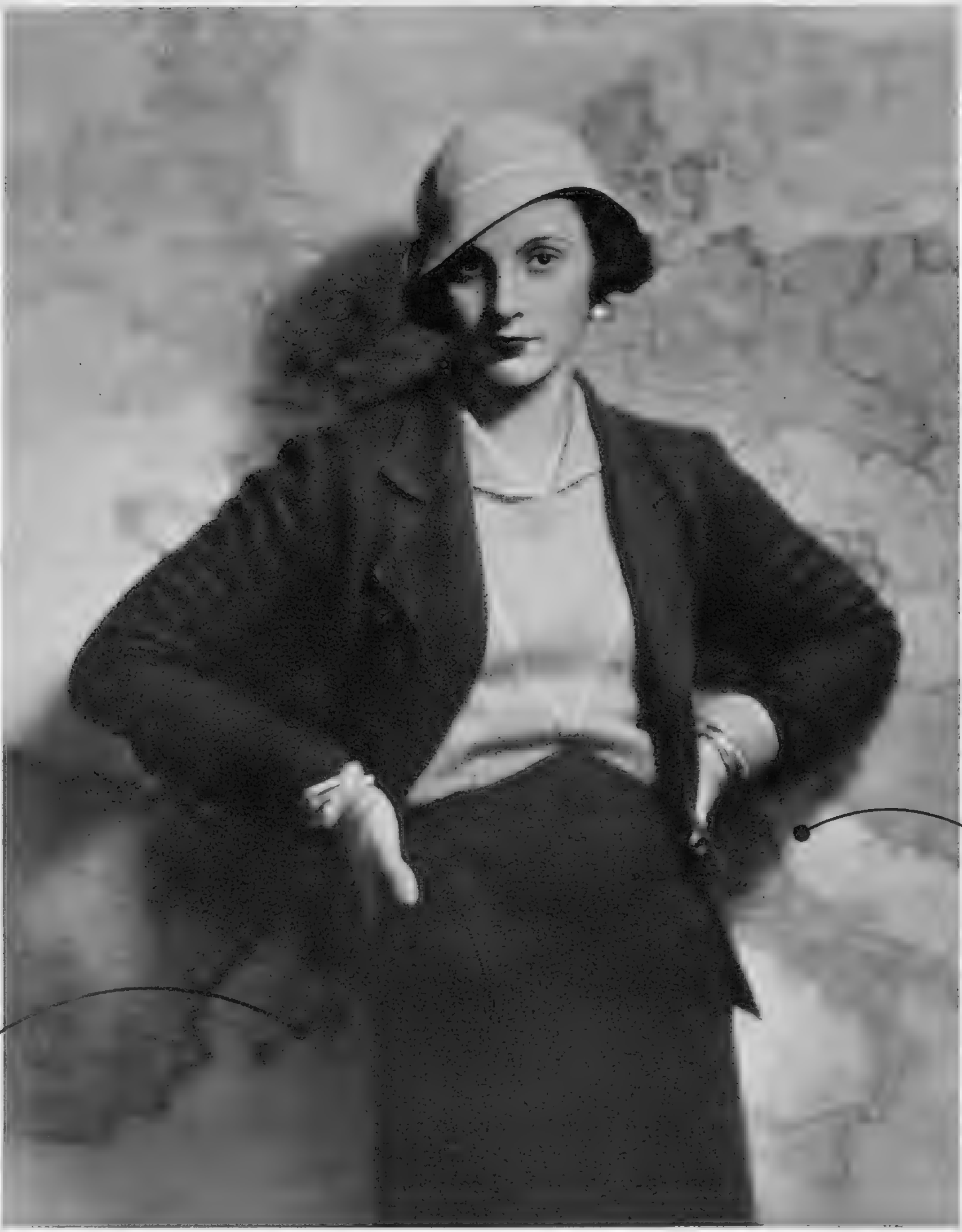


ABOVE is a leather bag with a silver clasp, a pair of hand-stitched gloves and a plaited belt from Fortnum and Mason, whence also comes the nautical scarf on the left

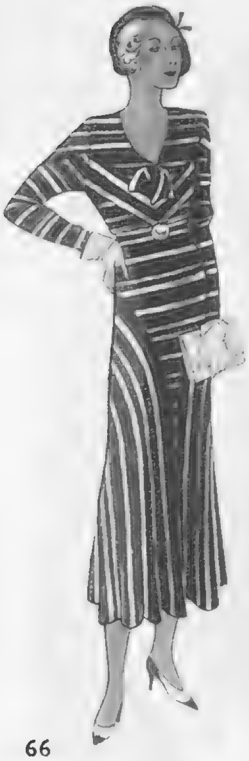


AN ensemble from Richard Sands shows a blue and white striped cotton dress with an organdie collar; the navy serge middy blouse can be worn with matching trousers





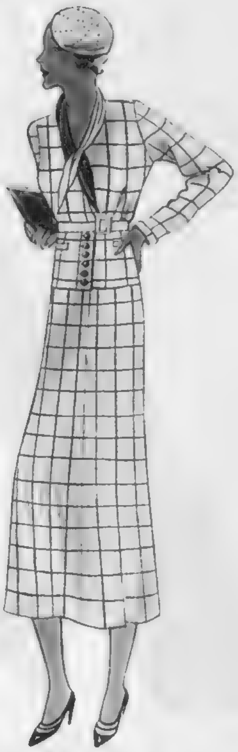
Cannons of Hollywood

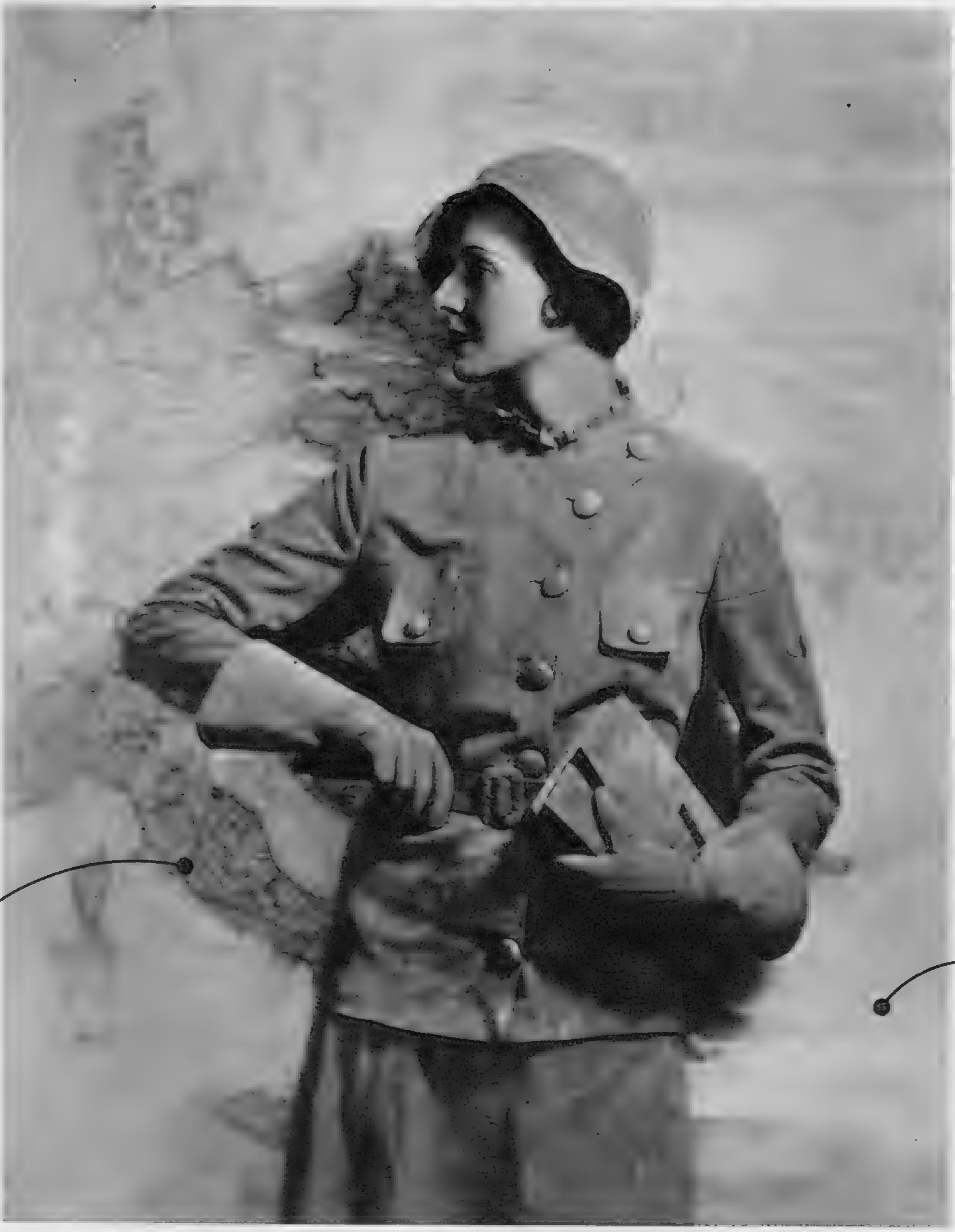


FOR deck wear on sunny but cool days Fortnum and Mason suggest a coat and skirt of bright mustard yellow wool accompanied by a blouse of openwork string colour crochet and a string colour stitched linen hat. Note the high pointed waist of the skirt and the soft unlined revers of the coat

FOR going ashore Corot have designed a smart but most serviceable dress of navy blue and white silk in which the stripes have been utilised to give a slimming effect. This dress is cool, yet is not light enough to easily show any marks and is accompanied by an uncrushable navy silk hat

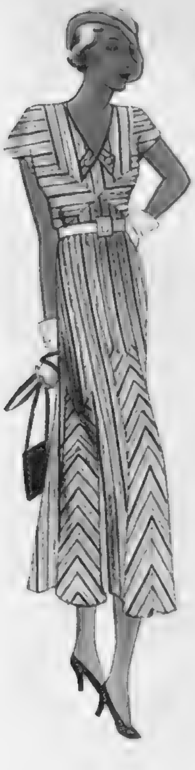
A LIGHT weight woollen fabric makes the two-piece suit shown on the right, which has a bold navy blue check on a white ground. With this is worn a navy and white scarf and a hand crocheted white béret. The suit may also be obtained in red and white. From Harvey Nichols



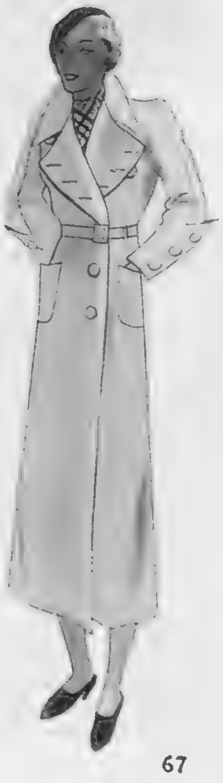


Cannons of Hollywood

ROME



ON BOARD

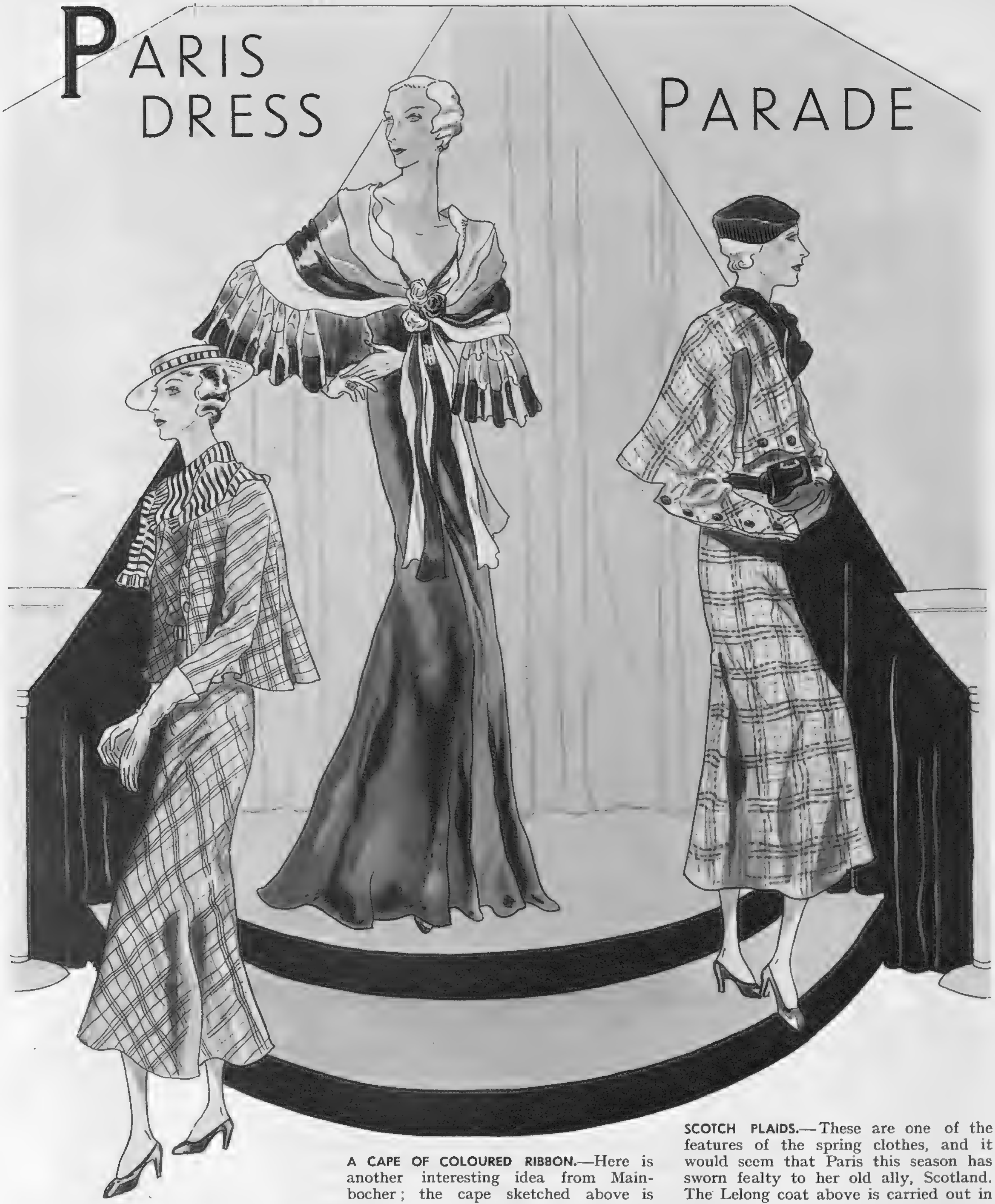


LEATHER is a perfect foil to cold winds, and the suit shown in the photograph above is made of featherweight suède in a lovely shade of light green. The coat buttons high around the neck where it is finished by a cut fringe. The bag, gloves and hat are made to match. Leathercraft

ON the left is seen a practical dress of Ferguson's washing silk striped in two shades of blue on a white ground. This may also be obtained in other colours and is guaranteed to wash perfectly and continuously. The zig-zag effect of the stripes is most becoming

A REALLY warm but light top coat is the first essential of any wardrobe when one intends to go on a cruise. The one on the right comes from Studd and Millington and is made of camel cloth, which can be obtained in natural colour and a number of attractive shades

PARIS DRESS PARADE



SACQUE COAT AND FLAT SAILOR—These are two of the outstanding notes in Mainbocher's interesting collection, and the sacque coat particularly is sure to be seen a great deal during the forthcoming months. The one shown above is carried out in a plaid wool material in tones of beige, grey and white, and the short coat is cut full enough in the back to flare out and swing jauntily as the wearer walks along. The scarf, the belt, and band around the flat sailor-hat are of green and white striped silk.

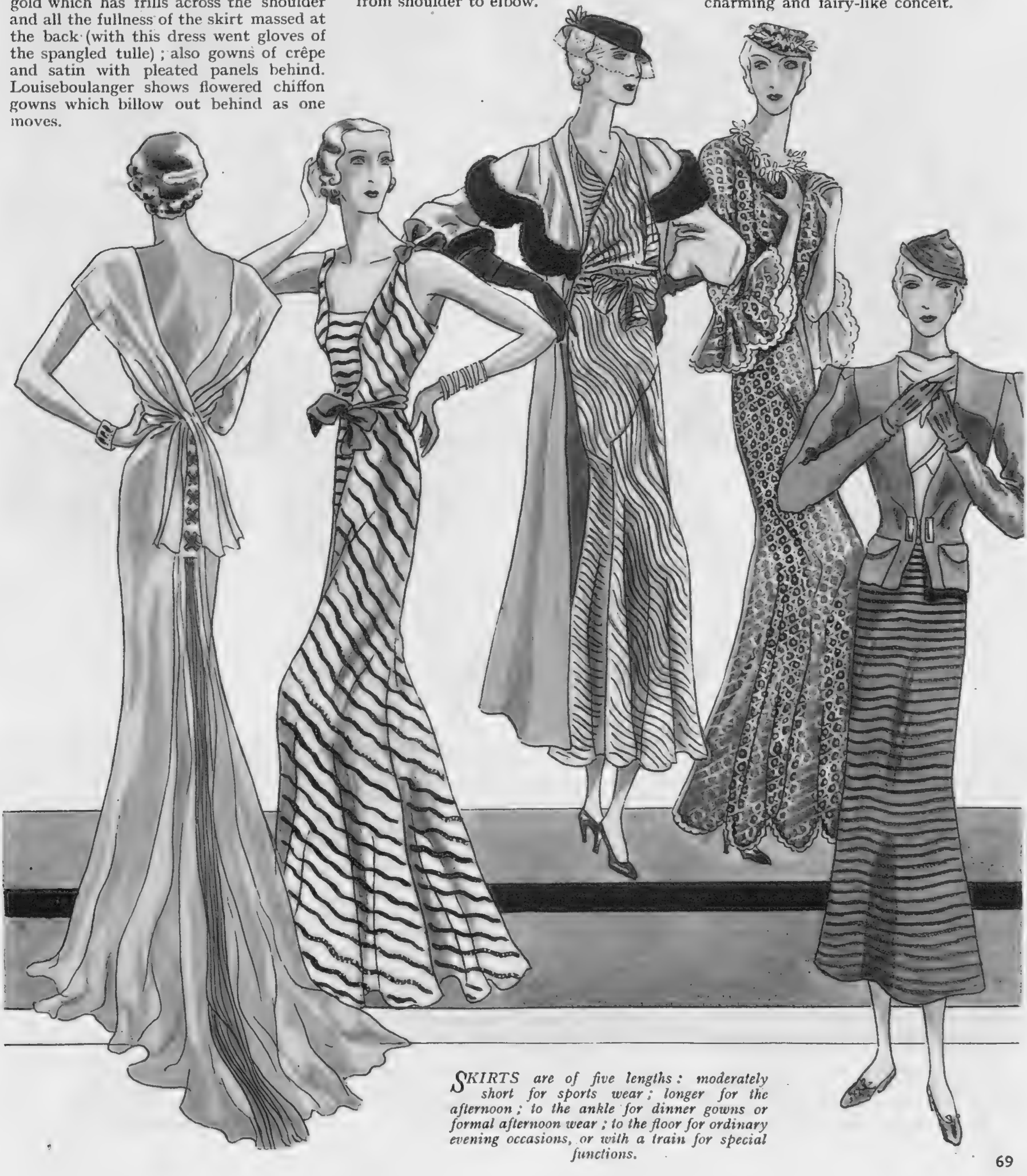
A CAPE OF COLOURED RIBBON.—Here is another interesting idea from Mainbocher; the cape sketched above is made of ribbon in the following colours (reading from top to bottom): white, pink, red, black, white, pink, red, black. A more effective evening wrap would be hard to find. Capes for evening wear are immensely varied, many are of satin bordered with fox. Molyneux has one of the palest peach pink satin, with radiating bands of mink running from the neck to the hem, which barely reaches the elbows. He also shows a full-length cape of violet colour silk velvet, extremely full, but close-fitting on the shoulders and lined with hyacinth blue chiffon.

SCOTCH PLAIDS.—These are one of the features of the spring clothes, and it would seem that Paris this season has sworn fealty to her old ally, Scotland. The Lelong coat above is carried out in green, red and beige plaid with a brown leather belt and buttons. The latter are placed horizontally across the front of the wide revers (one of Lelong's favourite details), and also run up the sleeves, which flare abruptly at the elbow, and give a wide dolman effect to the top of the body. The alternative to this line is a loose three-quarter length or seven-eighths coat flaring from the shoulders. The latter type of coat is apt to favour raglan sleeves, while the belted coat, whether short or full length, usually shows an exaggerated breadth of shoulder.

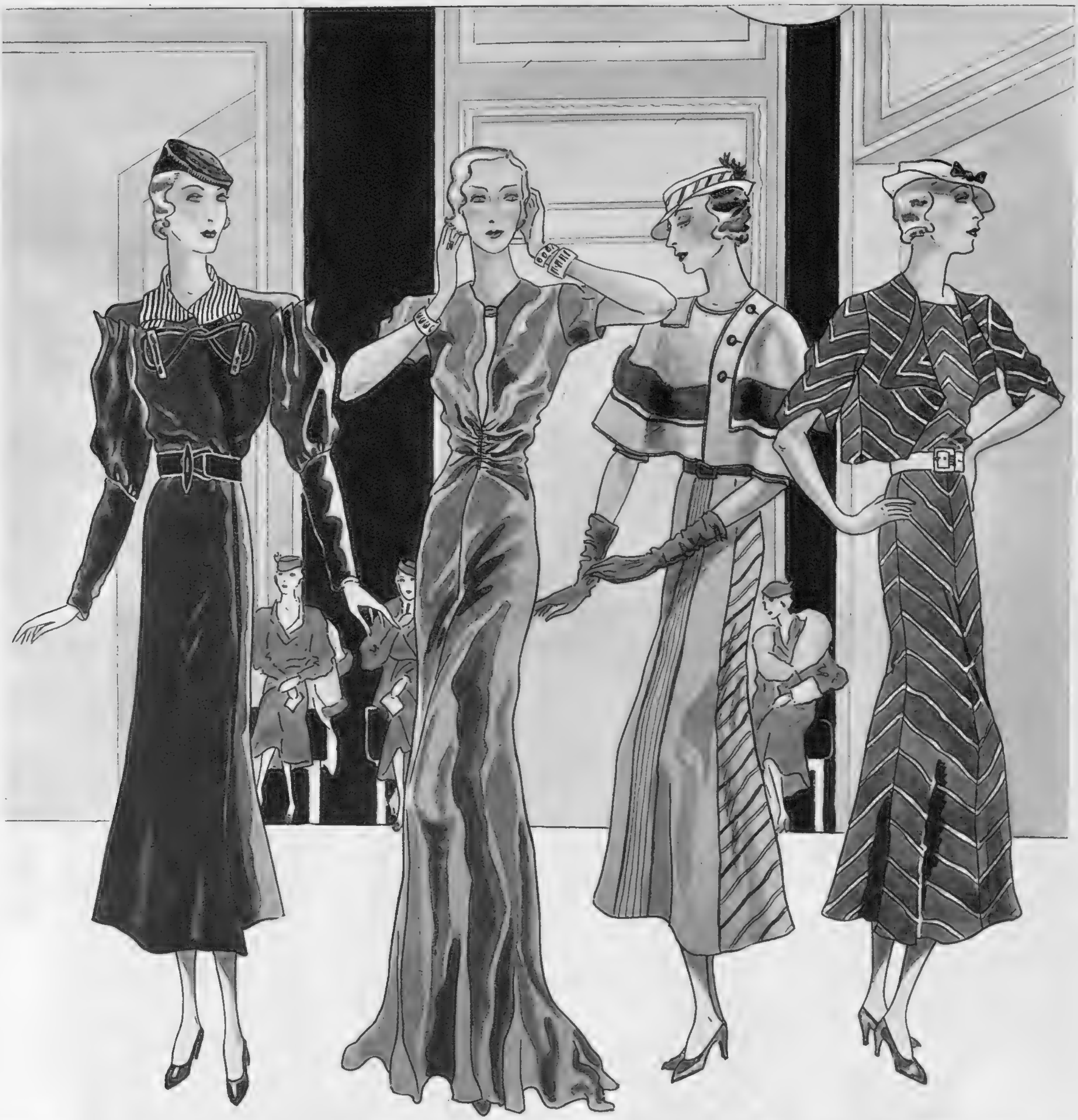
COVERED SHOULDERS AND A TRAIN.—Both these characteristics are to be seen on a number of evening gowns, and although many houses show narrow shoulder-straps, this new width across the shoulder, often developing into the importance of a sleeve, is newer and more becoming. Below is seen a lovely model from Augustabernard, carried out in the palest ice-blue chiffon. The draped bodice continues into wide shoulder-straps which are crossed at the back, and the skirt flares into a moderately long train and is laced down the back with silk fringe which trails the length of the skirt. Many evening gowns show a tendency to regulate the fullness and interest of the skirt to the back. Lelong shows a gown of black tulle spangled with gold which has frills across the shoulder and all the fullness of the skirt massed at the back (with this dress went gloves of the spangled tulle); also gowns of crêpe and satin with pleated panels behind. Louiseboulanger shows flowered chiffon gowns which billow out behind as one moves.

STRIPES.—These are almost as ubiquitous as were spots a season or so ago, and they are to be found in a variety of prints and used in many diverse ways. The Nicole Groult evening gown below shows a white marocain patterned in wavy stripes of scarlet, the material used diagonally and tied at the waist and shoulders with scarlet bows. Next to it is an afternoon ensemble from Patou which shows a beige woollen coat, its cape edged with brown fox, worn over a beige and brown-striped crêpe de Chine dress. On the extreme right is a coat and skirt from Schiaparelli with a skirt of horizontal blue and black stripes. With this is worn a bright blue woollen coat whose sleeves have been given importance by folds of the material running from shoulder to elbow.

BRODERIE ANGLAISE.—This enchanting material is used either for afternoon or evening gowns. Beneath is shown a charming young girl's race or garden-party dress from Chanel made of red muslin embroidered in white; the skirt fits the hips closely and then flares into a full hem scalloped and bordered with white embroidery. The neckline is finished by a necklace of white piqué flowers and the tiny sailor-hat of the same material as the dress is also trimmed with a garland of similar flowers. Another use of broderie anglaise is shown by Worth, who has a charming evening gown of white, cut on princess lines, but with the bodice part lightly powdered with crystal beads which outline the pattern of the embroidery—a charming and fairy-like conceit.



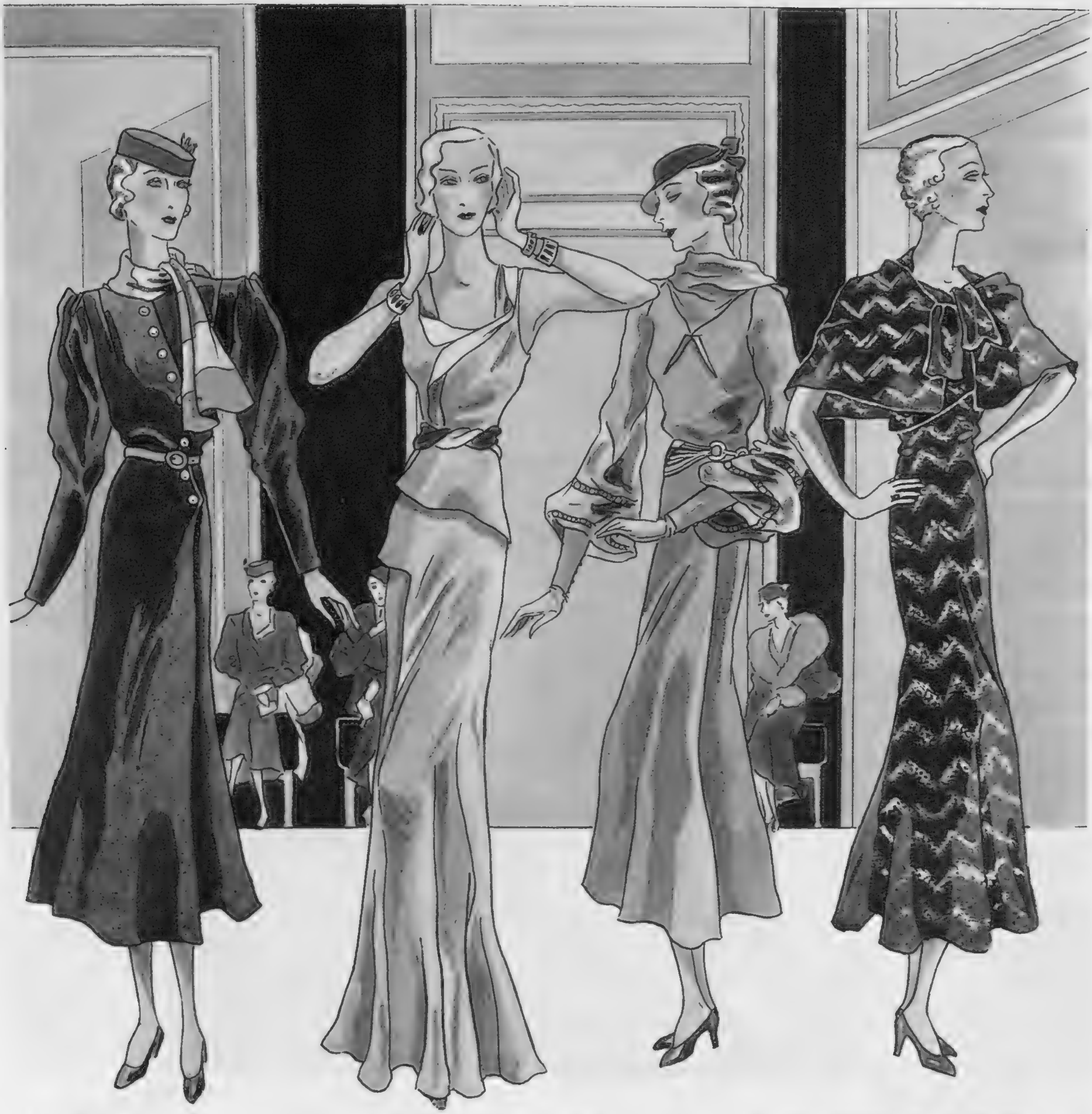
SKIRTS are of five lengths: moderately short for sports wear; longer for the afternoon; to the ankle for dinner gowns or formal afternoon wear; to the floor for ordinary evening occasions, or with a train for special functions.



FLUTED PLEATS. — This is one of the many means employed to give width to the shoulders and importance to the sleeves. Above is an excellent example which shows a navy blue coat from Schiaparelli with full sleeves mounted in pleats just below the shoulder line and fitted into long close-fitting cuffs. The collar of navy and white striped silk belongs to a dress of this material, and the unusual fastening consists of a leather thong wound round two enormous tortoise-shell slides. The belt is of brown leather, and the hat is one of Schiaparelli's new knitted shapes; this one is rather like a flat pancake of knitting perched up behind on a deep band. On the opposite page is shown a brown coat from Nicole Groult which also illustrates the use of fluted pleats. It has scarlet leather buttons and belt and a scarf made of bands of red and two shades of blue crêpe de Chine.

CIRÉ MATERIALS. — These are among the many novelties offered us by our fabric manufacturers (they have certainly surpassed themselves in ingenuity this season). Ciré satin is used for many evening gowns and coats, and its gleaming surface gives a very rich and unusual effect. Above is shown a dinner gown from Worth carried out in plum-red ciré satin where the play of light and shade on the material forms its only decoration. The bodice is held in by gathers at the waist and again at the neck by a clasp, and the short sleeves are indicative of their growing importance for evening wear. Ciré chiffon is another favourite of the moment, and it is certainly a delicious compromise between the too rigid and too easily crushed organdie and the too flat and bodiless chiffon. It can be obtained in many lovely colours, and is so uncrushable that it can be used successfully for lingerie.

SHORT CAPES AND SHORT COATS.—The popularity of these two accessories of our spring wardrobe is hard to overestimate, and almost every dress has its accompanying jacket or cape. Slightly to the left above is a good example of a dress and matching cape from Lelong, both are carried out in beige toile, the skirt with striped panels of brown and yellow, and the cape, which is buttoned on one side, weighted with a band of beaver and piped with yellow. Next to it is an attractive costume from Worth of royal blue and white striped silk, the latter used diagonally and forming a cleverly flared skirt. Another variation of the cape or short coat motif is the little dolman, into which the shoulders and elbows fit snugly, and which sometimes ties in front. Schiaparelli shows one in navy blue entirely made of vertical pleats set into a wide shoulder yoke.

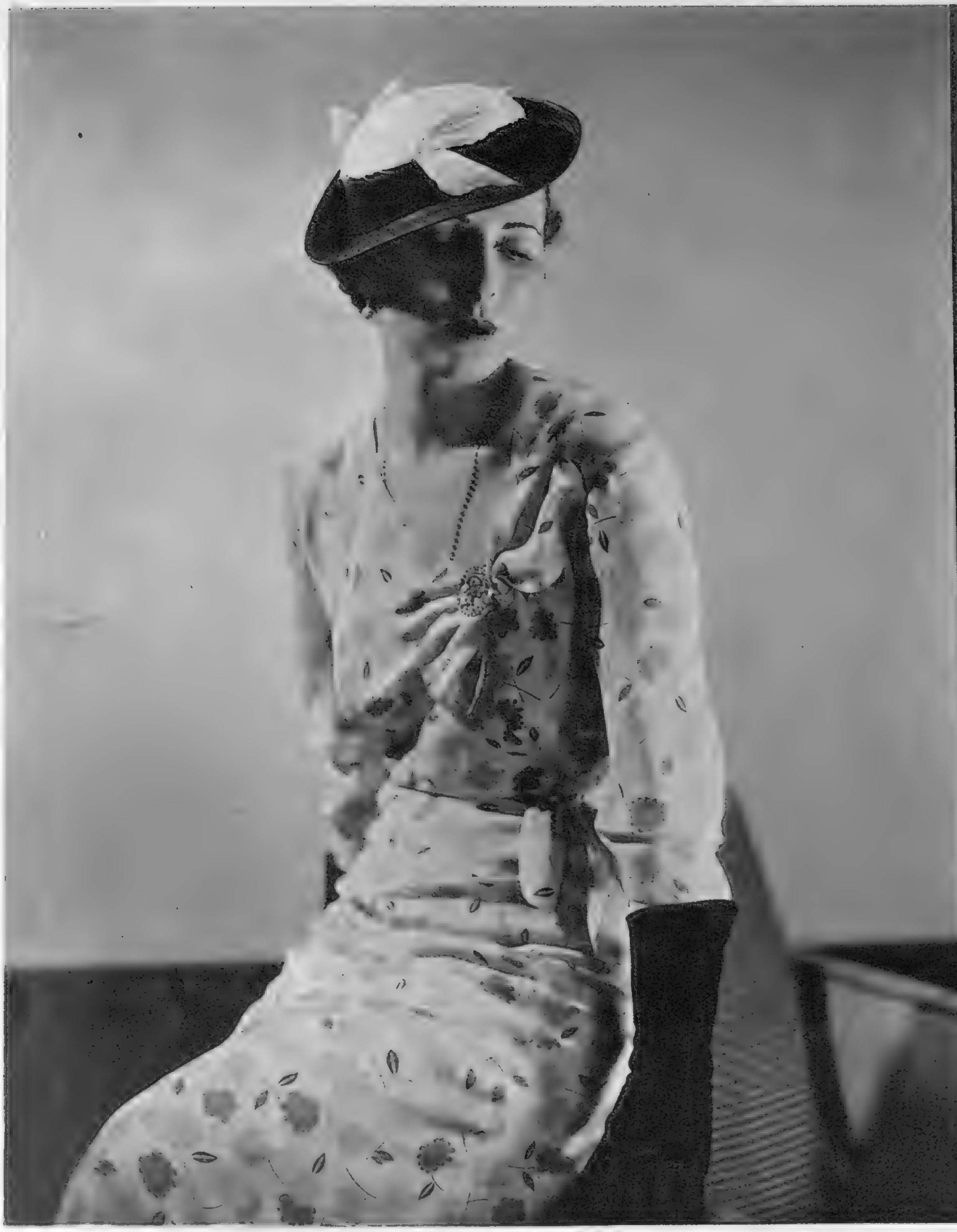


DRAPERY.—The complications of cut utilised to achieve the flowing lines of the contemporary evening gowns, and the almost classical draperies which result are extremely graceful and becoming. A good example is sketched in the centre of this page, and shows a gown from Patou carried out in pale grey crêpe, the material turned back on itself around the neck and twisted across the front, where it forms the beginning of a winding drapery which flows out into a moderately full skirt. Augustabernard shows a range of satin and chiffon gowns which rely entirely on the contrast of two materials, draped and twisted together, for their effect. One of white chiffon and satin had a high neck in front where a fold of both materials ran across the base of the throat over the shoulders and, after being caught at the waist by a diamond clasp, continued into a train.

HIGH NECK AND FULL SLEEVES.—A number of dresses and even some evening gowns, such as that described in the previous paragraph, show a high neck line. Schiaparelli shows several blouses with a high line in front, Mainbocher has some afternoon dresses with Toby collars around a line which barely reveals the base of the throat, and the dress sketched above shows a high draped neck-line from Worth. The dress is carried out in a thin grey woollen material and has the raglan sleeves which broaden out below the elbow and at their widest point are trimmed with two lines of open-work stitching in coarse thread. The belt made of twisted strands of rope forms a city version of the rope belts which are such a feature of Vera Borea's sports clothes. Sleeves no longer puff on the shoulders and many afternoon dresses have tight sleeves which reach to just below the elbow.

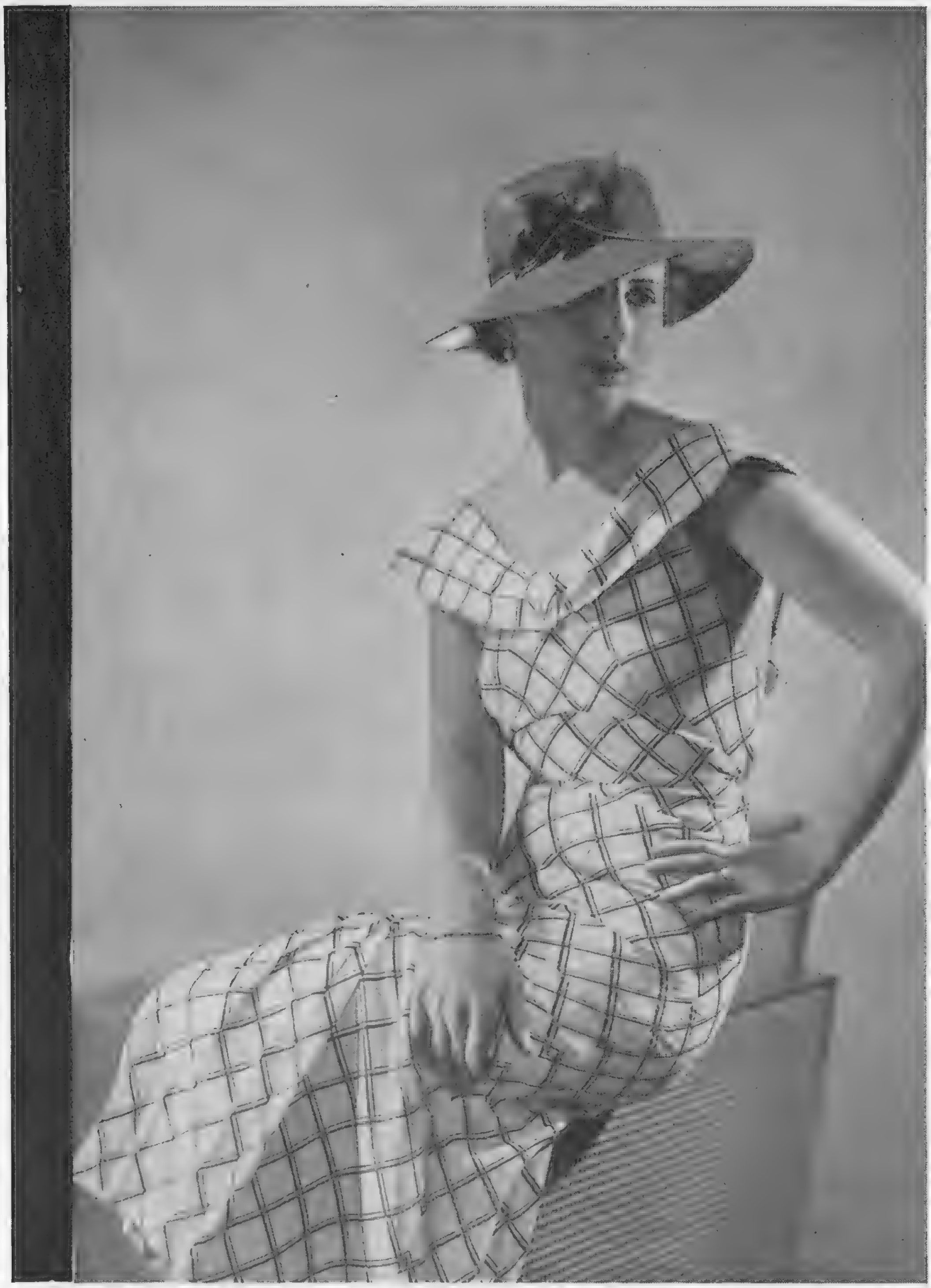
A CHALK DESIGN ON EEL BROWN.—This type of patterned material is one of the novelties of the Schiaparelli collection, and shows a design which appears to be roughly drawn in chalk on a dark ground. The dress above has a simple zig-zag pattern sketched in cream colour on a ground of eel brown, a new shade which is extremely becoming and is neither brown nor grey, but an infinitely becoming compromise. This colour, which is in the nature of a real gift to the older woman, is seen not only in these printed silks, but in several woollen suits, such as an eel-grey woollen costume, the jacket fastened at the waist by copper links and the sleeves set in with a padded ridge in order to widen the shoulders, and also is used for evening ensembles. Augustabernard has an evening gown in chiffon of this shade, and Mainbocher also shows several gowns in gun-metal grey.

LONDON FASHIONS



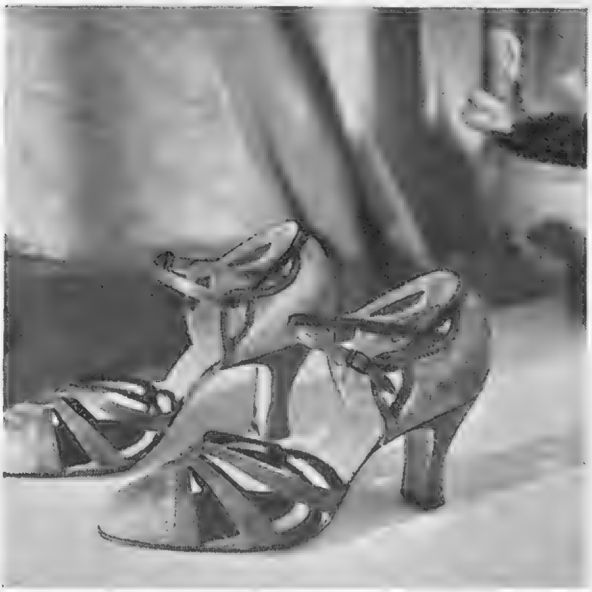
Scaioni Studios

SHALL we for a moment consider hats? There are at the moment at least three contradictory schools of thought—(there may be many more by the time these words appear in print, for millinery is of mushroom growth and defers to no definite seasons as do our clothes). Well, there is the high crowned brimless hat, descended from the fez and defended by Maria Guy, usually brimless, untrimmed and severe, but sometimes adorned with quills and often, far too often, accompanied by a flowing veil. Then there is the shallow crowned hat with a brim, worn almost straight on the head and tilted well over the eyes, sometimes trimmed with ribbons or even flowers. A charming example of the hat with a shallow crown and small brim is shown above and comes from Gorringe. It is made of fine black straw and has a crown of flat white feathers which also form tiny wings in front and at the back. Quite another headline is achieved by a variation of the not-yet-quite-dead béret and may be termed the pancake béret, so flat is it and so insecurely perched on the head. This will probably die out as the season advances, but the tiny brims which now shade our eyes may well be expected to grow larger and there is more prospect of millinery returning and the toy hat disappearing than there has been for many, many months



Scaioni Studios

WE may expect: tip-tilted hats; frilled shoulders; three-quarter or no sleeves at all, and a wide choice of colours . . . .

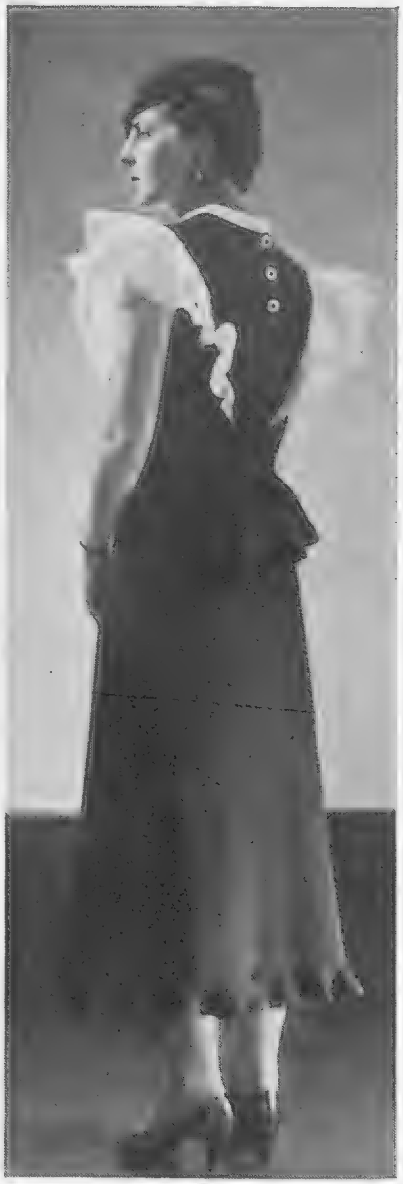


A BLACK straw Patou hat from Gorringe's is worn by Mrs. Eliot Ware with a black and white linen Vera Borea dress. A Dorville model from Marshall & Snelgrove

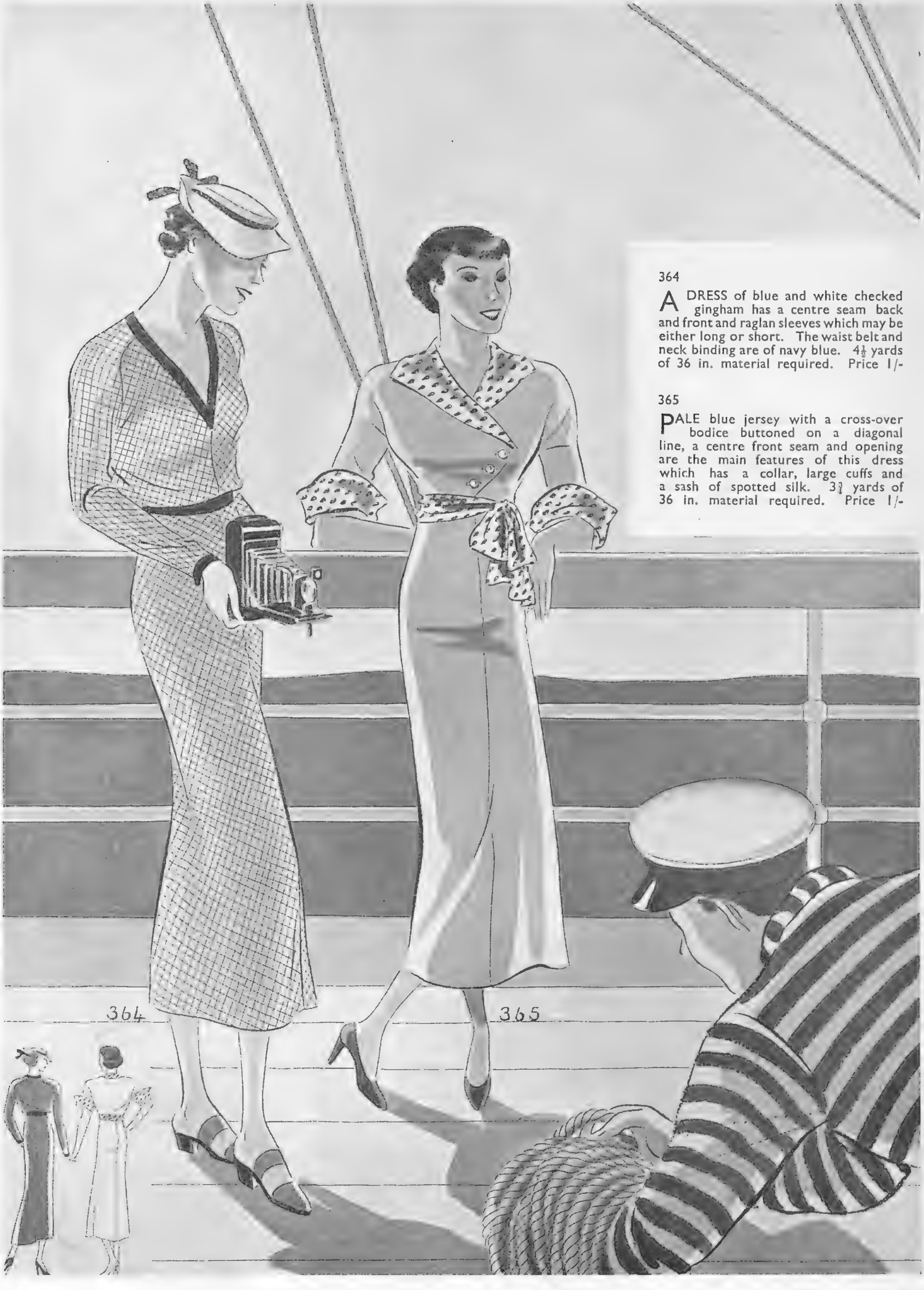
ON the right is shown a Marcel Rochas model in fine black angora wool with a frilled hem and large organdie capelets over each shoulder. From Asprey

THE Norvic and Mascot marks provide shoes for all occasions. On the left are court shoes, price 21/-, and lizard sandals, price 29/9

ON the opposite page Mrs. Eliot Ware is seen in a black straw and white feather hat from Gorringe's, and a patterned crêpe de Chine dress from Tora



PRACTICAL DESIGNS for



364

A DRESS of blue and white checked gingham has a centre seam back and front and raglan sleeves which may be either long or short. The waist belt and neck binding are of navy blue. 4½ yards of 36 in. material required. Price 1/-

365

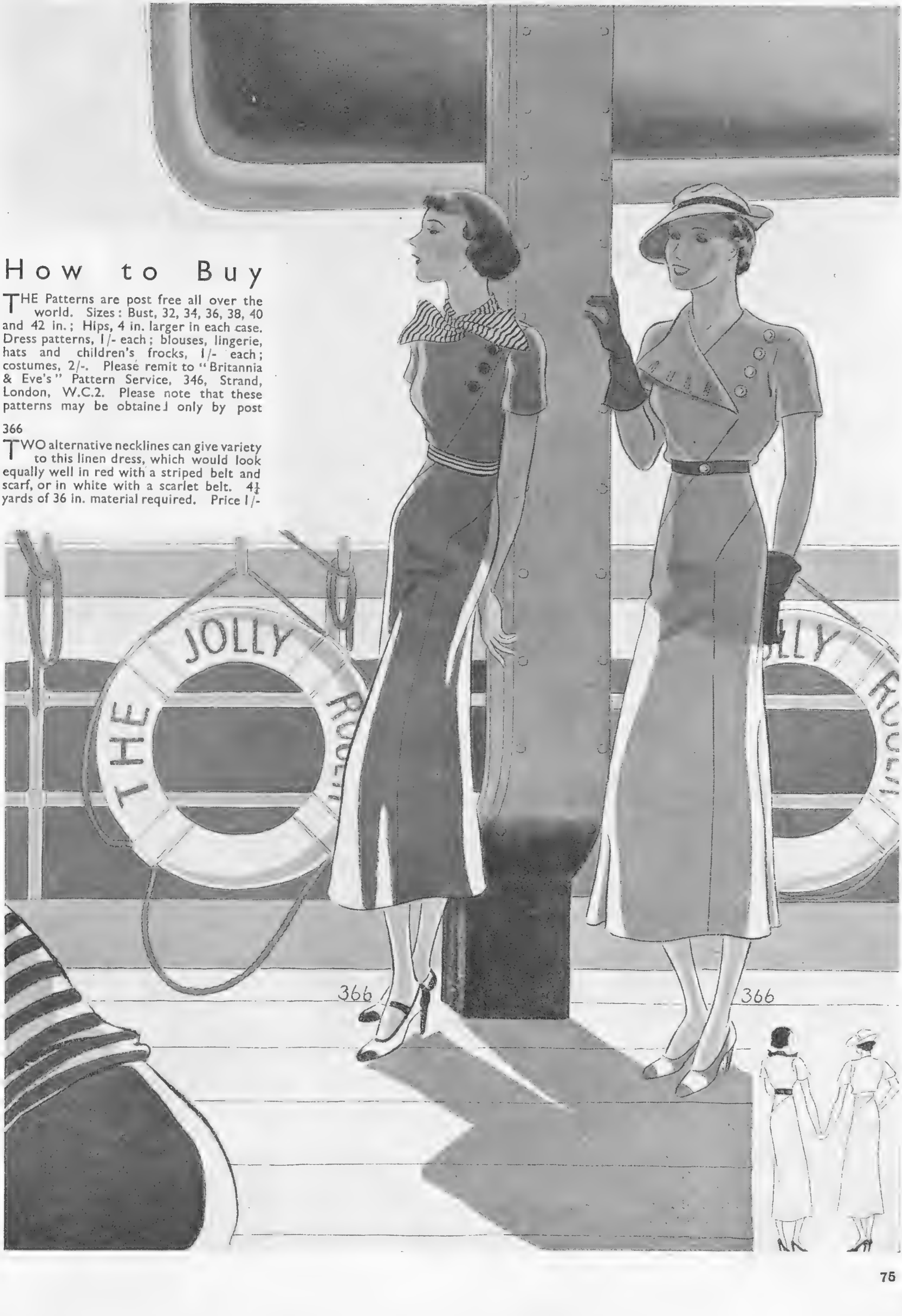
PALE blue jersey with a cross-over bodice buttoned on a diagonal line, a centre front seam and opening are the main features of this dress which has a collar, large cuffs and a sash of spotted silk. 3⅜ yards of 36 in. material required. Price 1/-

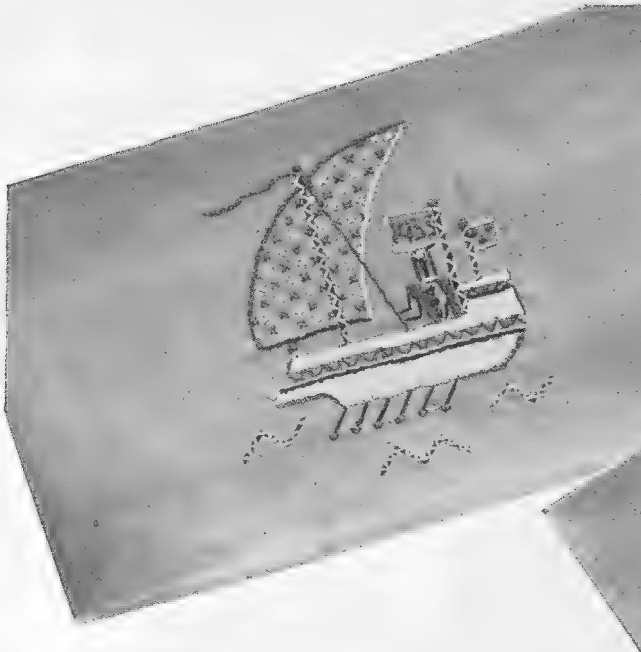
How to Buy

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

366

TWO alternative necklines can give variety to this linen dress, which would look equally well in red with a striped belt and scarf, or in white with a scarlet belt. 4¼ yards of 36 in. material required. Price 1/-





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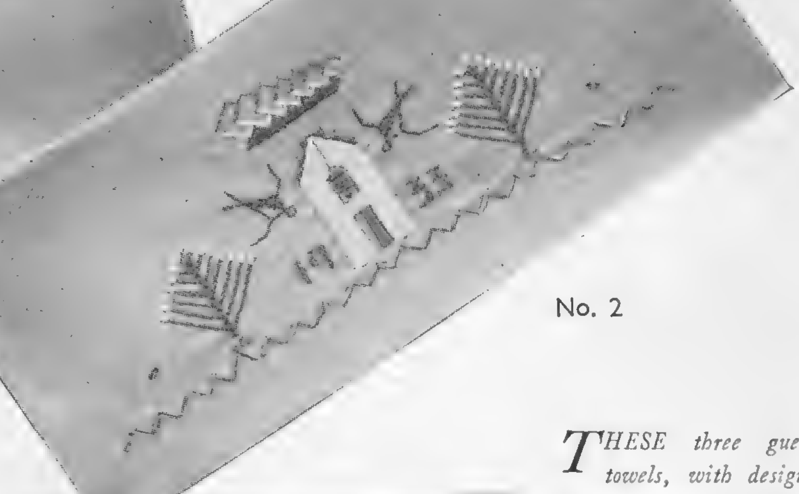

No. 2

THESE three guest towels, with designs ready stamped on linen and complete with the necessary embroidery threads, cost 2/- each, or 5/6 a set of three. They are stamped on good quality linen in attractive shades of green, peach and blue. Postage is free in the British Isles, but an extra 1/- should be sent with Colonial and foreign orders

All orders should be addressed to:—
The Woman Editor,
BRITANNIA & EVE,
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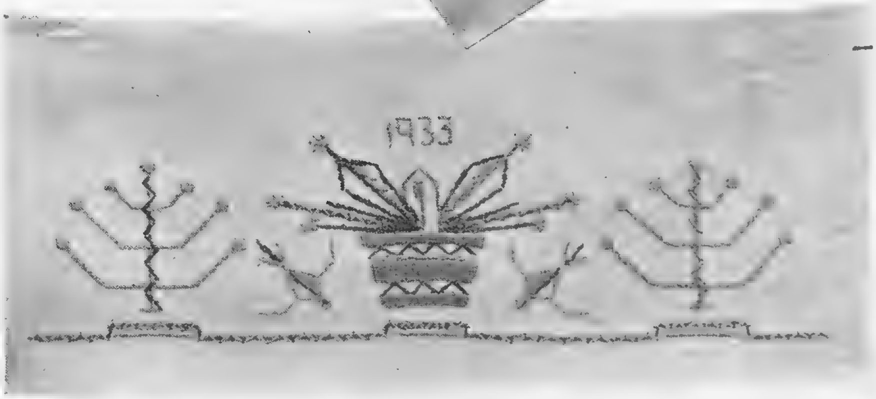


No. 1

Three Designs *for* Guest Towels

No. 1.

THIS effective design, which reminds one of an old-world needlework picture, is embroidered on apple green linen in easy stitches. Use a fine needle, with a large eye, split the stranded cotton and, using three strands, keep your stitches neat and even.

Commencing at the top in the centre, the date 1933 is worked in rose colour in outline stitch. The conventionalised basket is also worked in this colour—the handle in outline stitch, and the solid portions in satin stitch. Keep all the stitches close together. Green outline or stem stitch is used for the lines radiating from the top of the basket, criss-crossed in two cases by rose.

The birds are worked in yellow—do the outline first, and fill in the shaded side with satin stitch. Work the trees in rose in outline stitch, with the centre stem crossed at regular intervals in green. The base line is worked in green outline stitch, crossed with rose, while the solid blocks are of satin stitch in yellow.

No. 2.

THIS design is worked on peach-coloured linen in rose, green and white. Work the face at the window in first in tiny outline stitches in rose and green. The little house is embroidered in white padded satin stitch. To do this, work a tiny running stitch over all the portion that is to be done, then go over it in neat satin stitch, taking care to keep a clear outline.

The door and roof are in rose satin stitch. The trees are embroidered in green outline stitch with rose threads crossing the stem all the way up. Work this stem and the cross stitches in first before putting in the branches. The white tips are in tiny satin stitches. The birds are in green, with half the body shaded in cross stitches. The date is worked in double lines of outline stitch, one rose, the other green. The conventional clouds are worked as follows: first in green satin stitch, topped with white outline stitch, and then in rose outline stitch.

The base line should be worked last in alternate zigzags of white and rose and green and rose.

No. 3.

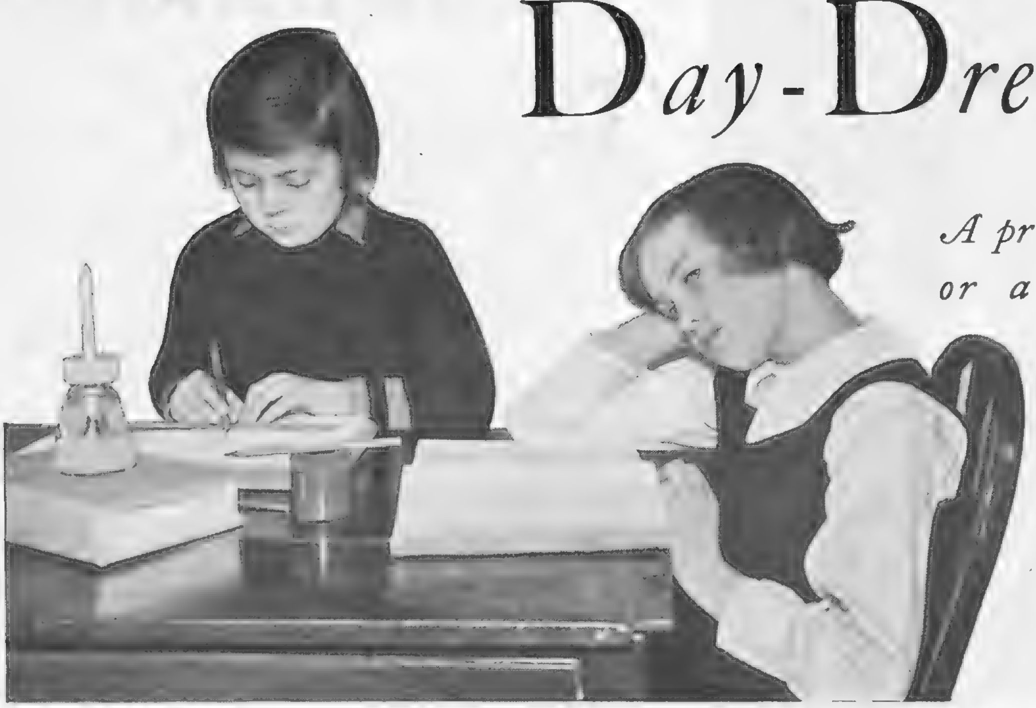
THE noble craft is embroidered in patriotic colourings—blue, white and bright red.

The sailor at the helm should be worked first. Use three strands and outline the features in blue with red dots for eyes and mouth, then give him a white chin line and white stripe down the centre of his coat. His buttons are blue and his coat is of red satin stitch.

Work the flag and mast poles in blue, crossed with white, with the date 1933 in red. Outline the sail half in red and half in white, and place cross stitches at regular intervals all over the sail in red and white. The pennant flag is red with a blue mast-top. The hull of the ship should be worked in white padded satin stitch, as previously explained, with a red outline on the lower edge and up the long slant. The waves are blue, crossed with white lines.

You will notice that the date is included in all three designs so that you will always know when you bought these towels. Each of these designs may be obtained only in the colours stated.

To Cure? Day-Dreaming



A problem to be cured? or a tendency to be considered?

By Winifred Holtby

IT is all very well for Mr. Bernard Shaw to tell us over the wireless that children are not a responsibility, but an expense. Most modern parents are only too deeply aware of both aspects of family life, and insist upon taking their children seriously. The ancient slogan of punishment, "It hurts me far more than it hurts you," can be no longer dismissed as pious humbug. No one who has ever attended the parents' meetings of a modern nursery school, read the correspondence columns of a paper like *The Nursery World*, or listened to young mothers discussing their treasured offspring, can doubt that this country is full of anxious couples torturing themselves over the discovery in their children of psychological traits that may be a matter, really, for congratulation.

Not long ago I read in a daily paper an article entitled "How to Cure the Day-dreaming Child." It had, apparently, been written in response to repeated requests for information. Cure? thought I. Day-dreaming? thought I. Since when have day-dreams become a disease? If this be so, thought I, how dare we, in this enlightened age, celebrate publicly the centenary of Lewis Carroll, and publicly mourn the death of Kenneth Grahame, two notable seducers of youth and traffickers in the vice of the day-dream?

But the article was not isolated phenomenon. A few days later a stranger claimed the excuse of a slight acquaintance with a relative of mine to send me a prose-poem written by his daughter. She was fifteen, he said. And she had recently taken to writing. She wrote prose; she wrote verse. She spent hours sitting at the piano. Would I be so very kind as to cast my eye over the enclosed composition—copied in laborious round-hand—and tell the father my honest opinion of it? He ended pathetically with the question "Would you be worried if she were yours?"

I was able to reply quite conscientiously that, on the contrary, I should be rather pleased. The effusion was nothing remarkable in itself—a description of a girl dancing upon a stage, the décor of which read like a rather treacly mixture of an Aubrey Beardsley design and the scene of Aladdin's Palace in the local pantomime. It displayed all the sentimental romanticism and rather morbid sensationalism of adolescence; but it showed also a nice feeling for words, a vivid pictorial imagination, and a disposition on the part of the girl to contemplate experiences alien to her mild domestic life in a small country town. She seemed to be passing through a stage common to most imaginative schoolgirls, and needed rather a positive encouragement towards better taste than a suppression of her fancy.

But I do not suppose that my reply satisfied her perplexed parents. The prejudice against day-dreaming is an old-established one. "Jack o' Dreams" was always contrasted unfavourably with "John o' Deeds," as though action and reflection were incompatible, and the dreamer could never become a doer. Almost all our more orthodox educational systems are built up on this notion. In many girls' boarding schools where I have taught, day-dreaming and other forms of contemplation are repressed by the simple expedient of leaving no time for them. Every second of the girl's day is planned for her, from the moment she is aroused by a clanging bell in the morning till the moment when a mistress, going her rounds of the dormitory, puts out the light at night. The hours of recreation have their appointed activities, as strenuous as the hours of work. Cricket practice, embroidery, Girl Guide tests and rehearsals for plays and concerts take the place filled in boys' schools by athletic exercise and cold baths as the approved remedy for "silliness" and adolescent sentimentality. In the school which I attended as a child, even our one so-called Free Evening each week might be filled with any activity except that contemplative tranquillity commended by poets and mystics, or by the intimate conversation which is a kind of social day-dream. We might talk only if we had a piece of needlework in our hands; we might dream only if we did it behind the screen of a book.

THESE prohibitions are partly the result of an attempt to scurry the young so quickly through their awkward period of adolescence that they can have no time to be aware of themselves; and partly it is the legacy from a tradition that associated virtue with Hard Work and Success as its reward, a tradition which had no doubt, between Martha and Mary, who chose the better part, and perpetuated the maxim that Satan still finds mischief for idle hands to do, forgetting that he is even more likely to find scope for his influence in idle brains.

But to that traditional fear of dreaming as a symptom of idleness has recently been added the new terror of dreaming as a cause of divided personality. The number of us who wade through the formidable volumes of Freud's own work about equals the number of Socialists who have read from beginning to end Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*; but the influence of the Freudian school of psychology, filtering down through popular text-books, newspaper articles, lectures and conversations, hangs heavily upon the consciousness of many a modern parent. And psycho-analysts quite properly warn us against the danger of substituting fantasy for real experience, and of building an imaginary personality around ourselves to shield us from the humiliating realisation of our own limitations.

The warning is justified. It is quite true that people leading dull and colourless lives are faced by two alternatives. They can, by exerting courage and initiative, change their own circumstances, or they can pretend that the circumstances do not exist, and enclose themselves in an imaginary world of greater comfort. There are thousands of men and women to-day who would (*Continued on page 102*)

Furnishing *to*

THERE is a new technique in home planning which our grandmothers never dreamed of. It is the art of selecting furniture in such a way as to invest our inadequate modern apartments with as much virtue as ingenuity can conceive.

Ceasing to be a question of " what to put in," furnishing a modern room has become infinitely more a problem of " what to leave out "; yet present standards demand the utmost comfort and beauty of our homes in spite of these drastic eliminations.

The solution of the difficulty is proving to be in the choice of furniture either specially designed to scale with the particular room in question or, where less costly methods are called for, in selecting pieces which are specially adaptable to small quarters.

The difference in effect between the small room which is restless and poky and the one of similar size in which one is quite unconscious of restriction so often depends upon the arrangement and the proportions of the furniture chosen that to those about to furnish some study of the main points are well worth while.

An analysis of the " poky " room will invariably show that the proportions of the furniture have no relation whatever to the scale of the room. An ungainly sideboard rubs shoulders with a diminutive chair, each upsetting the balance of the other, while a window is, perhaps, curtained in such a dashing way as merely to accentuate its humble size. On the other hand, the more cleverly planned scheme results in a room that is entirely uncramped whilst seeming to contain everything that comfort can require.

The furnishing of corners and recesses is becoming a very popular means of overcoming the inadequacies of the small room. A great deal of furniture is specially de-

THE purposes to which a window can be put are shown in this room by Albert Van der Velde, where curtains of midnight blue are framed against ice-coloured walls. The window shelf as a dressing-table fitted with blue glass has fitted drawers below, while a concealed radiator completes a triumph of economy in space

A CORNER writing desk in limed oak is splendidly chosen for the small room, fulfilling its purpose with grace whilst encroaching very little upon floor space. William Spriggs

THE adaptation of a corner to the purposes of a dressing-table proves a valuable means of economising space in the small bedroom. A brilliant example of what can be achieved in this way is demonstrated above. Architects: Stanley Hall, Easton and Robertson

ANOTHER view of the bachelor bedroom bed fitted to the corner and "dressed" ticed with blue glass, reflects daylight from the

fit *your* Rooms

Some hints *on* the selection *of* furniture *for* the *smaller* apartment

By Winifred Lewis

signed for this particular use now, and is proving its worth in the vital problem of attaining the utmost floor space in the middle of the room whilst omitting none of the most essential items of furniture. Apart from its practical advantages, this system has a further advantage in widening the scope of the decorative scheme, for whereas corners and recesses were once the final consideration in furnishing a room, they now become dominating features of the scheme.

The bookcase which once sprawled inelegantly *across* the corner of a room, thus wasting valuable feet of space between the angle of the walls, now fits snugly into the corner itself, whilst encroaching in the very smallest degree upon the main floor space. Inches saved in this way are inches gained in the small apartment and a useful stride towards its ultimate restfulness and charm.

In one small flat a rather large recess was adapted brilliantly to the purpose of meals. An oak seat skirting the wall on three sides of the recess seated the diners at a table which had been specially made to fit it. Four people could sit comfortably at the table, which was softly illuminated. The utmost use is made, in fact, of a quarter which in many rooms would have been dismissed as "difficult" and useless.

THIS neat arrangement brilliantly solves the problem of furnishing the tiny entrance hall and, whilst also decorative, leaves ample room to swing the proverbial cat

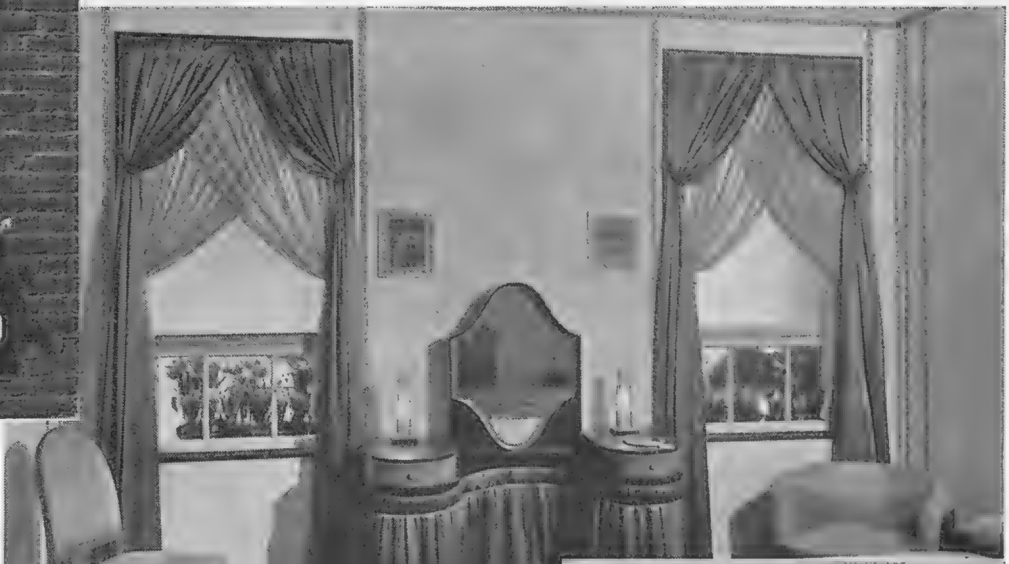
A FINAL view of the room designed by Mr. Van der Velde shows fitted furniture of the same wood as the panelled walls, which merges inconspicuously into the background, giving an impression of spaciousness to a small room

designed by Mr. Van der Velde shows a divan for day-time. The mirror, framed and lat- window, adding depth to a shallow apartment

A FEELING of spacious freedom pervades this sitting-room, although a comparatively small one, an effect largely due to the restraint exercised in the choice of colour and design as well as to the excellent use made of the recesses on each side of the fireplace

In *and*

ALMOST any type of window responds to treatment from the outside. How much brighter the prospect of our city streets would be if there were more experiments like this!



THIS unusually graceful window treatment dominates a bedroom scheme of rose and beige colouring, and firmly directs attention to the flowering window boxes which are glimpsed between the folds

IN designing this staircase window Oliver Hill, the architect, has framed a typical London vista and expressed in a characteristic way the dignity of the scene beyond

Discussing *the* importance *of* windows *and* window views *in the* decorative *scheme*

By Winifred Lewis

THERE is a lot of truth in the saying that we never value a thing so much as when we are obliged to pay dearly for it—so much truth, in fact, that one cannot help wondering if the old law of Ancient Lights, by which the windows of one's house were taxed, served to impress the value and importance of these indispensable items upon their owners. Certainly since the repeal of this unpopular law our windows frequently find themselves in such "reduced circumstances" that one would rather see them bricked up as of old to avoid the hated tax than handled with such poor appreciation of their worth.

Even now we are only slowly recovering from the Victorian obsession for excluding light and sunshine with festooning horrors of lace and plush across the windows, to say nothing of further barricades of palm and aspidistra. Still with misgiving we undrape our windows even as we once reluctantly undraped our legs, astonished to find them worthy of attention.

As for the outward appearance of our windows, one has to go abroad to find window boxes dripping with flamboyant colouring, verandahs gay with awnings and long, open windows gaily shuttered to realise how much we fail in this respect.

In this country, windows which do not command an impressive view are regarded as hopeless, unworthy of all but the most cursory attention, whereas experiment has proved them as responsive to "treatment" as any window with the finest view.

Here, for instance, is an example of what can be done when windows look out upon a small town garden.

The garden in question began life as a Chelsea "back yard" upon which the long windows of a study opened out. The room was small, the windows were large and the prospect was far from pleasing in its combination of drab brick walls and general appearance of decay. The owner, however, unperturbed by this painful outlook, recognised the possibilities of such spacious windows in a small room and proceeded thus :

IN the first place the yard was neatly paved with cobbles, which at once arrested the appearance of decay. The high brick walls skirting it on three sides were then partly hidden with trellis painted a vivid green, upon which various flowering plants were trained. In the wall immediately opposite the study windows a deep niche was cut to hold a decorative fountain, skirted in front by a semicircular lily pool, and bright tubs of flowers presided at each corner of this promoted yard. Operations then began upon the windows, where the old-fashioned sashes were replaced by long casements, the narrow metal frames of which afforded no interruption to the view.

The effect of this transformation upon the room was almost magical, achieving as it did an added spaciousness by making such subtle contact with the garden.

The connection between room and garden through the medium of windows is, in fact, hardly ever properly exploited, window treatments in most cases being confined to the choice of a curtain fabric which "matches" with the interior scheme.

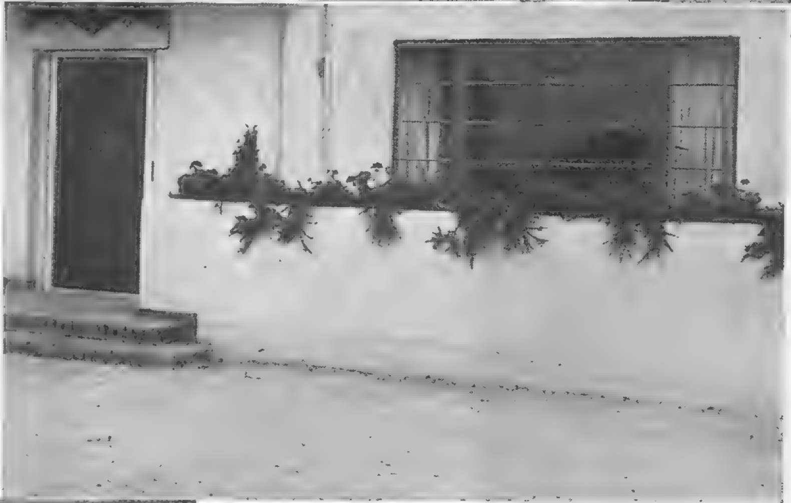
If there is something pleasant to be seen beyond your windows, then why not draw attention to it and add that much beauty to what is already achieved in the room itself? A lovely vista demands a worthy frame; on the other hand, if the view is not worth looking at, redouble your efforts to make the window worthy of the room, even if the view is unworthy of the window.

Window boxes are an excellent means

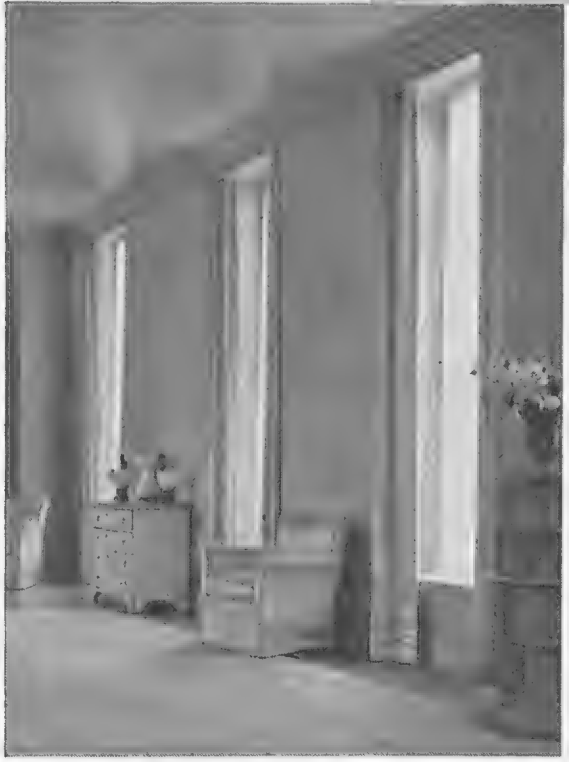
Out *of* Windows

ANOTHER small garden which proves that the prospects from town windows are sometimes far from dreary

THIS photograph suggests the treatment for a city garden and a subject worthy of a becoming frame



"GROWING things" neutralise the severity of this modern architecture, whilst seeming to adapt themselves to its mood. The colouring is decidedly happy against white walls, whilst providing a colourful prospect from within. Architect: Thomas S. Tait, F.R.I.B.A.



THESE impressive windows make a quiet link with outdoors whilst remaining an integral part of the room

of fixing attention upon the near view when the further outlook is not all that one desires, and if the flowers are chosen to blend their colouring with the curtains and, in turn, with that of the interior scheme, the effect is even stronger. From the outside, window boxes impart a gaiety to the drabbest architecture and improve upon the best. If, moreover, as shown at the top of the opposite page, inspiration is carried further by colouring the architrave in contrast to the surrounding bricks, a humble sash window becomes a thing of charming importance.

When it is argued that window boxes are impracticable in this country where flowers bloom for such a small part of the year, I respectfully introduce the pretty coloured glass and painted wooden flowers which survive the longest winter and, combined with natural greenery, prove themselves such hardy substitutes for the real thing.

In treating windows from within success depends upon the courage to depart from conventional methods, of trying out new fabrics and fresh arrangements whilst bearing a few essential rules in mind.

An elaborate curtain treatment can entirely overpower a small room, although it does not follow that a large window, if simply furnished, will have the same effect. Fussy window treatments should be reserved for rooms in which the general scheme is one of restraint, whilst small windows demand the simplest furnishing if their humble character is not to be accentuated.

Considering the advantages which accrue, the prospect of enlarging small windows is well worth considering. These changes can often be made at surprisingly small cost if undertaken in an economical way, whilst the effect in small quarters is often as great as if the room itself had been enlarged.

AN interesting experiment carried out in some new London houses where the outlook from the windows was considered a serious detriment was by the arrangement of a "false outlook" from the drawing-room windows.

This is done by the use of a painted scenic design beyond the panes lighted by concealed lamps which give a faithful representation of sunlight. The effect, though striking, is inevitably rather theatrical and only practicable in a large apartment. The experiment is significant, however, emphasising as it does the decorative importance of windows and their views.

(*Left*)

EXTRA blankets and eiderdowns should be packed in an air-tight chest. A lining of newspaper is an excellent protection as moths dislike printing ink

THAWPIT
THAWPIT

THAWPIT rubbed on lightly with a pad of cotton wool will quickly clean furs. Do a small section at a time and brush as it dries

THE small attachment of the Electrolux vacuum cleaner is excellent for removing dust from a fur coat or rug

'Ware Moth . . .

How to put away your warm clothes in preparation for the summer months

By MRS. ROBERT NOBLE

WHEN the days get lighter, heavy curtains, extra blankets, eiderdowns and warm clothes should be carefully packed away where moths cannot reach them. It should be remembered that when moths reach the winged stage they are noticed and can be destroyed, but that the real harm is caused by their larvæ which are already laid, and when hatched from the eggs, feed voraciously on wool, fur, feathers and many other materials.

It is a great mistake to leave unwanted blankets on the beds all through hot weather. They only get dirty and make for discomfort to the sleeper. If they need cleaning, send them away to a reliable firm with instructions for cleaning and recarding. This means that the dirt is banished and the blanket subjected to treatment that sends it back as soft and fleecy as when it first left the makers.

New blankets are rarely attacked by moths because traces of the sulphur fumes in which they are bleached cling to them, but washed or cleaned blankets need to be stored with care. A zinc-lined air-tight chest is best, similar to those taken by travellers to tropical countries. Failing this, a wooden chest is adequate but, when it is filled, it must be made air-tight by sealing it with gummed paper. It must also be lined with newspaper, or each blanket must have an outer wrapping of newspaper. If the house is known to harbour moths it is wise to sew each blanket up in a bag made out of newspapers, carefully folding over the edges more than once and sewing down each seam and opening. The reason for using newspaper is that moths have a rooted objection to the smell of printing ink.

Fur coats and rugs should be shaken carefully to free them from dust, and to ensure complete freedom from dirt it is wise to pass over them the small nozzle of the Electrolux cleaner. This sucks out any dust that may linger in the fur and leaves it perfectly clean. Special attention should be paid to folds, pockets and the under side of collars. If possible, coats and other warm clothing should be sunned before they are put away. If sunshine is not available, the clothing should be hung for a short time in front of a hot fire.

Heavy curtains made of any fabric with a pile such as plush, should be treated in the same way, and the depths of upholstery too should be carefully cleaned. Moths are very likely to breed in the interstices of upholstered furniture if crumbs, etc., are allowed to lodge there.

It is quite easy to remove stains, grease, oil or tar from carpets or clothing by means of a non-inflammable liquid. Thawpit is applied on a pad of cotton wool which must not be wet, but just moistened. Any excess of liquid should be removed by pressing it on clean blotting paper. Firm but light pressure is then used with a brushing movement across and around in all directions in order to prevent a ring forming. This cleaning liquid can also be used for clothing as well as for upholstery, carpets and curtains.

To de-moth carpets, curtains and clothing, it is a good plan to make use of a new attachment of the Electrolux cleaner called an insector. Special crystals are placed in a small receptacle which is screwed to the exhaust end of the machine. The rod at the end of the hose is then passed under the carpet and moved to and fro, and as the air passes over the crystals a chemical gas is formed which effectually de-moths the carpets. It is harmless to human beings, but it is wise to close up the room for twenty-four hours or so.

Moths always attack anything such as a carpet or coat that is not perfectly clean. If there are any stains on the carpet these should be cleaned off with carpet soap. Sometimes these stains will yield better when covered for a time with a little French chalk or Fuller's earth. The same applies to spots and stains on clothing.

What I have Bought this Month

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2. Stamps must be enclosed for a reply

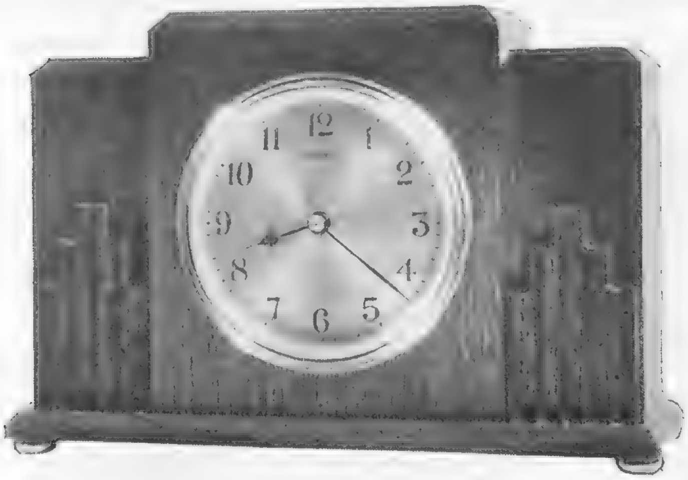
WHETHER one is a man or a woman, it is essential for shaving or making-up to have a good mirror in a good light. Both wants are supplied by the Ediswan illuminated mirror, chromium plated, at 33/6

COFFEE-MAKING is altogether speeded up and simplified by the new Melior coffee-pot with a double filter, which guarantees a perfect drink. Price, in silver plate, 10/6 for two cups, larger sizes 14/6 and 16/6

(Below)

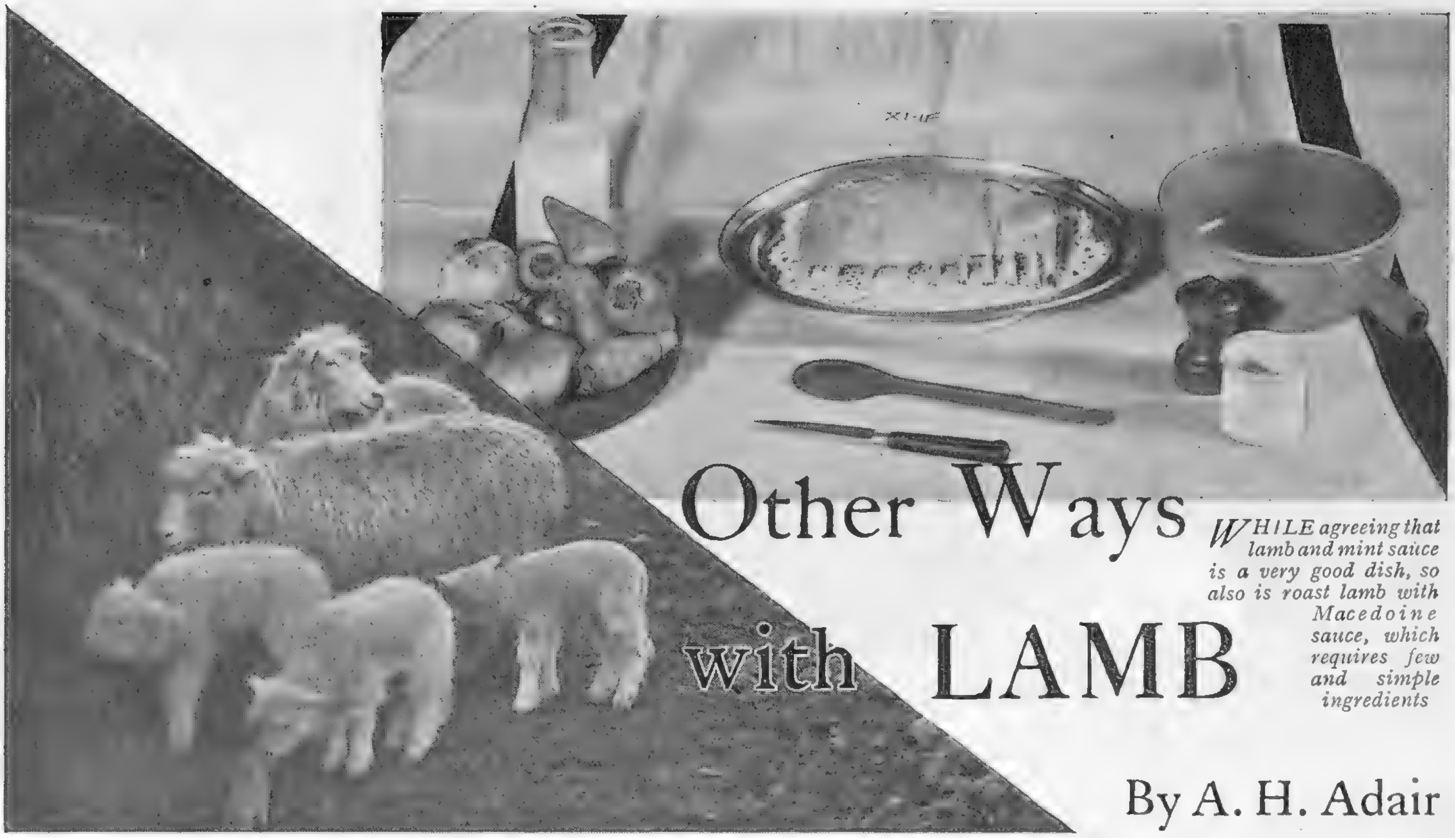
GAY bands decorate this conspicuously useful set of Staffordshire jugs. They hold one pint, one and a half, and two pints, and cost 6/11 the set in various attractive colours

BEDSIDE reading can be fully indulged in, without fear of hurting the eyes, by means of this attractive electric lamp, adjustable to any angle, in cream, blue, rose-red, all-nickel or green, at 12/6



THE value of a clock that always tells the right time cannot be over-estimated, and the Ferranti electric clock cannot go wrong. This model in polished oak costs 42/-

THE cook need suffer burnt fingers no longer; this danger is obviated by an oven-cloth which is sewn into two bags to hold the hands. The new "Jolly-Molly" oven-cloth costs 6½d.



Other Ways with LAMB

WHILE agreeing that lamb and mint sauce is a very good dish, so also is roast lamb with Macedoine sauce, which requires few and simple ingredients

By A. H. Adair

WE shall soon enjoy all the delights of spring with its promise not only of warm days and the pleasures of an outdoor life, but of new vegetables, more fruits—in fact, of a completely renovated larder.

It is still a little early, however, for all these pleasant things, but we have, at least, the first of the season's lamb. That in itself is sufficient to help us to forget the dark days of winter, and it seems a pity that most of us do not take advantage of the endless varieties of recipes for cooking lamb. Unfortunately, many people consider roast lamb and mint sauce to be one of the best dishes in the world, and though we do not doubt that they are probably right, we cannot live for ever on one dish alone, however good that dish may be; as there are many other equally good preparations, we can at least try them once if only to vary the menu.

Roast Lamb with Soubrise Sauce

We roast our joint of lamb, whether it is a leg, shoulder, or saddle, in the usual way, taking care that it is not overdone, and serve with it the following sauce handed separately in a sauceboat.

Take one pound of onions, peel them and boil them whole in salted water until thoroughly cooked. Strain the onions well and pass them through a fine sieve into a clean saucepan. Add hot milk little by little until you have a thick sauce, whipping well all the time.

Season with salt and pepper, also a little grated nutmeg, and put in a good piece of butter. Just before serving add the yolk of an egg diluted in a little milk, after which the sauce must not be allowed to boil.

It would be a mistake to serve too many vegetables with this dish, some baked or *sautée* potatoes being the best accompaniment.

Roast Lamb with Macedoine Sauce

Having roasted our joint, we serve it with a Macedoine sauce poured over it and with the gravy from the roast handed in a sauceboat. For the sauce we take carrots and onions in equal proportions and boil them separately until well cooked. Drain them thoroughly and keep them hot.

Meanwhile make a white sauce as follows. Put a tablespoonful of flour into a saucepan with the same quantity of butter. Stir this over a slow fire until the butter melts and work it well into the flour. Cook for a few minutes, and then add, little by little, hot milk. Season with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg, and go on adding milk, whipping the sauce persistently until you have enough sauce the consistency of thick cream, letting it simmer all the time.

Chop the onions finely and cut the carrots into small, neat dice. Put these vegetables into the sauce and make the whole thoroughly hot together.

The only possible vegetable to serve with this dish is a good *purée* of potatoes; a green vegetable would be quite out of keeping, and would spoil the delicate taste of the sauce.

Lamb Cutlets Boulangère

Peel and wash some potatoes and onions in equal proportions, the quantities depending, of course, on the number of people to be served. Cut the potatoes in very thin rounds and the onions into thin slices. Grease a baking tin with either butter or dripping, and put in first a layer of potatoes, then one of onions, and so on until you have used all the vegetables, and sprinkling each layer with salt and pepper. Put a few pieces of butter or dripping on the top layer, add a teacupful of hot water and bake in a moderate oven until the vegetables are cooked. Place the tin in a hotter part of the oven to brown the top.

Meanwhile trim your cutlets, allowing two for each person, grill or fry them very dry, and put them in the baking tin "buried" in the vegetables. Return the tin to the oven for ten minutes, and then remove it. Make a bed of the vegetables in a hot flat serving dish, dispose the cutlets on top and serve.

Lobscans

This North Country dish is usually made with mutton, but it is, of course, all the better when made with lamb. It is extremely simple and economical, as we do not require the best parts of the animal.

Take two pounds of meat, trim it well and cut it into pieces about two inches long. Put these into an earthenware casserole with one pound of onions and one pound of carrots peeled and cut into small pieces. Add salt and pepper and a bunch of parsley and thyme. Cover with cold water, put the lid on, and cook in a moderate oven for two hours. Remove, take off the lid and add a layer of potatoes cut into thin slices. Put on a few little pieces of butter and return the dish to the oven without the lid for one hour, during which time the heat of the oven should be increased.

We should serve this pleasant, homely dish in the pot in which it has been cooked.

Hachis Parmentier

This good dish, so useful for using up cold meat, is the French version of shepherd's pie. Trim and mince the left-over cold lamb, and meanwhile chop finely and brown in butter one onion. Add the mince, fry together for a few minutes and season with salt, pepper and a little tomato sauce. Butter a pie dish or a flat fireproof earthenware dish, put in the mince and cover it with a good layer of creamy mashed potatoes. Paint the top with melted butter and brown in a quick oven.

A. H. Adair says

EAT MORE FISH . . .

ONE of the great advantages of fish in general is that we have it in great variety all the year round. It is true that certain fish have their seasons, but there are always others to take their place and at all times there is a good choice.

Unfortunately, to many people, a fish dish means nothing more than something boiled or something fried, and that is probably why we hear that fish is "dull." This is certainly a pity, for England enjoys a quality and variety of fish unequalled in any other part of the world; it is up to the cook to use these gifts to their best advantage, and we might easily make a slogan, so to speak, of "A variety of fish cooked in a variety of ways."

Court Bouillon

This invaluable preparation should always be used for boiling fish, giving the flesh a much more delicate taste.

Choose a saucepan or fish kettle large enough to hold comfortably the fish to be cooked, half fill it with cold water and put in one onion cut in two with a clove stuck into each half, one carrot, scraped and cut into pieces, a bunch of parsley, thyme and a bay leaf tied together, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, salt and pepper. Bring to the boil, and simmer for twenty minutes before putting in the fish, otherwise the water will not have time to be flavoured.

Turbot or Cod Gratiné

Take your piece of cod or turbot and put it in a fireproof dish which you have buttered and sprinkled with chopped parsley and chopped shallots. Add salt, pepper and half a tumblerful of cold water in which you have put the juice of half a lemon. Bring the dish to the boil on top of the fire, cover it and put it in the oven for fifteen minutes or so, depending on the thickness of your piece of fish. Remove the fish, take off carefully the skin and put the fish into a clean fireproof dish also buttered. Pour over whatever liquid is left, sprinkle with a mixture of breadcrumbs and grated cheese, add a few little pieces of butter and brown in the oven or under the grill.

Fillets of Sole with Cider

Have one large or two small fillets of sole for each person, and when ordering them from the fishmonger see that the heads and bones are sent with the fillets.

Put the heads and bones in a saucepan with salt and pepper and cover them with a mixture of cider and cold water in equal proportions. Bring to the boil and cook until the liquid has reduced by half.

Meanwhile chop finely two shallots and cook them in butter in a frying pan.

Push the shallots to one side and put in the fillets, cooking them on both sides, which is a question of a few minutes. Arrange the fillets on a hot serving dish, sprinkle the shallots over them and pour over the remainder of the liquid through a fine sieve.

Fricassée of Fish

This useful recipe can be applied to any "left-over" boiled fish. Remove all bones and skin and flake the fish. Meanwhile chop finely one onion, brown it in butter and add a few mushrooms also chopped. Cook together for a few minutes, seasoning with salt, pepper, chopped parsley and the juice of half a lemon.

Add the fish and let the mixture fry, stirring well until the fish is thoroughly hot. This dish can be served as it is quite dry or with a cheese sauce poured over, in which case you brown the top under the grill.

Frying Fish

It is a great mistake to use egg and breadcrumbs or batter for frying all fish. In the case of delicate flesh such as soles, the flavour is destroyed and the rather stodgy coating is very often so thick that the fish itself is lost. It is essential, of course, to have the fish quite dry, but this is simply achieved by rolling the fish in a floured cloth, after which we rub it smoothly with our hand so that there is no excess of flour.

In all cases, fried fish must be thoroughly well drained before serving. Nothing is more unpleasant than a greasy piece of fish. Standing the fish on blotting paper in a hot place and sprinkling it with a little salt is the best way of overcoming this difficulty.

Madam, did you Know . . . ?

Practical Paragraphs *for the* Housewife

THAT antimony can be cleaned with blue unction, procurable from any chemist. Rub in and polish with a soft rag. Keep polished, and do not use the ointment too often.

WINDOWS that jamb can be prevented from so doing if they are rubbed with a little salad oil, or a very little linseed oil. Run the window up and down after putting on the oil, which should be rubbed on with cotton waste or cotton wool.

THAT damask tablecloths which are no longer required, never very successful when made into table napkins, can be made into attractive curtains or bedspreads by the judicious use of a well-chosen dye to match the existing colour scheme of the room.

THAT rubber hot-water bags should be washed occasionally as they become greasy and slightly dirty. Wash them with warm soapy water to which a little ammonia and a teaspoonful of salad oil have been added.

THAT grease stains can be removed from the kitchen hearth if a hot cinder or cinders are placed over the spots. That a tiled kitchen cottage floor will keep clean longer if it is polished after washing over with soap and brush.

THAT a little milk added to the rinsing water will prevent silks from going yellow, and that shantung or tussore silk should be ironed bone dry to get a really good result.

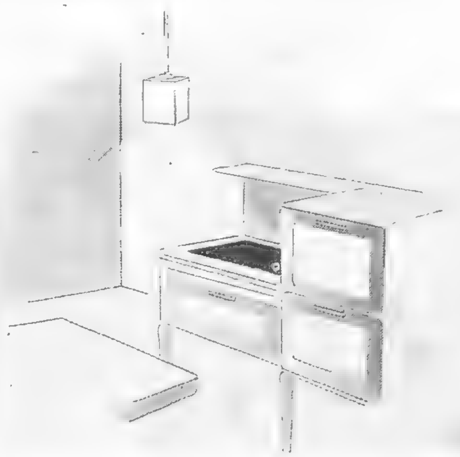
THAT the hot, clammy atmosphere of a kitchen often makes the electric light cords into dust-traps; they become both greasy and "furry." This can be remedied by having the cord in rubber tubing. It is easily put on at home, and a rub with a soapy rag keeps it always clean and sanitary.

THAT rusty screws should have the head soaked in vinegar to enable them to be removed. Let the vinegar soak in for several minutes before using the screw-driver.

THAT in the event of having mislaid the corkscrew an ordinary long screw with a string attached will often act as the missing corkscrew. Bottles that have greasy contents, or corks sunk deeply in, will be found more easy to open, and less risk will be run of getting messy fingers, if a screw is driven into the cork, and left with a good head to pull on.

WHISKY has more purposes than one, it seems! Jewellery in need of cleaning will be all the better for a bath in it. Settings grown dull deprive gems of half their beauty, so make a note of this simple way of restoring brightness. Dip the ring or bracelet in a little whisky, then polish with a soft duster. The stones and their settings afterwards look marvellously rejuvenated.

AN excellent "roller" for massage can be made by filling a child's rubber ball with a pound or two of shot. This can be bought in the sports department of a stores, at some ironmongery shops or at a gunmaker's.



BREADCRUMBS will clean satin or brocade shoes. Rub the breadcrumbs all over the shoes. A paste made of methylated spirits and breadcrumbs will prove more efficient if the shoes are very soiled.

IF an old piece of furniture has dry-rot, it should be thrown away; if it has worm holes, these should be plugged with pieces of cotton soaked in paraffin.

IVORY handles on knives can be cleaned with a paste made of whitening and lemon juice. Spread the paste on the handles and leave it on for several hours. Wipe this off, then polish with a chamois leather. Composition handles should never be immersed in hot water, nor should they come in contact with any heat at all.

A SPONGE-OVER with a little cold tea will improve the appearance of old oak tremendously. Rinse this off with warm water and then polish. To improve the look of a mahogany surface rub it over with a methylated spirit moistened cloth. The spirit should be slightly warm.

Kitchens: Some in Miniature

In a small flat the kitchen may sometimes be installed in a cupboard without sacrifice of efficiency or convenience

By G. Baseden Butt

A KITCHEN installed in a large cupboard manages to include a cooker, sink and dresser

A "WELLSTOOD" range recently installed in a modern house shows a partly tiled surface, the remainder of which is enamelled so that no black-leading is required

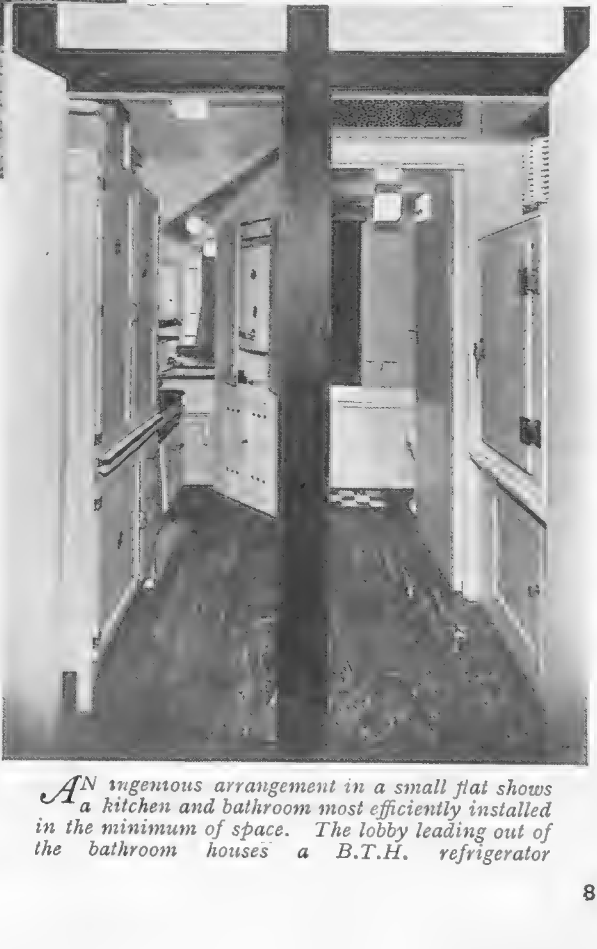
WHENEVER an existing house is converted into flats, deciding on the best position for the kitchen and bathroom is frequently one of the most difficult problems. In London there are by-laws which prohibit these rooms from being situated on the road frontage of important thoroughfares, and the decorator, therefore, has to find a place for them somewhere at the back of the suite. Often it is by no means easy to find a suitable corner in the right position, and the space which can be spared is sometimes very small.

Probably the irreducible minimum compatible with successful treatment is illustrated by one of our photographs, which shows the kitchen and bathroom in a flat recently converted by Mr. Cyril G. Saunders in Piccadilly. The floor area occupied by the two rooms together amounts to ten feet square, yet it has been possible to include a full-sized bath and a lavatory basin, while in the very diminutive kitchen a sink, draining board and plate rack stand beside the window; there are also a fitted kitchen cabinet, a gas cooker and a geyser which supplies hot water to both the sink and the bath. As the L.C.C. regulations require the existence of a lobby between the bathroom and the living rooms, this space has been put to practical use as a position for the refrigerator.

Another way to deal with the problem of a kitchen is to compress all the equipment into the space of a cupboard. At first this sounds, if not actually impossible, certainly inconvenient, yet in actual practice this arrangement, if properly carried out, need be neither difficult nor awkward. Sometimes a converted flat contains a cupboard which may have originally been intended either as a pantry or a large hanging wardrobe. If there is no window already in existence it may be possible to have one installed, and then it is simply a question of arranging the sink, cooker, cabinet and dresser in convenient relation with the window. It is true that the kitchen which results will be very restricted in size, but this is a practical advantage since it gets rid of the need for walking to and fro. Everything is within arm's reach, and work can be done in less time and with less fatigue.

For the woman of restricted means and a small kitchen, Messrs. Smith and Wellstood have planned a most practical small cooker called the Bandera, which takes up a space only twenty inches wide, fourteen deep and nineteen high. Yet there is ample room on the hot-plate for the necessary number of saucepans, and a whole joint can be roasted in the oven. This economical cooker burns the cheapest of ordinary coal and can be connected to the existing chimney. Thirty-nine shillings and sixpence includes the delivery to any railway station in Great Britain. The latest Bonamel porcelain finish, which can be provided at an extra cost, is heat-retaining, practically unchippable, and spotlessly clean, besides presenting a most attractive appearance. It is obtainable in mid-blue, green, tan, terra-cotta and blue-grey mottle.

From a practical point of view the kitchen is the heart of the home, and it is important that everything should be as convenient and labour-saving as possible. At the same time and especially in a small flat, one does not want the kitchen or its equipment to be visible. If installed in a suitable cupboard the kitchen can always be out of sight.



AN ingenious arrangement in a small flat shows a kitchen and bathroom most efficiently installed in the minimum of space. The lobby leading out of the bathroom houses a B.T.H. refrigerator

NO firm has mastered more effectively the art of building a small car which is both comfortable and exceptionally attractive in appearance

THE luggage locker is remarkable, in that it definitely adds to the car's attractive appearance, while at the same time being very capacious and more than usually accessible

A New and Attractive RILEY—"*The Six-twelve*"

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is always a pleasant experience to try out a new Riley model, since one is assured, right from the start, of certain definite good qualities. One knows, for instance, that the car will have a good turn of speed, and that the engine will be a distinctly lively one. Of the coachwork, one knows that exceptionally attractive "lines" will be achieved, without in any way detracting from the high standard of comfort and convenience.

In none of these respects did the new "Six-twelve" disappoint me. To a very marked extent it inherits the traditional Riley good looks—and I suppose that there is no firm which knows better how to build a small car with all the outward, and many of the inward, good points of a big one. I must lay emphasis on this; for, in nearly every other case, when a light car is designed to be pleasing to the eye, I find that space has been cramped, sometimes to the extent of actual discomfort for the back-seat passengers.

Analysing the Riley method, I find that, although the bonnet looks imposing enough to satisfy any normal person, it is actually not of excessive length, and conceals very little waste space. Also—and this is most important—the wheelbase is sufficiently long to permit all four passengers to sit just within it, leaving room behind for the petrol tank, spare wheel, and attractively shaped but capacious luggage carrier. (A long bonnet with a short wheel-base may work well enough for two-seater coachwork; but, where saloons are concerned, the result is either lack of knee-room or an extremely ugly "overhang.")

The driving position, needless to say, is very comfortable, although there is one point which seems to have been overlooked. What exactly is the driver to do with his left foot when it is not in use? This is a problem which commonly arises when the floor boards are sunk below the level of the propeller shaft and gearbox housing, and I had hoped that the Riley company, in other respects so ingenious, might have found a solution. To place it *on* the pedal cannot be sound, and I dislike the idea of squeezing it underneath.

THE road performance comes well up to expectation, the liveliness of the popular 9 h.p. model being achieved in conjunction with the smoothness of a light "six." The engine is of exactly 12 h.p., and is singularly free from "fussiness," being capable of running at high speeds without any trace of discomfort. The maximum in top gear is around 70 m.p.h.

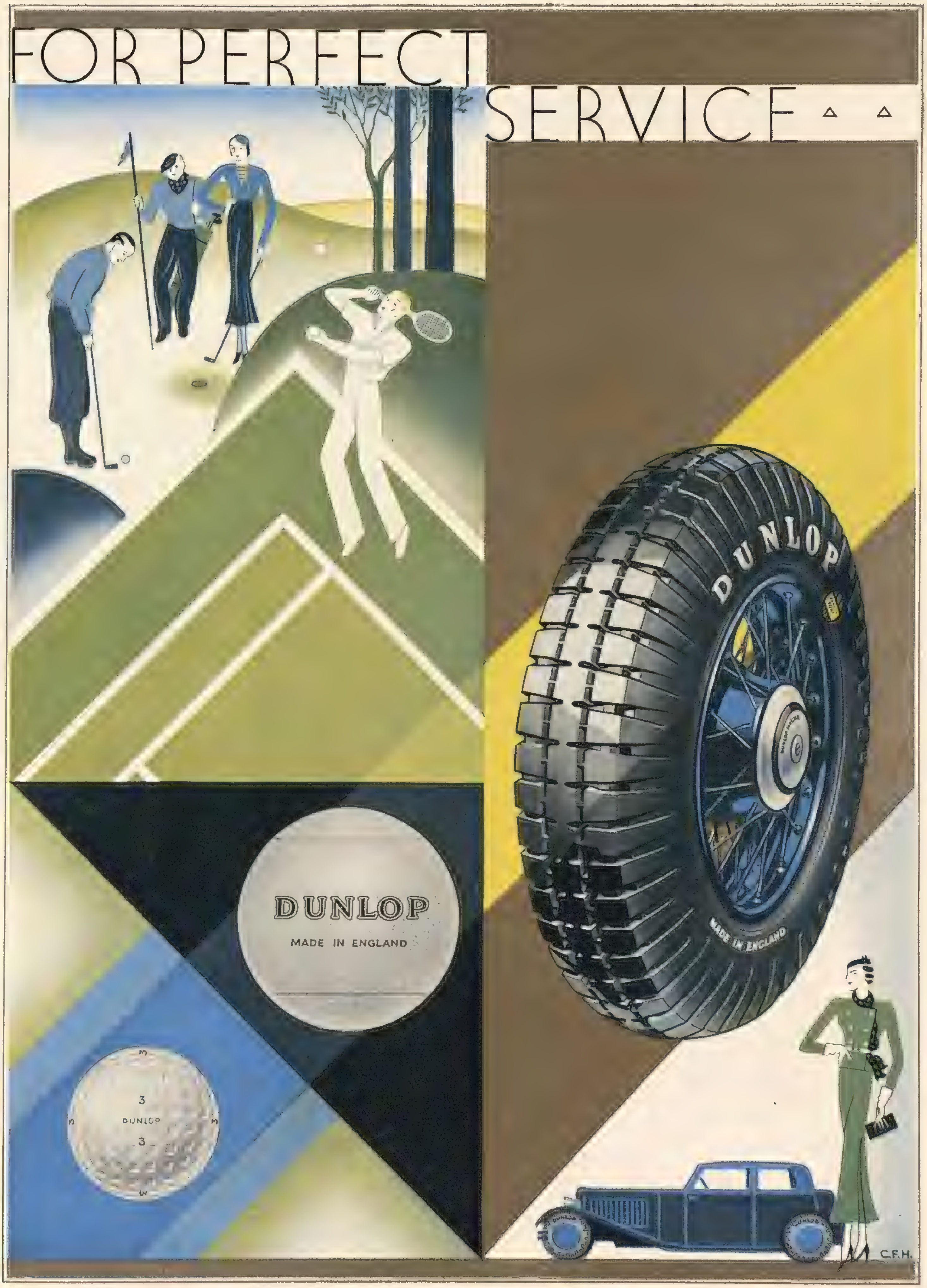
The gearbox, which is of normal type, is very pleasant to use—third gear, with a maximum speed of perhaps 45 m.p.h., being a particularly convenient ratio. A good point is the marking, on the dial of the speedometer, of the comfortable top speed in each gear. The figures marked are those which represent maximum cruising speeds, at which the engine should be in no danger of being overstressed. Speeds of 14, 23, 40 and 65 m.p.h. are given for first, second, third and top gears respectively, and in each case can probably be exceeded by about 5 m.p.h.

One is reminded, by this device, rather of aircraft practice; since, with every aero engine, there is stated a "maximum permissible speed," to be used "for not more than 5 minutes," and also a "cruising speed," representing the recommended limit.

The steering is everything that one could wish, and the car, being well "balanced" and low built, holds the road with admirable steadiness. The springing is good, and errs, if at all, a trifle on the "hard" side. The result of this, of course, is that the "Six-twelve" is at its best and most comfortable at moderately high speeds. It is by no means designed as "a fast car," in the popular sense of the term; but it would be true to say that, within limits, it goes better and better as the speed increases.

THE brakes are thoroughly effective, and a good point, to my mind, is that they can be applied quite firmly when the need arises, without becoming fierce and violent in their action. A very simple adjustment is provided for both hand and foot brake, and is so arranged that the driver can regulate the setting without stopping the car or even having to look down. One can imagine circumstances in which this might be helpful.

Altogether, at less than £350, the new Riley must be regarded as a thoroughly sound proposition. It is intended, no doubt, to appeal to a new type of purchaser—the man who has admired the qualities of previous small Riley models, but who demands the extra refinement and ease of control for which the small six-cylinder engine has become known. In this I think that it will admirably succeed.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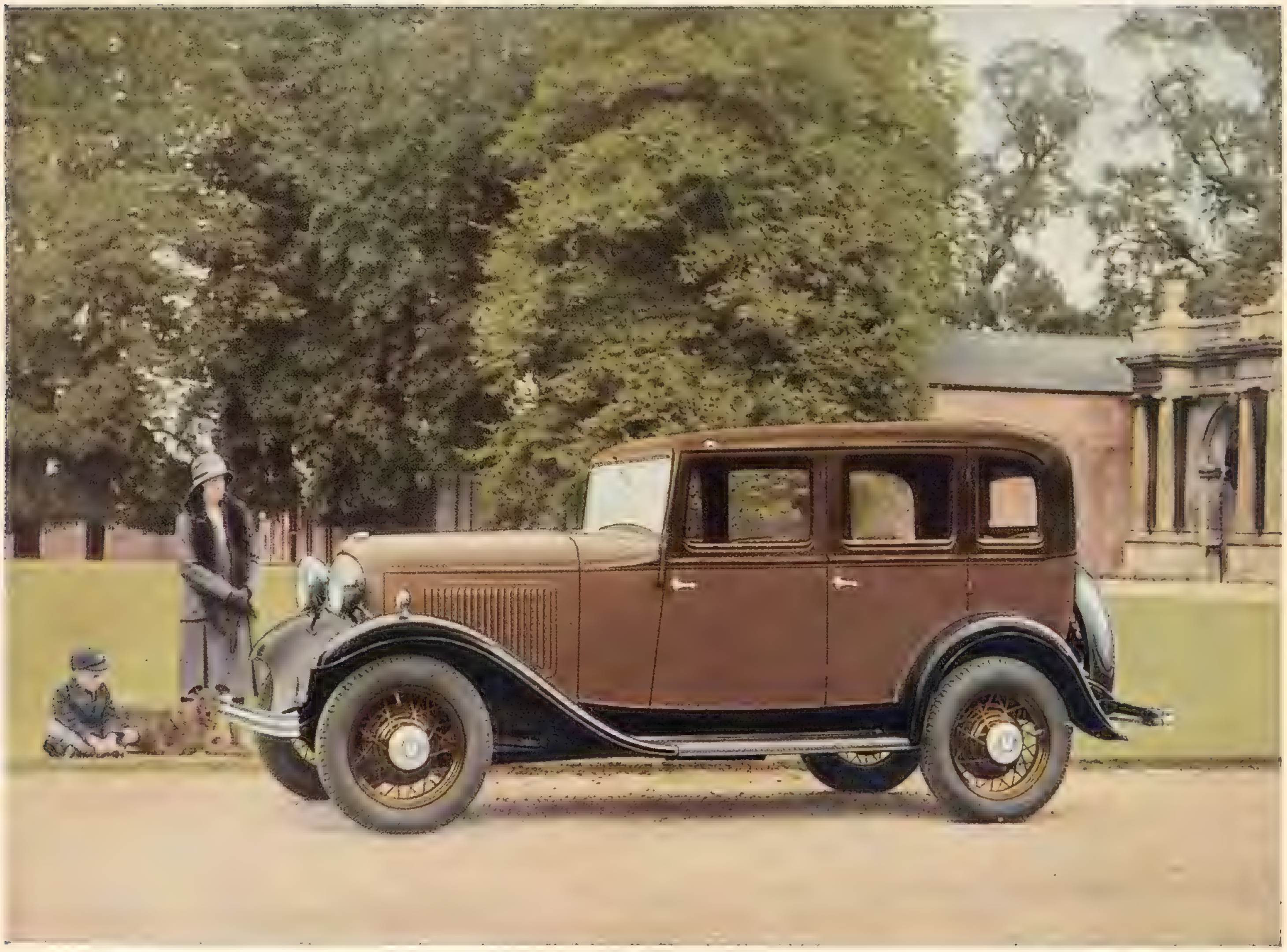

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PROGRESS!

By The Earl of Cardigan

ANCIENT and Modern: An old mill on the hills above Burton Dassett, which is a favourite spot for motorists in the summer. The car is a Standard Little Nine

THERE is an old saying to the effect that the onlooker sees most of the game. I wonder whether this is true in the case of motoring development? Does the average motorist see, as clearly as I do, for instance, the enormous strides that are nowadays being made in the production of economical, convenient and efficient motor cars?

In a sense, such progress should be especially apparent to the ordinary citizen, who may be expected to buy a new car perhaps once in three years. It must be obvious to him that his latest car, if of the same horse-power, is very much cheaper, goes very much faster, and is very much more convenient for him to maintain and handle than any of its predecessors.

The average man, however, is distressingly—almost aggravatingly—difficult to astonish. He takes such a great deal for granted. He says, "Yes, it *is* an improvement. But then, so it ought to be! There's nothing remarkable in that."

To me, I must confess, the motoring progress of the last year or two seems very remarkable indeed. I suppose that, on the average, I drive very nearly one new car per week; and, of late, I have hardly come across a new car, of any make or size, which has not marked a real, practical advance in one direction or another. I see improvement going on, not merely from year to year, but almost from month to month.

To some extent, this has always been the case; but formerly, unless my memory fails me, the process was very much slower. I remember when four-wheel brakes were first developed. Only one or two cars, at first, were fitted with them. Then, after a year, there were half a dozen makes so fitted. After two years, one began to predict that four-wheel brakes must be "the coming thing."

Now, no sooner has one made a note of some useful new invention, or development, than every other car which one meets is apparently supplied with it. No sooner does one come across a light car capable of the "remarkable" top speed of 60 m.p.h., or whatever it may be, than, almost before one's comments are in print, every other light car seems to be doing its honest "mile a minute."

To take a minor point, for years—ever since the ridiculous notion gained currency that petrol tanks under the scuttle were "dangerous"—it was customary for a great deal of space to be wasted in the neighbourhood of the engine. Then, at last, someone conceived the bright idea of fitting the tool-box underneath the bonnet. Within a few months, I began to find this arrangement applied to practically every car I tested; and, in many cases, the battery would be located in the same admirably convenient position.

It is the same in regard to more important matters. For a great many years there used to be two cars only fitted with foolproof gears of the epicyclic type, and, I believe, one car providing simple "dog" engagement. Suddenly, one manufacturer came into the market with a cheap, efficient, non-crashable gearbox. Now, so many cars have special gears of one sort or another that, driving them, I already begin to detect signs of my former gear-changing skill deserting me.

The latest interesting novelty is, perhaps, the four-wheel jacking device, which seems destined to supersede the ordinary, inefficient jack. One or two cars are now being supplied with four-wheel jacks as a standard fitting, and I shall not be much surprised if, by the time this article appears, several other makes are similarly fitted. Now that so many cars are being built with low, rakish body lines, the inconvenience of the conventional jack is becoming steadily more marked.

Braking systems, again, are improving at a wonderfully rapid rate. Last year, I remember noticing that one or two cars were being fitted with a certain type of hydraulic braking which seemed to me exceptionally powerful and pleasant. Now, at least every other car which I drive employs the same admirable system. Without a doubt, the modern manufacturer both knows a good thing when he sees it, and is quick to turn it to his own (and our) advantage.

As for sheer performance, cruising speeds are continually rising, and it is not rare now to find cars which are definitely comfortable at 60 m.p.h. Such a thing, except in a few rare instances, simply was not contemplated a few years ago. Maximum speeds, before long, will quite literally be beyond what the prudent driver can ever hope to use. At one time, I used to enjoy testing demonstration cars for "all out" speed. Now, when 80 m.p.h. may be easily exceeded, I am not so sure...!

MENTION of permanent four-wheel jacks recalls an interesting bit of news. Messrs. Pass and Joyce, who deal on a large scale in used cars, are so convinced of the desirability of this addition to the modern chassis that they are equipping every unit of their large stock, provided it exceeds £100 in value, with an efficient jacking system, free of all charge to the purchaser. The effect of this is that a used car, bought from Messrs. Pass and Joyce, may be, in at least one respect, more up to date than a brand-new vehicle.

I was not able, unfortunately, to see Sir Malcolm Campbell's Blue Bird before the famous car was shipped to America for its attack upon the land-speed record. Had I done so, I should certainly have had a look inside the driver's cockpit, for I have always believed that comfort and efficiency, to a very large extent, go hand in hand.

I now learn that Moseley Float-on-Air pneumatic cushions were employed, with a view to protecting Sir Malcolm against the shocks and vibration which must be expected at ultra-high speeds. Certainly, one can imagine nothing better than pneumatic cushioning for such a purpose.

IT will come as a shock to many people to know that recently, for a period of three weeks, the Vauxhall factory at Luton was closed down, and production suspended. This, however, is one of those deceptive bits of news. The reason for this stoppage was not a decline in business, but rather the reverse.

The fact is that, formerly, the production of Vauxhall cars and Bedford trucks could not keep up with the demand. The extension of the works, and the addition of further mechanical plant, were regarded as essential. An expenditure of no less than £500,000 has now been made in this direction, and production has since been proceeding with redoubled vigour.

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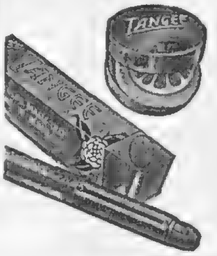

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The Metamorphosis *of* Vengeance

(*Continued from page* 43)

but no man could be so petrified with amazement as was the Ambassador when he learned from Nanarus, with the smile of triumphant feminine vindictiveness and revenge on his girl's face, that the "girl" was Parsondes in flesh and blood; Parsondes, the scorner of everything that was effeminate in a man; the fearless warrior; the indomitable trainer of horses; the chariot rider; the hero of every daring undertaking; the virile, the athletic—Parsondes. The hateful smile curling his painted lips, Nanarus turned to the Ambassador. "Excellency, he is yours."

END

The Awakening *of the* Great Dragon

(*Continued from page* 17)

of road to every 136 square miles of Chinese territory. Sun Yat-sen, "Father of the Chinese Republic," who knew his China, declared that rail and road in proportions of one mile for every 47 square miles, and every four and a half square miles respectively, are needed to open up the vast country to anything like modernisation and progress.

Two hours' flying from Shanghai, and Purple Mountain, near Nanking, loomed before us. Standing out boldly against its darkly wooded sides, the white tomb of Dr. Sun Yat-sen gleamed in the morning sun. I was present at his State funeral in 1929, when the Chinese patriot's body, transported from its original resting-place in Peiping (then Peking), had been re-interred in this first national monument erected in Modern China. In their efforts to canonise their revolutionary leader, who had died the previous year, the Chinese followed the example of the Bolsheviks in Moscow with Lenin. Unfortunately, Chinese embalming was not so successful. What they exposed to public curiosity was a shrunken, wizened, almost mummified little figure, hands crossed on his breast, encased in large white gloves, too reminiscent of a London traffic policeman.

At the foot of Purple Mountain I could distinguish the little house and garden where I had had tea with Madame Chiang Kai-shek, better known by her first name Mei-ling, the clever American-educated wife of the then President of China, and Generalissimo of the National Army. His private pilot, Mr. Smith, an American, greeted me at the Nanking landing.

Refuelled with petrol and oil, the 'plane took off again, and we turned west up the Yangtse.

In my mind's eye I could see the Great Wall of China—a colossal dragon with its crenellated spine stretching across the North of China in sinuous curves and convolutions for more than 1,500 miles through valleys and over mountains, more impressive as a stupendous work of man than the Pyramid of Cheops, near Cairo. The head of this dragon-like wall is on the sea at Shanhaikwan, recently captured by the Japanese. The tip of its tail is all but lost in the remote regions of Western China. Legend has it that one million Chinese workers who died during its construction are buried within the Wall.

Picturesque Chinese junks with their square, high poops, reminiscent of the caravels of Columbus, and with huge fish eyes painted on the bows, a column of warships below me, recalled me quickly from the Great Wall in the north to the Yangtse again.

As we swept over the destroyers, and later over a gunboat convoying several passenger and freight steamers, it was impressed upon me that in these days one is safer travelling in Central Africa than in many parts of China, with all its civil wars, pirates and bandits. Between Hankow and Ichang, a distance of 370 miles, passengers on the river steamers are protected by armour-plate shutters against bullets from bandits or "Reds" who fire from the shores. In addition, the boats, according to their nationality, carry British, Amercan, French or Japanese guards with machine-guns, or they are convoyed by a foreign gunboat, because, on this stretch of the Yangtse, one of the largest "Soviet Republics" in China borders on the river. Pillaging of river steamers and kidnapping of passengers is a source of revenue for the Communists in that region.

Most people have read about the Chinese Warlords. What IS a Warlord? How does he become one? so many have asked me.

The first Warlord I met was at a dance on the roof-garden of the Grand Hotel de Pékin in Peiping. He was then only a "Crown Prince" Warlord. Now he is the Warlord Marshal Chang Hseuh-liang, who has been deprived of his three provinces of Manchuria by the Japanese. While he lay sick in the German Hospital in Peiping, the Japanese captured his capital, Mukden, seized his arsenal, the largest and best in China, and possessed themselves of the greater part of his money. Ousted from Manchuria, Chang Hsueh-liang has made himself Warlord of the remainder of North China, with Peiping as his capital.

A tall, slender young man with cropped moustache, black hair, pleasant manners, keen sense of humour, fair dancer, plays tennis, golf and polo, occasionally varying the monotony by having someone whom he mistrusts, executed.

Chang Hseuh-liang, known as the "Young Marshal," and I believe China's first fox-trotting and golf-playing Warlord, succeeded his father, Marshal Chang Tso-lin, at the age of thirty. Reports had it that his father left him a fortune aggregating seventy million Chinese dollars.

Officially the "Young Marshal" has one wife, and a number of unofficial ones. In that, however, he is only following old Chinese custom.

As Warlord of Manchuria, Chang Hseuh-liang ruled autocratically over a country one-third larger than France. The National Government in Nanking could not dislodge him, so linked him to that Government in 1930 by creating him Deputy Commander-in-Chief of China's forces on land, sea and in the air. One of his first acts was to invite his Chief-of-Staff, General Yang Yu-ting, who had been his father's Chief Military Councillor, and militarily was probably the best brains in China, to a big banquet in Mukden. When the feast had progressed to a proper point, according to Chinese etiquette, Chang Hseuh-liang had Yang Yu-ting taken from the festive board by an execution squad, and shot.

About the same time I saw another Warlord but of a different type. He was Marshal Chang Chung-chang, Warlord of Shangtung Province then. Giant in size, six foot three or four inches tall, brutal in aspect and by nature, he ruled over Shangtung with blood and iron, pressing the last cent of taxes out of the inhabitants. He had thirty-two wives and concubines. Chang Chung-chang is reputed to have been a dock-working coolie in Vladivostok, and in the War fought on the Russian side, becoming a captain of irregular cavalry. When I saw him he had become the right-hand man of Chang Tso-lin and attained to the rank of "Marshal." He ruled absolutely over a territory as large as England and Wales, and a population of 36,500,000. Like Chang Tso-lin, he did not acknowledge the authority of the National Government. When Chang Tso-lin was driven from Peiping back to Mukden in 1928, Chang Chung-chang was defeated and overthrown in Shangtung by Nationalist armies. His troops deserted him and went over to the winning side, which had more money. That is just a little way that

(*Continued on page* 94)

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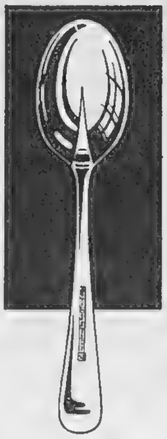
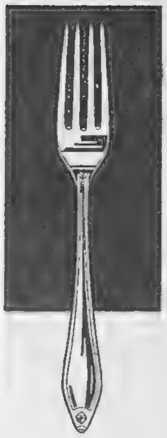
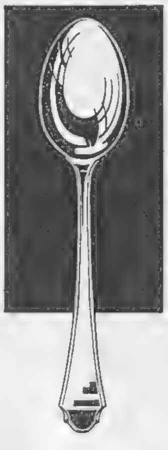


There is solid worth behind the gleam of



Prince's Plate: and the promise of brilliance



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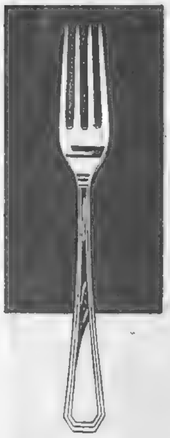

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Chinese armies have. A few months ago, while in Peiping, an old enemy slipped some poison into his tea or food, and that was the end of the "Butcher," as he was called in his province.

Between Hankow and Ichang lies the "Kienli Soviet Republic," the region previously mentioned that I flew over. The absolute ruler here is General Ho Lung. He is a "Red Warlord," was educated in Moscow, maintains a considerable army, and of course, does not recognise the National Government, which has not been able to impose its authority on that territory. His American-educated sister commands three divisions of Communist troops.

When I landed from the 'plane under the high walls of Chungking, a city of 700,000, a few months ago, I stepped from the "wings of the twentieth century" into the sedan-chair of the tenth, and was carried by three coolies to the headquarters of Marshal Liu Hsiang, famous Warlord of Szechuan Province. Later, I was carried in the same bamboo chair for days through the flowering hills and wooded mountains of beautiful Szechuan, up steep paths, along the edge of precipices and waterfalls, where a slip by one of the chair coolies would have meant a drop of several hundred feet for me.

A detachment of twelve of the marshal's bodyguard on duty at the gateway, presented arms as I entered, and the bugler sounded something on his battered bugle, but what exactly it was meant to be I could not find out. Marshal Liu Hsiang received me in the inner court of the compound. In a moment the room was crowded with officers, non-coms., and even privates, eagerly listening to our conversation. The Marshal did not seem to consider this intrusive curiosity untoward, nor did he tell them to move back a bit. He proudly told me about his "Air Force" of nineteen 'planes, and of his River Navy of three gunboats. He is the most powerful of five Warlords in Szechuan, who, between them, have armies aggregating about 600,000 soldiers.

At the time of writing, Liu Hsiang is at war with his uncle, Liu Wen-hui, who rules at Chengtu, 300 miles north of Chungking. Szechuan is larger than France, has a population of more than 76,000,000, not one mile of railway, and only a few hundred miles of road on which motor-cars can be used. It is 1,500 miles from Shanghai, and the only communication is the Yangtse river.

As the National Government at Nanking has no way of enforcing its authority in Western China, it has endeavoured to solve the problem in true Chinese fashion by appointing Marshal Liu Hsiang "Director of Reorganisation," "Defence Commissioner for the Tibetan Frontier," and "Commissioner for Bandit Suppression." In order to bring Liu Wen-hui into the government fold, and create the fiction that the National Government governs in distant Szechuan, the uncle was appointed "Chairman of the Provincial Government." Thus both uncle and nephew Warlords supposedly represent the National Government.

On my return flight, I had tea on board the American gunboat *Oahu* lying at Ichang.

It is difficult, I might say almost impossible, for the average person in the Western world to understand what is taking place in China. It is so hard to visualise the conditions of the Middle Ages that still obtain there. China is almost as large as the United States of America. The population is estimated around 500,000,000, or surpassing the population of all Europe combined. There never has been a census of China. No one knows what the yearly increase of population may be. As the age-old system of plurality of wives, and as many concubines as a man can afford, is still the rule in most parts of the country, and large families almost a matter of religion, the annual increase of Chinese must be very large, despite the devastation of famines, ravages of epidemics and brutal slaughter of the civil wars.

From the northern frontier of China to the extreme southern border, it is farther than from London to Port Said, and from the western point of Chinese Turkestan to the coast, about the same distance as separates Bagdad from London. Within this Empire of the Yellow Dragon there are scarcely ten thousand miles of railway, or just half the railway mileage of England and Wales. From Chinese Turkestan in the west, to Peiping or Tientsin in the east, it takes nearly three months of travel by caravan.

China has made great progress in the last twenty years, but the country is so colossal, its population, industrious and thrifty, so huge, so lacking communications, that more than seven-tenths of it has yet no "nerve system" that leads and responds to the brains of the nation at Peiping, Nanking, Shanghai and Canton. Those who think of China as "a country," and not as the Continent which she really is, should recall that of the eighteen provinces which compose China, each one of them as large as a European State, the National Government has firm control in only five or six. In the others, independent Warlords reign absolute with despotic power, uncontrolled by parliaments or councils representing the people. The unit of the nation is the family, then comes the clan. The Chinese are not nationally-conscious, although they are tremendously race-conscious, hostile to foreigners, saturated with the superiority complex of ancient civilisation and a glorious history. Taxation is most often extortion. Bribery and corruption in politics and government is a recognised system. Only the merest fringe of China has responded to the efforts of Western nations and their thousands of missionaries, or to the provocative prodding of the Japanese. The impulse of the modern age has as yet quickened comparatively few of the 500,000,000 individual human "cells" that make up the Great Dragon. But the process of awakening to thought and action is proceeding with ever-increasing speed.

END

Books

(Continued from page 59)

astonishing confidence, pace and balance. His story is always incredible, often ostentatious, and sometimes, in its hurry to get nowhere, it measures its length on the ground. But it is the most original and luminous of the novels here mentioned, and it may mark the arrival of a real writer. The glamour is a little blinding. Admittedly, there may be nothing much behind it. Or there may be a great deal. His second novel is going to be a big responsibility on Mr. Nicholson.

Here let it be noted, if it is not already sufficiently obvious, that whereas the ladies offered us escape into the private heaven that they keep, each of them, at their elbow for their own enjoyment, the gentlemen had to arrange, rather elaborately, a frontier and a kingdom beyond it. The ladies asked us into their own fairyland; the gentlemen, after cynically analysing what they took to be our needs, manufactured a synthetic fairyland for us. Both agreed that we were looking for an escape, but only the ladies kept the article in stock. That being the case, it seems fair that when, at length, we encounter a novelist who begs us pause in our flight and stop and have a look at the world about us, he should turn out to be a man.

Mr. Frederick Niven has never had the success he merits. He is a sterling writer; but, in an age which asks nothing of any author except that he can be trusted to see that the most unlikely character in the book is the murderer, Mr. Niven's quiet studies of ordinary people are, I suppose, too wildly perplexing and irregular to be popular. Like all his books, *Mrs. Barry* (Collins, 7s. 6d.) is a very genuine and satisfying piece of work. If, among my readers, there are some who have not yet met Mr. Niven, let me effect the introduction here and now.

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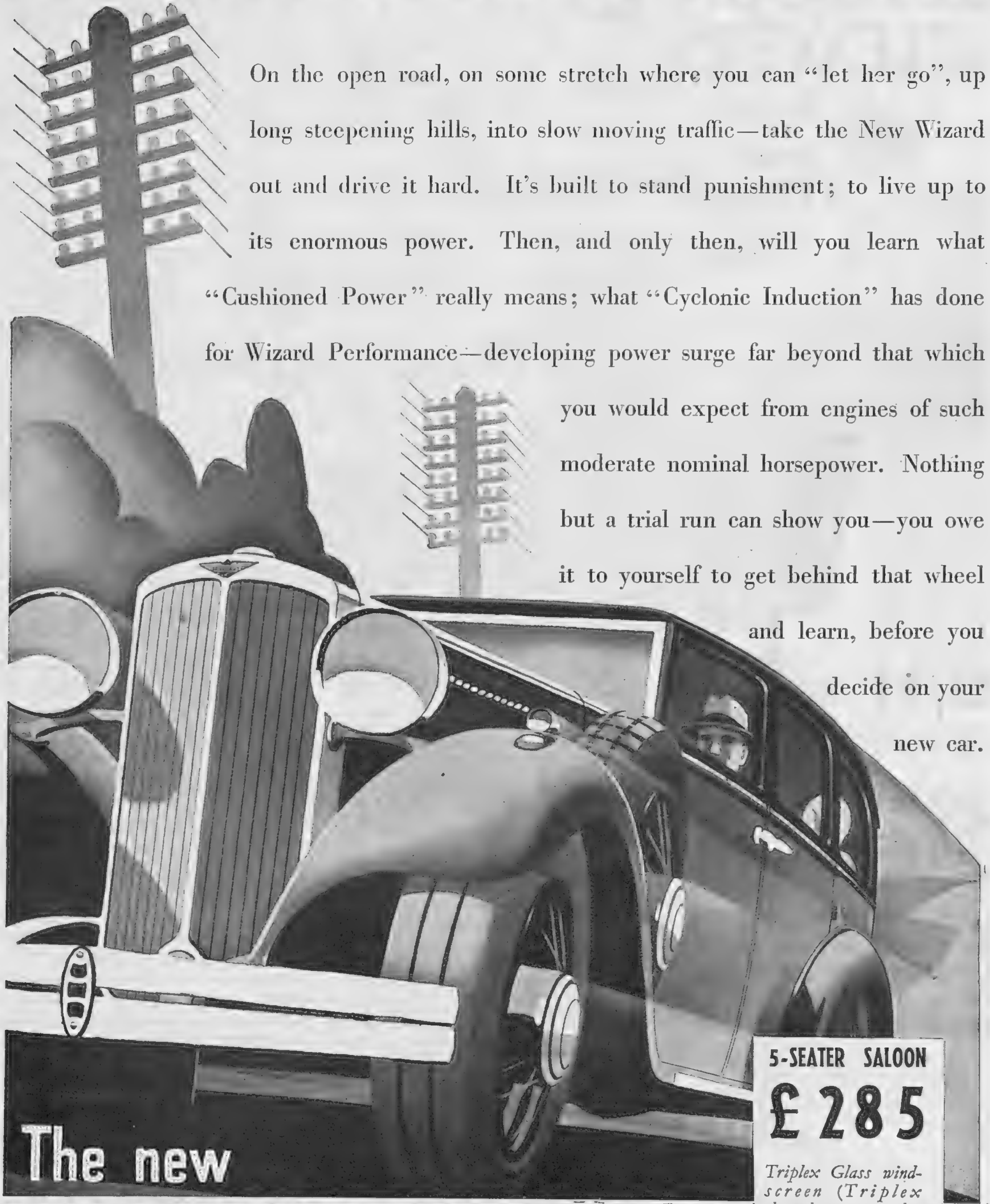

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Don Juan Takes a Job

(*Continued from page* 19)

The Hollywood producers, who know their business, argue that the romantic manner excuses all. Mr. Marshall's feminine following will not forsake him, and the box-office, merely because he portrays a type of man who would not be tolerated in White's, Buck's or any other haunt of straight-riding, honest-playing he-men.

Does he make love divinely—or is he just another man? That is the profound, the serious, question. Not for all women, of course; but certainly for the enormous crowd among whom the professional lover picks his way, casting that questioning, inviting glance, waiting for it to be met and answered in the affirmative by some woman who looks worth while. . . .

"Women are dreamers, idealists, sentimentalists, and innately romantic, exactly opposed to the average man. And they are trusting, confiding little animals." I hasten to say that I quote Mussolini. True, there is a difference between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon woman; but professional lady-killers going to work on the assumption that there is something in the Duce's view have been agreeably surprised by results.

One surmises that there must have been moments when even Patrick Moran, alias George Leslie, knew surprise. He met a cook one December night, and proposed marriage. The marriage did not occur, but the cook for years sent him £1 a month. Why? It was her instalment on Romance, and, no doubt, when she mused about it, she thought it cheap at the price, and much more satisfying than a radio, the movies, or Ethel M. Dell. She must have been desolated when, after eight years, her lover was hauled into court at Leeds Assizes on a charge of triple bigamy and a list of frauds on women as long as your arm.

In bags in his rooms they found 5,000 letters from women. He had been at the romance game for twenty years, and found it exceedingly lucrative. He made a business of meeting women and making love to them. But, working in so large a way, he had to import method and system; so we find him keeping track of the women with whom he corresponded by listing them and noting opposite each woman's name and address the name under which he was wooing her.

Widows he found exceptionally trusting. One parted with £1,000, another with £1,500. Nurses came next on the list. One gave him £800, and another £400.

He found that his crowd wanted, not sexual gratification, but some romance in their lives, someone who thought of them and cared for them, or at least pretended to do so; a man whom in turn they could put tendrils around and at whom they could warm their lonely hearts.

A LITTLE man with a tortoise head, bald, loose-mouthed in youth and slit-mouthed in age, long-nosed, with pale pouched eyes, sits in a rococo room, writing a love letter on hand-made paper. He copies it many times, and sends one copy off to each of the women whose names and addresses he gets from a stack of letters by his side—the pick of an accumulated batch from unknown women. It is Gabriele d'Annunzio, Prince of the Snowy Mountain (a Mussolini-granted title to adorn his old age), amusing himself and perpetuating his own legend of the insatiable lover. At the time, he was living publicly with the Princess Gravina, whom a contemporary describes as short, with well-fleshed arms, and ankles which expanded rapidly into prominent calves. Her photographs show a solid-faced brunette with a noticeably heavy chin. She left a husband for Gabriele, but took her two children and a butler along.

It is an education to look over a gallery of d'Annunzio's mistresses. His legend credits him with devastating successes. But in fact he scarcely ever had a young, lovely, fastidious, sought-after woman, the sort of alluring beauty who captivates men on sight and is rushed off her feet wherever males foregather. His conquests were invariably middle-aged romantics or easy voluptuaries prepared to give themselves to almost any man who came knocking on their bedroom door (a favourite frontal attack of d'Annunzio's). The Princess was typical of the romantics; the Marchese Alessandra di Rudini-Carlotta, muscular, a blue-stocking, and a little mad, an instance of the second category.

And then there was poor Eleonora Duse, whom he met in just such a moment as the Baron in "Grand Hotel" (Vicki Baum knows her over-forty woman of the theatre) met the failing dancer. Duse began her sex life very young. She was little more than a schoolgirl when she had a child by a lover in Naples. All sorts of lovers followed, from actors like Flavio Ando, who stayed with her for nine years and eventually dropped her, to millionaires who gave her palaces on the Grand Canal. At length she felt her grip and her allure slipping. Her audiences no longer responded as of old. She was prematurely ageing. In this sad, even desperate hour, there came towards her back-stage one evening a young, ardent intellectual, already enormously renowned as an erotic poet and novelist. He greeted her characteristically with the flamboyant phrases of a man who has always made a deliberate habit of saying everything with flowers of the very largest size and most orchidaceous sort. She thought: "Here is the new lover who will renew my youth." He thought: "Here is the great actress who will enable me to break into the theatre." But she did not hear that unspoken thought.

He wrote his plays for her, drew enormous royalties and ruined her. The legend has it that, wounded to death because he used her as "copy" for a novel, she withdrew from the world. The truth is that she could no longer draw in a d'Annunzio play, which was a vehicle unfitted for her (as she discovered too late); and she could not return to her old rôles after this protracted adventure. D'Annunzio hurt her, but she was through anyway. Their love affair had always been mainly an emotional, romantic and intellectual passion—so much so that she urged upon her lover the young and lovely friend whom the poet subsequently portrayed as Donatella Arvale in *Fuoco*. She would rather keep him through a dear friend than lose him to an outsider. The animal side of love meant little to Duse; the romantic side, everything; it was life itself.

What did women find in this man? Mainly, colour in a drab life (for life can be just as drab and hideously unexciting for marchesas and contessas as for the profiteer's daughter who cannot get into any social set where she feels at home, or Mary Ann in a country house where they keep no men-servants and there are only plough-boys to walk out with). He had little else to give. He embroidered life for them and gave it for once an adventurous tang, a dangerous quality.

And that is neither more nor less than Landru did. It may look like a jump from the sublime to the ridiculous—from the prince and poet to the criminal Bluebeard, from princesses and famous ladies to obscure women of no account. But, in purely human values, there is little difference. The Landru technique was the same.

Napoleon boasts the longest recorded list of mistresses. But he was not fastidious. "A woman!" he would say to his valet, after eighteen hours of concentrated toil; and one was always forthcoming for the wearer of the imperial purple. He preferred them *au naturelle;* he hated perfume. Julius Cæsar, another small-bodied intellectual, with ferocious power of work, was a renowned conquistador among women. "Look out, citizens, here comes the bald-headed ravisher of wives!" cried his soldiers gaily, as he entered the city at their head. Minus rank, gold, glamour and power, neither of these men could have commanded women as successfully as they did. They had no time for

(*Continued on page* 98)

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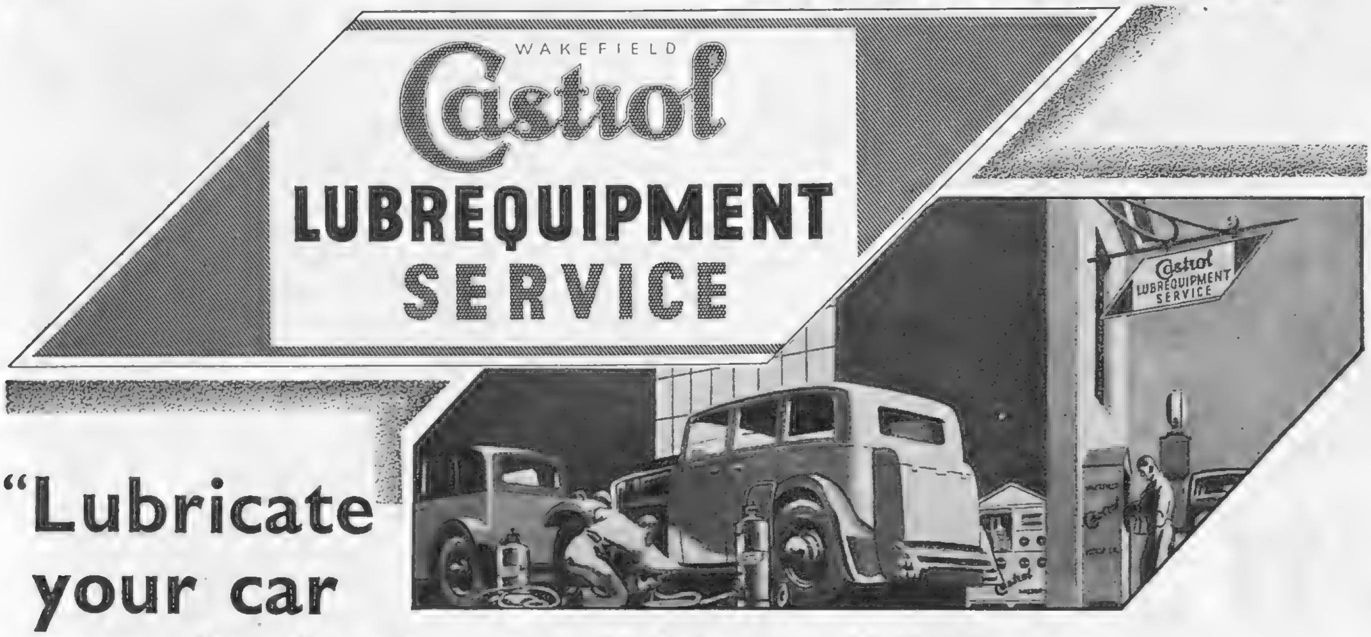

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protracted wooing; but Romance enshrouded them like an enchanted cloak.

There is a man who must have caused more marital squabbles than Don Juan and Casanova rolled into one. He is well known from Deauville by way of Biarritz and Aix to the Riviera haunts: tall, lean-hipped, sun-burned, handsome in a studied film-starish way, athletic, easy, too well-tailored. "Our poor class, our poor country"—he has that jargon off pat. He was a Russian prince until Russian princes joined the gold brick in the discard along with other gags which have worn too thin. Then he became a Hungarian count. His latest tale is good.

I saw him at the Eden Roc last year. He seemed very prosperous. Arrived by himself in a large speed-boat. He had a villa over at St. Tropez. A day or two later he passed my Bentley on the Cannes Road in a roaring blue Mercédès. Alone again. In the Carlton cocktail bar I saw him wave to an Argentine millionaire's daughter; but knowing her and papa, I knew also that he meant about as much to her as a gossip-writer means to a theatrical manager—somebody to be scorned yet treated with diplomatic charm, as useful upon occasion. I also saw him having a drink and a hard-boiled egg in the bar of the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo with a sleek, beautifully groomed, and courtly member of the Paris demi-monde; but again having seen something of her in Deauville, I knew that she was about as likely to be responsible for this opulence as a Greek ship-owner would be to under-insure a leaky tramp.

The English half-smart set, who live on gossip, but never take a chance, would go home and spread the legend of this terrific fellow: "He had only to lift his little finger, my dear, and all the women came running." And so on. But what was the truth?

The truth was that the previous year he had procured an introduction, through a gigolo friend (who stipulated for a commission, and got it), to the widow of an American steel man who had been lucky (or unlucky) enough to die just as the 1929 boom was moving to its zenith. He held a long line of shares which were still moving up; and his executors had been obliged to realise at the market for his widow, the sole beneficiary. She had moved out with over £1,000,000 in cash, which she promptly sank in gilt-edged stuff. The market broke some months later. She remained a millionairess. Then she came to London. But she had not been in London long before she perceived that a 45-year-old woman without social strings to pull (her husband had been too busy money-making to bother about the social game), and with no interest in sport, was likely to die of ennui in the hard-boiled British capital. So she moved on to Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Venice, Rome, Cannes, learning a little more about the ways of the world at each Grand Hotel stopping-place.

By the time she arrived at the Carlton in Cannes she could distinguish at a glance between a low-born and a well-born gigolo, knew the market prices of all varieties of the breed. Our friend swam into her ken as a "sports coach." (Sounds better than "dance partner," and hides a multitude of sins under a show of muscle.) He would call for her mornings, take her down to the tennis courts or up to the golf links, to polish up her backhand stroke or improve her stance. The story of the progress of that affair thenceforward trails in the well-known rut up to a point, but only up to a point.

For she set him up in a separate establishment, with all the etceteras of a man of means, not in order to preserve appearances, but simply to gratify a passion for romantic illusion. He got his car, his keep, his villa, a weekly cheque, and the clear warning that when she was bored with the arrangement, he was through. That kept his wits awake. A happy arrangement for him. He lived a bachelor's life; and from first to last a husband with a posse of private detectives would have found no legitimate grounds for a divorce suit against the lady.

Strange, this passion for romance and illusion. People without imagination, busy people, people who feel they are fulfilling themselves, beloved people—they do not understand it. But then they never have at any time. It is not a latterday phenomenon. It seems always to have been part of the make-up of men and women, an essential part of that capacity for aspiring and dreaming and yearning which differentiates man from the animals and puts his head among the stars. Shakespeare knew it so well that he was careful to see that the marriage of Romeo and Juliet was never consummated. If those immortal lovers had survived, Shakespeare's sweetest love-story would not have come echoing down the ages. A lover must die if he wishes to remain for ever enshrined in the thoughts and hearts of mankind. Husbands, however faithful and loving, are not thus commemorated.

END

America Discovers England

(*Continued from page* 61)

as the deeper and wider issues in which it is swallowed up.

Una O'Connor repeats undeviatingly her stage performance as Ellen the parlour-maid who, as a person, degenerated as surely as her drunken husband under the influence of freedom and prosperity. Irene Brown is again completely right in manner, movement and clothes, as she quietly develops the character of Margaret throughout the length and breadth of the play.

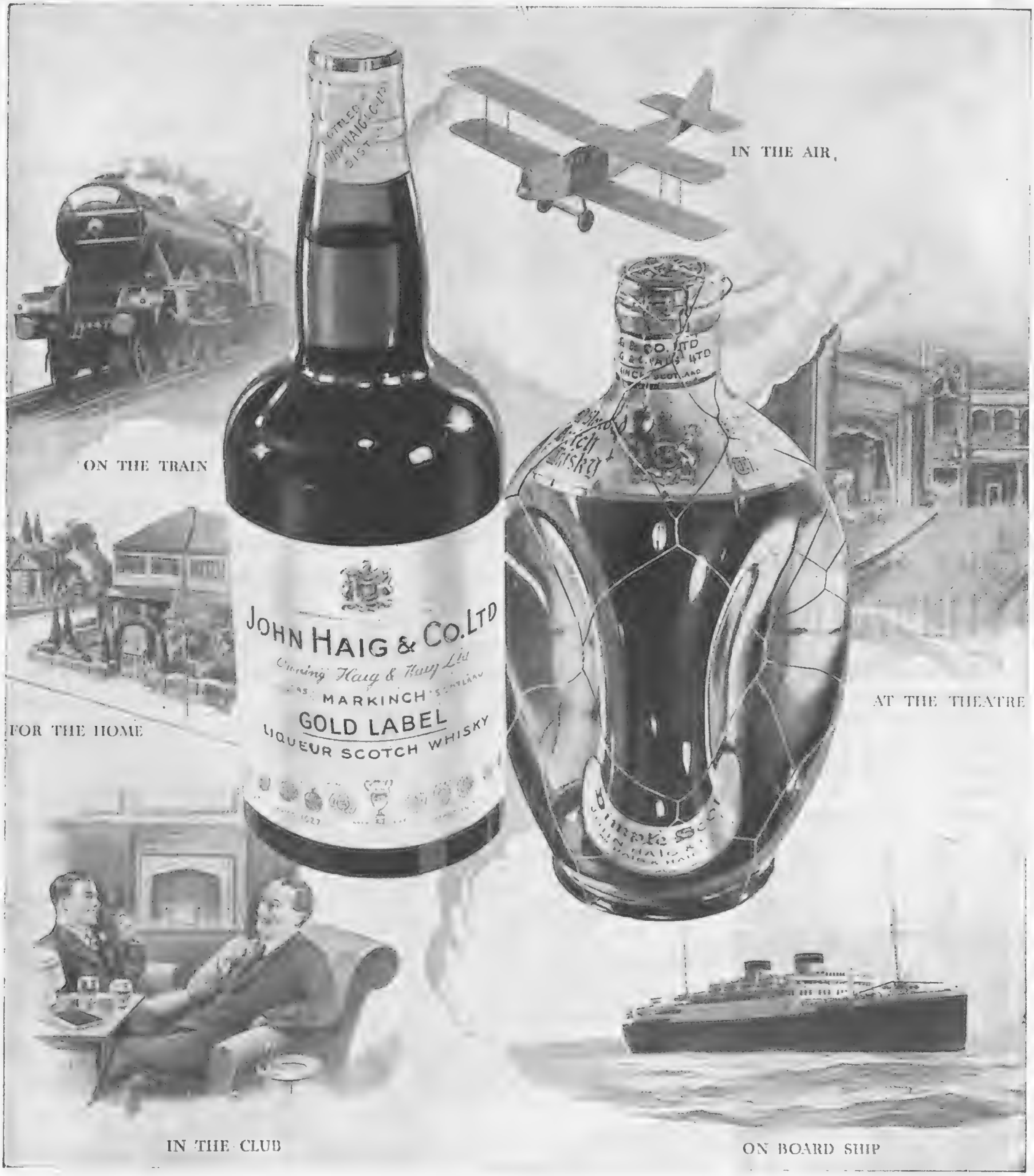
All the scenes and their details are absolutely right and closely follow the stage version, and the English director, Mr. Frank Lloyd, deserves all the praise that has been bestowed on him for a perfect translation into the filmic idiom of Noel Coward's brilliant synopsis of some of the most moving passages of England's recent history. This should not have been difficult, because Coward's conception was undoubtedly kinematographic, but it might so easily have been vulgarised and spoiled.

The only mistake Mr. Lloyd makes is his solitary departure from the Coward motif in interpolating a tiresome symbolic cavalcade of knights throughout the ages and the use of wretched pseudo "old English" type for the titles. The inference that England during the last thirty years is really England throughout the ages finds expression through the impressiveness of the play itself and any emphasis is false and sentimental. But this is a great film.

The disappointment of the season is René Clair's "14 Juillet." He leaves the brilliant, rhythmic humour and successful technical experimentation which characterised "Le Million" and "A Nous la Liberté" and actually created new cinematic methods, already widely copied, and returns to the more sentimental exploitation of Paris, especially Montmartre, and its types, which were so charming and refreshing in "Sous les Toits de Paris," but the new picture lacks invention and cohesion and, in spite of the delightful Annabella's *ingénue* fascination as a little flower-girl, the love interest is so diluted and interrupted that it does not hold the thin story together. The humorous incidents for which Paul Oliver, permanent eccentric in all Clair's films, and Raymond Cordy, the brilliant principal in "A Nous la Liberté," are mainly responsible, are too farcical to be really funny and too arbitrarily introduced to be welcome. M. Clair will have to hurry to catch up with his successful imitators.

END

Don't be vague—ask for Haig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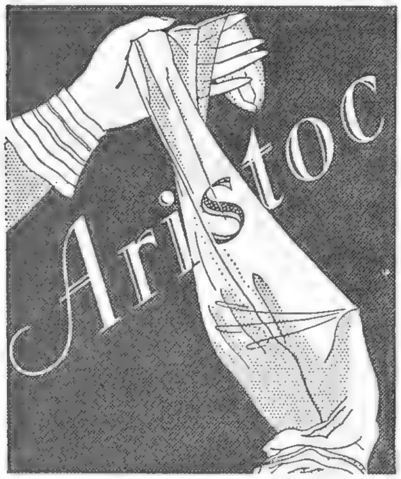

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Sham Sheik

(Continued from page 49)

In a moment they were up and over the edge of a wave. Betty felt the lash of salt spray against her cheek. She was also dimly aware that Brendon Brandt was whimpering with fear. The machine staggered drunkenly.

The steep coast line surged up with a terrifying rapidity. With skill and cunning, Pierre spiralled his machine, and seemed almost to lift it himself over that barrier. Then, once again they were caught by the columns of sand and shot like bullets into the desert.

This fight against the sand wind could only last as long as their petrol. Another hour at the most. Not for a single moment did the grimy figure in the Aertex vest give up the struggle. Sand had penetrated the engine. It spluttered and misfired alarmingly. Then, without warning, they were diving again through the red darkness. The ailerons were thrumming madly in the speed of the descent.

Followed a bump. Then a shock that nearly flung Betty out of the cockpit. Another bump. The desert had risen towards them. Like a dying beast, the aeroplane heeled over slowly. They came to rest in a drifting haze of sand.

Betty rubbed at her inflamed eyes. The oil-smeared hand of Pierre was extended towards her. This time she took it, and clambered to the ground. Brendon Brandt remained in the machine, as formless in his white burnous as a sack of potatoes.

" Where are we ? " asked Betty.

Pierre grinned, and fumbled in his flannel trousers for a packet of Caporal cigarettes.

" We're in the country of the Blue Men," he replied, inconsequently.

" The country of the Blue Men," she repeated mechanically. " What is that ? "

" On the map it's known as the Rio de Oro," he said. " It's supposed to be a Spanish Protectorate, but heaven help any Spaniard found by the Blue Men in these parts."

" I'm to understand that these Blue Men have a distinct colour prejudice ? " asked Betty.

" They dislike anything white," he said, bluntly, and sent a cloud of smoke into the air.

Betty turned. Through the haze of whirling sand, several dark forms were closing upon them.

They were the Blue Men. Indigo robes covered their bodies. Indigo dye smeared their faces. Dark, treacherous-looking men. Their hands grasped rifles with a practised ease.

Betty instinctively clutched the arm of the man in the Aertex vest. Pierre, for his part, nodded in almost casual fashion to this group of desert bandits. He might have been greeting friends in a café in the Faubourg Montmartre. Blue hands passed swiftly over his thinly clad body in search of a revolver. They came away disappointingly empty.

" By Allah, but this is an outrage ! "

In shocked accents, and in equally shocking Arabic, the voice came from the aeroplane. Brendon Brandt had recovered. In all the splendour of his white burnous and with golden-hafted knife at his waist, he stepped down from the machine. His exquisitely manicured hand was raised in greeting.

There was a growl from the leader of the Blue Men, and the next moment the knife was whisked away from his waist. Brendon Brandt thundered. He was about to play the greatest part in his film career. He who would be a Moslem notable would show these dogs of the desert how to behave to a great sheik.

" Take your filthy hands away from me," he went on in his execrable Arabic. " Do you not see that I am a sheik, a great sheik ? "

The leader of the Blue Men growled again. Hands seized Brendon Brandt and dragged him forward.

" He is a sheik."

This time it was the man in the Aertex vest who spoke. Pierre surprised everyone by suddenly beginning a conversation in perfect Arabic. The leader of the bandits turned and regarded Pierre through black, flashing eyes.

" The white dog is telling lies," replied the leader. " We shall soon see if he is a sheik."

Another command, and ruthlessly the white burnous was torn from the body of Brendon Brandt. The real man stood revealed. The great sheik of the screen was exposed.

The thin, meagre body was anything but romantically clad beneath the splendid white burnous. An old tweed waistcoat, such as only a theatrical trouper would wear, was buttoned over his chest. His knobbly legs were half-covered by white shorts. Below, scarlet suspenders held up a pair of cheap blue socks. The white shorts flapped miserably in the wind of the desert. Varicose veins stood out against the white flesh.

" A sheik ! "

" A great sheik ! "

" The sheik of sheiks ! "

Blue hands pointed at the miserable figure. The Blue Men guffawed their laughter. Wincing at this exposure, Brendon Brandt turned to Pierre.

" Tell 'em this is a damned outrage," he spluttered. " Explain that I'm a famous film star, and that if they dare interfere with me they'll suffer for it."

" Certainly, monsieur," replied the obliging Pierre.

He began a long explanation in Arabic to the leader of the Blue Men. He was listened to attentively. A few questions were asked.

" And for heaven's sake ask them to let me have back my burnous," plaintively demanded Brendon Brandt.

He was ignored. The man who carried the white burnous carelessly over his arm was listening to Pierre.

At long last a silence fell. A tense silence. Pierre carelessly lit another cigarette. But Betty could see that his hand shook a little. The Blue Men gathered together in a group.

" What do they want ? What are they talking about ? "

Betty whispered her alarm to Pierre. She had caught several glances directed towards her.

Pierre spoke quietly, and slowly.

" Things look bad, mademoiselle. I've explained who and what we are. They're interested because—well, they want to know what our ransom price will be."

" Ransom ! Then it's only a question of money ? "

There was relief in her voice.

" Only a question of money," he repeated. " But these Blue Men are hard bargainers. This ransom game has been going on for years. There is even a fixed price. For example, a pilot in the Aeropostale—and many of my friends have been forced to descend in this desert of Blue Men—is valued at five thousand francs."

" Then you are all right," said Betty.

For once, Pierre did not grin.

" It is possible that I shall have to pay back that five thousand francs," he said, " and it will take me somewhere about five years."

" And my own ransom ? " asked Betty.

" It is likely that they will fix it at about ten thousand francs," said Pierre. " I have had to emphasise that you are an English woman of some importance in London."

" Of course I am," insisted Betty, indignantly. " And what else is there to discuss ? Why do you say that things look bad ? "

" It is because of Monsieur Brandt," murmured Pierre.

" Do you mean to say that they're haggling over my price ? " spluttered the half-naked sheik, who had been listening to this conversation. " Haven't you told them that I am a great film star ? "

" I have, monsieur. *(Continued on page 102)*

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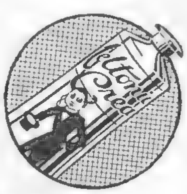

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They have even heard of you. The leader of this tribe has seen one of your old films in a French cinema at Casablanca."

A joyous stage smile broke over the face of Brendon Brandt.

"Then everything is all right," he cried. "They will have appreciated the work of a great artiste."

"But they do not think you are worth a price at all," went on Pierre, relentlessly. "They say you are a sham sheik. Who will pay a ransom for a sham sheik?"

Horror replaced the smile on the face of Brendon Brandt.

"Will they ransom you at ten thousand francs?" insisted Pierre.

"Ten thousand francs! A bagatelle. My dear fellow, of course they will."

There came a growl from the leader of the Blue Men. Two men rushed at the shivering figure in white shorts, bound his hands together and then rejoined their companions. Then, to the horror of Betty Aldington, a dozen rifles were levelled at the miserable body of the sham sheik.

"My God, they're going to kill me!" shrieked Brendon Brandt.

Pierre made a despairing speech to the leader of the Blue Men. He was waved aside.

"Stop them! Tell 'em it's against international law," screamed Brandt.

"They argue that there is no money in you," said Pierre. "You're bad business. A sham sheik. If only you had a wife, or were married to a wealthy woman such as mademoiselle here, then——"

"Tell 'em I *am* married to her. Tell 'em she's my wife. Tell 'em anything," sobbed the miserable figure.

Pierre whispered a few words to the leader of the Blue Men. Once again the Arab regarded the woman. He rapped out a question, his dark eyes fixed on her.

"He wants to know," translated Pierre, quietly, "if it is true that this man is your husband?"

There was a moment's silence. The bandits still had their rifles levelled.

"I beg of you——" sobbed Brendon Brandt.

"Yes, he is my husband," lied Betty.

A mutter in Arabic.

"And you will pay his ransom money?" translated Pierre for the insistent leader. "It is now fixed at ten thousand francs."

"I'll give you an I O U, my dear," cried Brandt.

"The ransom shall be paid," agreed Betty coldly.

The rifles were lowered. The figure in white shorts was released, and he stumbled forward.

"My dear Betty," he cried, "you've saved my life. A thousand thanks."

"Ten thousand thanks," growled Pierre.

"At least my art is saved for the millions," he went on, ignoring the man in the Aertex vest. "I cared nothing for my miserable body. Only my art counted."

Betty gazed at the meagre physique, this unveiled sham sheik who was once her hero.

IN a week they were back in Mogador. The bandits had proved as businesslike in their methods of collecting the cash as they did in assessing the value of their prisoners. It was the Italian hotel proprietor who had personally paid over the sum of twenty-five thousand francs to a bedraggled individual in an indigo robe.

Three hours after arriving back at Mogador Betty Aldington was ready to depart for England. She ignored Brendon Brandt. That individual was already negotiating through his press agent for the newspaper serial rights of his great adventure as a prisoner among the Blue Men of the desert.

But in that shabby lounge Betty stopped to shake hands with a grinning figure in a new Aertex vest and flannel trousers.

"I have a lot to thank you for, Pierre," she murmured. She was looking particularly pretty in a new organdi frock.

"It was nothing at all, mademoiselle," replied Pierre gallantly.

"I want you to accept a small present from me," she begged.

"*Par exemple?*"

"The five thousand francs that represents your ransom."

"For what reason?" he asked, cynically. As there was no response, he nodded his head and grinned. "I think I understand. The price is for my silence."

For once in her life, Betty blushed. Pierre recalled that from the moment mademoiselle had accepted the statement that Brendon Brandt was her husband, the leader of the Blue Men had insisted upon them sharing the same tent.

"I shall only remember it as the most nauseating week in my life," murmured Betty Aldington.

"There is only one thing I would like to know," said Pierre, hesitantly.

"What is it?"

"Has Monsieur Brandt offered to marry you?"

There was a dangerous gleam in her eyes.

"He offered to sacrifice his art, for my sake," she replied. "Naturally I refused."

She considered the cynical figure in the Aertex vest closely for a moment.

"Do you know, Pierre," she said, softly. "I think you are a real hero."

"I'm merely a very bad pilot," he replied hastily.

"And I think I should like to see you again. Why not pay me a visit in London?"

"Mademoiselle," he bowed, "I have been twice married and have four children. Moreover, I am a Frenchman. *Ça suffit!*"

When he raised his head again she had gone.

Such is the story. Betty Aldington still goes to the cinema, still has her heroes, and is still unmarried.

How do I know the details?

I was Brendon Brandt's press agent. But I also have a conscience. Even a press agent occasionally descends to the truth.

To Cure? Day-Dreaming

(*Continued from page* 77)

rather feed their imaginations on second-hand experience and emotion, obtained from novelettes, sentimental films, and the fairy-tales of felicity which visit readily enough unoccupied minds, than take a little trouble to improve their actual environment.

That is the real danger of day-dreaming, but the remedy lies, not in suppressing the imagination, but in supplying it with its proper food. The world is an extraordinary place, crammed full of comedy, tragedy, adventure, catastrophe and farce, and it is the business of parents to see that their children realise this. This duty has nothing to do with financial resources. The child of an out-of-work docker or a farm labourer may be better nourished upon the vivid, noisy life of the streets or the changing intimate life of nature than the child of well-to-do, respectable middle-class parents, who conscientiously count the proteins and calories on the nursery breakfast table, but who omit to provide relief from loneliness, dullness and the unchanging routine of trivial domesticity.

Give a child adequate interests and human contacts in its real life, and then let it dream as much as it likes. It is not from superfluity of thought that our civilisation is now suffering. The young dreamer may be a romantic goose; he may be simply passing through the confusions of adolescence. But he may be an artist in the making, a Gray dreaming of his Elegy, or a Wolfe of the Heights of Quebec; and he is, probably, in any case, quite happy.

END

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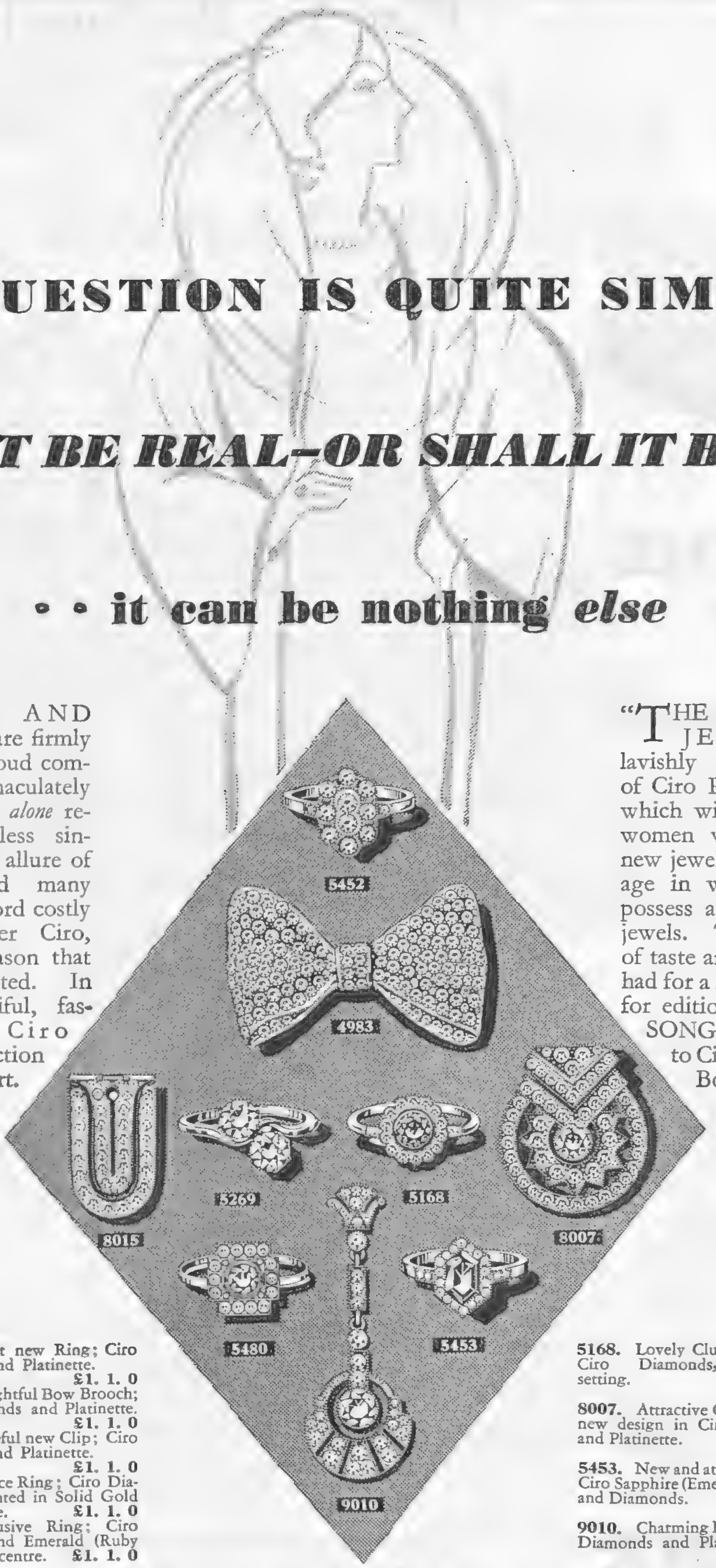

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"That Ye Be Not Judged . . ."

(*Continued from page 51*)

became harshness. His body quivered, became tense, and then quivered again.

Then he began to speak, and it seemed to me that, although it was his voice that was speaking, it was a different voice, a deeper one.

"You have got to listen to me," said this voice. "Now realise that it is not Ferguson who is speaking. He does not know what he is saying."

"What on earth do you mean?" I asked, my composure ruffled, my sense of dignity offended. I was not in the habit of having even a life-long butler sitting down and talking to me like that.

"It is not Ferguson who is speaking," went on the voice. "You must understand that. I want to talk to you about that murder trial to-morrow. You are going to sentence to death a man who is not guilty. And you will sentence him to death knowing he is not guilty, and yet you will be unable to do anything. He will plead guilty. You will sentence him to death. And he will be hanged. And yet he is not guilty. And you will know it. Yet you will do nothing."

I did not know what to say. In fact, I did not answer. What was there to say except to order out of the room my faithful butler? Besides, I was fascinated, hynoptised almost, by the unusualness of it all.

"It was *I* who killed that man's wife," went on the voice. "Just as I am now speaking through your butler, who is only the instrument of my speech, so, through the man whom you will try to-morrow, I killed his wife. I did it deliberately. And it will not be the last murder I shall commit. I am going on and on, exacting vengeance."

Then, for half an hour, I listened, without interruption, to the most amazing recital in my life experience.

Ferguson's eyes were closed. He moved convulsively, every now and then, sitting in the chair, and all the time a voice which was not his, which did not sound like his, poured into my ears a story of revenge.

I was told that the person speaking to me was William Thompson, that he had been convicted of murder ten years before, convicted of a murder he did not commit, that all the evidence was against him, and that he could not explain it to the satisfaction of the court, but that, although he was innocent, he had been tried, convicted and hanged.

"Now, I am seeking my revenge against Society," I heard, "and I shall go on getting it. They thought, when they hanged me, that that was the end of me. The truth is they hurled me, when I was feeling revengeful, against all mankind, into a world where I was freer to do harm than if I had been sent out to walk the streets. Now I *hate* all mankind. It hanged me for something I did not do. Society is cruel and terrible. And I am going to be cruel and terrible."

Then, listening, in spite of myself, I heard from my butler's lips a story of how William Thompson, creeping into what he called the aura of Alfred Wilkinson, when he was suffering from the effects of drink, had forced him to pick up a poker and hit his wife on the head.

"Now you can do nothing," went on the voice. "To-morrow morning, the man will plead guilty and you will have to sentence him to death. But when he pleads guilty, it will not be Alfred Wilkinson who is speaking, but William Thompson. I shall get near enough to him to control his brain and make him say 'Guilty,' although he does not mean it. And then he will be hanged. And then he will come over to my world, hating Society as I do. And then he will do as I am doing.

"Now, realise that you can do nothing. Nobody will believe you. You will not dare to tell anybody. You are now paid to sentence other people to death. You will do it to-morrow morning for the first time. But you will never do it again."

My butler's eyes opened as though he had been asleep. He looked around him.

"What on earth have I been doing, sir?" he said. "I am sorry. I must have gone asleep."

And, apologising still, he walked out of the room, looking ashamed of himself.

Then there followed the worst night of my life. There faced me, suddenly, all the arguments I had heard against capital punishment.

Only that morning "literature" had been sent me by some so-called humanitarian. The public do not know, but such people post it continually to anyone prominent in their minds at the time.

I pored over it. I read all the figures collected to prove that capital punishment and murder statistics seem to bear little relation to each other, except that as capital punishment had declined more and more as a practice, the proportion of criminals to population had declined, also.

I discovered, what I should have known before, that when, a century ago, they ceased to hang people for cattle stealing, the number of cattle stealers committed for trial immediately declined when cattle stealing ceased to be a capital offence; that it was the same, too, in the case of horse-stealing and forgery, house-breaking and burglary, and that, indeed, whereas, in the last three years in which piracy was a capital offence, fifty-two men had been committed to trial for piracy, in the last three years after it ceased to be a capital offence, only two had been sent to trial.

I read how, not many years ago, children were hanged for quite trivial offences, how, "in 1780, the English law recognised over 200 capital crimes, including stealing 5s., associating for a month with gipsies, or for assuming the title of a Greenwich pensioner."

I read how, in the reign of Henry VIII, 72,000 executions took place. I read how, a century ago, when Sir Samuel Romilly tried to secure the abolition of drawing and quartering, he was denounced by the Law Officers to the Crown, "as breaking down one of the bulwarks of the Constitution." They called it "godly butchering" then.

I even came across a paragraph sent me, and cut from a newspaper, telling how, in 1827, the chairman of the annual dinner of the United Masters of Chimney-Sweepers Association, declared, "If climbing boys are to be prohibited, the public will never be safe from fire."

Now, I am a fair-minded man. I had never faced all these facts before. I knew that, in the past, people had been hanged when they were innocent, but I regarded it all as incidental.

Was I to believe what I had been told? My butler would not dare to play a trick on me. And yet . . . how silly it all sounded.

All night long, my dreams were haunted.

I woke up feeling ill. I drove to the Court. I went into the judges' room and sat alone for a time. The chaplain came in, and joked about the weather.

I do not want to write down all the details of what happened afterwards. Nor do I think I could do so. I do not remember much.

I was in a daze, waiting for only a word or two. . . .

I took the dreaded black cap, and hid it in my hand. I remember the court standing up when I entered. Then I remember seeing a very ordinary looking man, facing me from the dock.

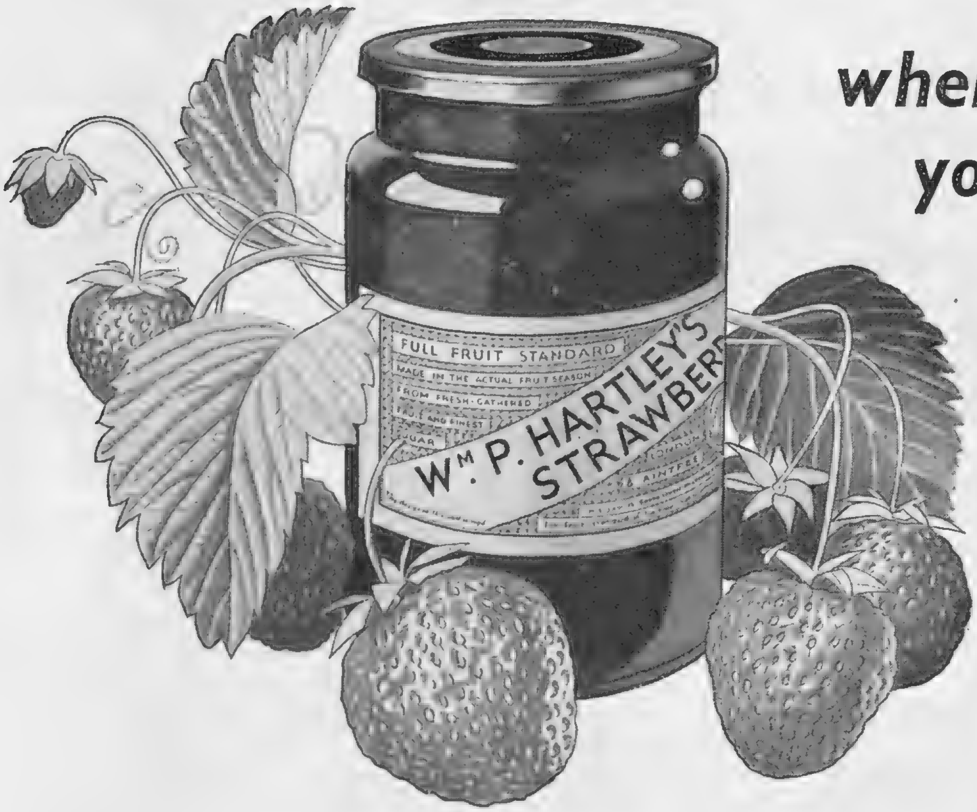
I can still hear, dimly, the clerk reading out the charge and his saying, "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

The man seemed to jump. A slight change came over him, like I had seen the previous night coming over my butler, not so violent a one. But the man did seem to change. Or was it my imagination? Or was it just what I had expected,

(*Continued on page 106*)

If you were making your own strawberry jam—

when would you make it?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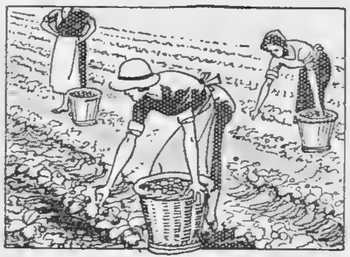
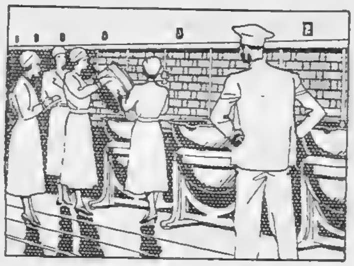


Gathering the ripe strawberries for Hartleys



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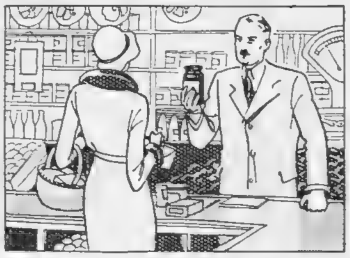

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IN JULY, of course, when the fresh strawberries are "in." You would not still be making strawberry jam in September or March, using preserved fruit pulp rouged up to an unnatural brightness. That's why you should be careful, when buying jams, to buy *Hartley's*. To the fresh season's fruit nothing is added but pure sugar. No pulp, no preservatives, no art colourings! The whole year's stock of each jam is made when its fruit is in season; and in the jar it improves with keeping.

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or dreaded, or believed perhaps could not happen? It is hard to put thoughts down.

I waited. It seemed an hour.

"Guilty," said the man.

Now you know what happens in such a case. The evidence is briefly explained by the prosecutor. Then the judge has no alternative. The jury brings in a formal verdict. Then the judge takes up the black cap.

This is exactly what happened.

I knew what I had to do. And yet "Am I doing something wrong?" I asked myself, "or is it just my duty?"

A judge, I decided, could do nothing except what I was going to do. Fear may have made up my mind.

Anyway, I picked up the black cap. The words I had to say were written out for me, because they were new in my experience.

"Soon," I thought," "I shall get used to them. I shall know them off by heart, as do all the court officials and the reporters, yes, and some of the ghoulish crowd."

"The sentence of this court is," I began, "that you be taken from this place to the place from whence you came . . ."

I stopped. I could not read the rest of it.

They always stare at a judge when, for the first time, he pronounces the death sentence. I knew that all eyes were on me.

Then I began again.

". . . And that you be hanged from the neck until you are dead."

And then I heard a voice beside me. It was the voice of a minister of Christ.

"And may the Lord have mercy on your soul," it said.

I do not remember any more.

'That Ye Be Not Judged . . ."

They say they picked me up and carried me outside. I was ill for days, you remember. Then, shortly afterwards, on the plea of ill-health, I resigned and retired to a garden I bought, and began to play golf, and to fish in the neighbouring stream.

You may think I was mad. I do not care what you think.

I want you to print this story for the world to read.

I am sorry I had not the courage to do it when I was alive. But perhaps the circumstances of its finding will do more good than if I had told it all at the time.

If I sinned, I shall be suffering, already, by the time you begin to read these lines.

END

Constant *and* Eternal

(*Continued from page* 57)

control herself. Could not. Her laughter grew and grew—and Mustaffa stared at her.

"By the Prophet," he said slowly, "how I could hate you, did I not love you so . . ."

HE was ashamed to show his face in the valley. So, all the rest of that day, he wandered about in the woods; and it was quite late when he entered his grandmother's tent.

She looked at him in amazement and horror.

"Why," she demanded, "what has happened?"

He told her. She pointed at his rifle.

"Before the morning," she spoke with calm ferocity, "you must make your honour white—and kill Hunza Khan."

"I thought of that, too. But—how can I do it . . . ?"

"How can you do it . . . ? How can you *not* do it . . . ? The terrible insult . . ."

"I know. But I love his daughter."

"Who jeered at your disgrace."

"Whom—still—I love."

"What is love when hate calls and revenge?"

"Love is everything."

"Honour is more. You must kill Hunza Khan. It is your duty."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"No, no!"

"You must! Allah," shrieked Selima as Mustaffa shook his head, "and you once a soldier—you claim—in the army of the Russians . . . ? A camp-follower you were more likely—wearing a woman's shawl and petticoats and, belike, painting your lips! Ah—you are afraid! That's what you are!"

"I am not!"

"You are! Weakling—coward . . ."

She picked up a knotted dromedary whip. She slashed it across her grandson's shoulders.

"Coward!" she yelled. "Coward! I myself shall spread the tale of your cowardice—north, east, south, west! All the steppe shall reek with your disgrace!"

Again and again, with all her strength, she brought down the whip on his shoulders. And thus, twice within twenty-four hours of his home-coming, because of the same girl, he was most soundly thrashed; and, thoroughly enraged, hurt in more than spirit, he rushed out of the tent.

He unfastened the picket rope of his horse. He vaulted into the saddle. He was off at a gallop towards the north; and, three weeks later, he saluted before Colonel Plotkine.

"Here I am back again," he announced.

'To stay awhile with the regiment?"

"To stay forever . . ."

SO once more Mustaffa Ishmailoff was a Cossack. Once more stalking about with as heavy a strut and swagger as the next man. Once more clicking his spurs and dragging his sabre; making war here and there and everywhere; saying to himself that—by Allah and by Allah!—his was the happy lot of the fighter, with steel at his haunch and fire at his heart and a woman's soft kisses to be had for the asking.

If he had been a good soldier before, he was a better now. Not that he cared a whit more than he had in the past in whose service he was: Tsar's or Soviet's, White Russian's or Red's. But he fought so valiantly that promotion was rapid: sergeant-major by the end of summer; then, on the field of battle, made commissioned officer, and Plotkine the first to congratulate him:

"Lieutenant Ishmailoff! There's a bully ring and clank to that—eh . . . ?"

Mustaffa smiled. The colonel's prediction had come true. Here he was now with grand epaulets and silver-hilted sword, and a tall, shaggy fur cap cocked over his left ear.

And he reflected:

"She laughed at me—that girl of the Akbashi—when she saw me with my beard hacked off. Ah—she would not laugh could she see me to-day!"

He could not forget her laughter. Nor, on the other hand, could he forget her staunch words to her father:

"An enemy—whom I love . . ."

Well—he considered—if she loved him, why then had she laughed at his humiliation . . . ? Too, what good was her love to him since she could never be his . . . ?

Her father would not permit the marriage. And—to take her by force . . . ? To elope with her . . . ? He would not be able to do it alone; and his tribesmen would not aid him. For there was still the tale of his disgrace wide-blown through the valley: the deadly insult, and his refusal to kill, to make his honour white.

Well—he had been wrong and his grandmother right. He should have killed . . .

So he thought while he put his troop of Cossacks through carbine drill. They were devoted to him. They would stand by his side through thick and thin; would doubtless make short shrift of the Akbashi, should he ask their help.

Vain wish. The steppe was hundreds of miles away.

But he could not help thinking of it. Nor could he help thinking of Shah-i-Banu—and of his grandmother.

He was stationed at Samarkand when—by accident, from the lips of a passing caravanman telling the gossip of the far places—he heard of the latter's death.

He felt a sharp pain.

The dear old woman! Short-tempered—oh, yes—and violent and often harsh and unfair—and how she had thrashed him the last time he had seen her. And yet—the dear old woman . . .

And he gave a little sigh. He chanted a Moslem prayer:

"May the Prophet Mohammed—on Him peace—open wide to her the gates of Paradise!"

He bowed his head. Then, the next moment, he stood up straight as Colonel Plotkine walked up to him and said excitedly:

"Rebellion in the Crimea! We leave to-night!"

Already the news was through the barracks. The Cossacks were making ready. A bugle shrilled defiantly. Sergeants rushed about, yelling orders:

"Hurry! Hurry! We leave to-night . . ."

STRIFE, then, in the Crimea. Followed by strife in Outer Mongolia, in Siberia, on the Manchurian border.

The Soviet government receiving its baptism of blood and fire. On the defensive to-day and on the offensive to-morrow. But always fighting to hold its own. Always a little glory and a great deal of dirt and misery and despair and death. Men taking their chances. Mustaffa taking more than his full share of them until, one day, he found himself a major, though he was still a young man in his twenties.

He spoke Russian now fluently. He had learned to read and write. He had enamelled his native, racial instincts with a Slav veneer that showed never a crack to the casual observer.

Oh, yes! Slav straight through he seemed—but for something in his soul.

For his soul was still Tartar and Moslem. And it was the Tartar in him who could not forget the steppe. It was the Moslem in him, the believer, who would shudder and cringe when his brother-officers—Russians all of the modern, atheistic era whose patron saint was Lenin and whose dogma was communism—mocked at the deity, be his god Jehovah or Allah or Jesus the Son of Mary.

He had never considered religion as a matter for doubt, not even for debate. He accepted it as a matter of course, a daily necessity like washing or eating or drinking. So, listening to his brother-officers, he would be shocked to the core. He would snap his fingers rapidly as a protection against the wiles of Satan, the Stoned, the Fallen Angel, the Father of Lies; and, occasionally, a great fury would sweep through him and leave his brain crimson and dry. By the Prophet—if he could draw his sword and smite these blasphemers, these cursed foes of the Book Revealed . . .

But, always, a second later, he would shrug his shoulders in hopeless resignation. He was alone, and these Russians were many. There was nothing he could do. Nothing.

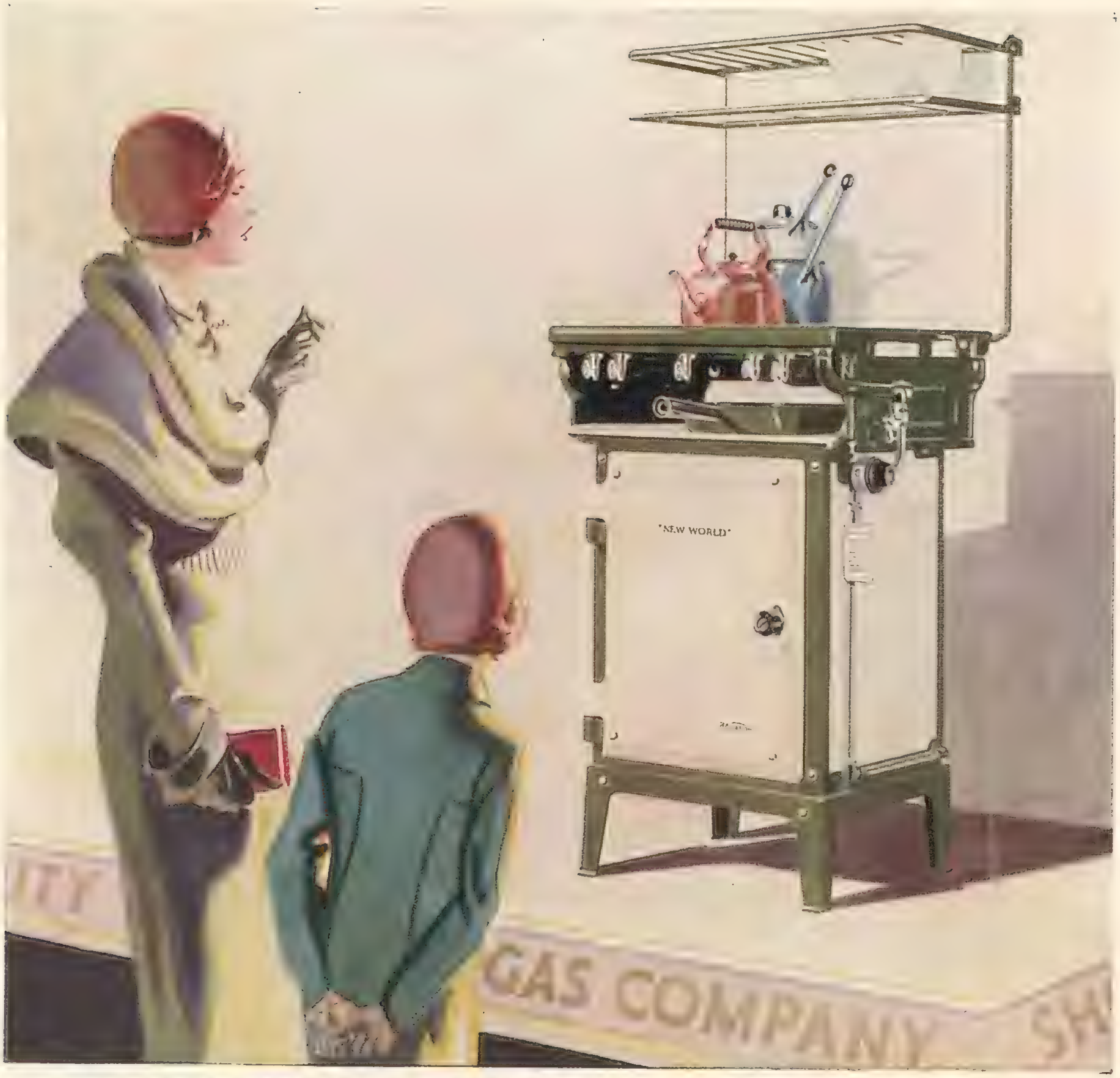
Except—resign from the service . . . ? Return to his native heath . . . ?

How could he . . . ?

He would not be welcome amongst the Karabashi. They would jeer at him. They would, in spite of his grand Russian medals, call him weakling and coward, remembering how once, because of love, he had refused to kill.

A stranger he was abroad—he would think—and a stranger at home. And he would think, furthermore, that to-day he hated his own clansmen quite as much as he hated the Akbashi.

Only the steppe itself he still loved and longed for. Would still dream at times how, as a boy, he had spent many a night in the wilderness and had awakened in the mist of morning to the red plover's whistling; how he had hunted hares in the bracken with cudgel and rope and had come back to the tents with the crows, dog-tired and ravenous—and then the happy, peaceful sounds of the village to greet (*Continued on page* 109)



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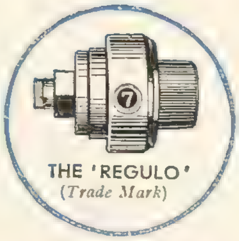

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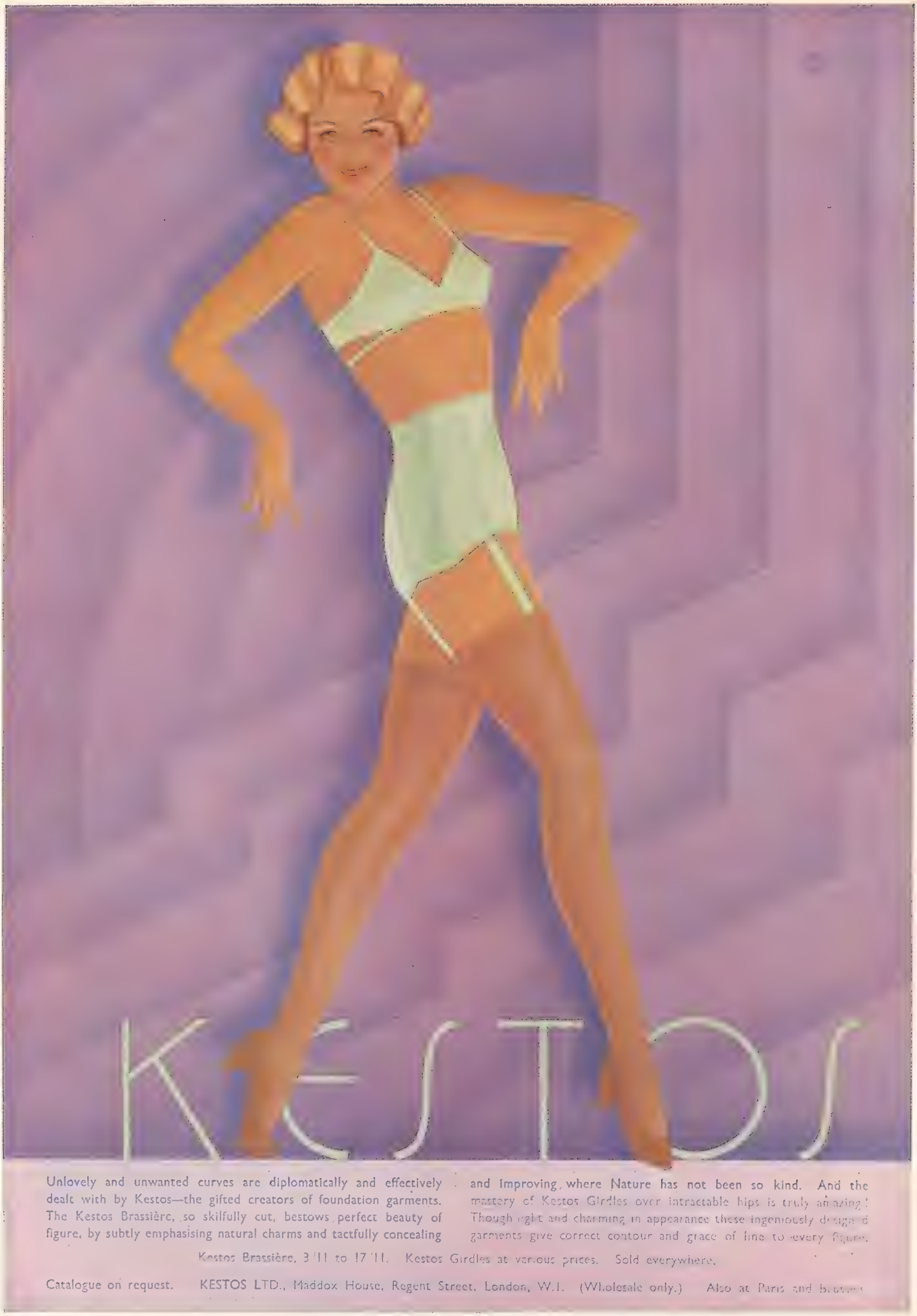

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him: the lowing of cattle, the clatter and whir of the water-wheel, and perhaps a young girl singing an old song.

Oh—was there a fonder land for him in all the world than the Tartar steppe . . . ?

Yet, as time rolled on, gradually the memory of the steppe, too, grew fainter and fainter. And when the two pictures that were always with him—the picture of Shah-i-Banu laughing at his humiliation, and the picture of this same Shah-i-Banu defying her father, telling him she loved Mustaffa, though he was an enemy—when these two pictures moved subconsciously across the focus of his remembrance, while formerly he had tried to brush them aside as something which he was eager to forget, these days he welcomed them, played with them, kept them alive and green.

For they sweetened the bitterness in his soul. They made him relish the more keenly the change that had come over his estate. They made his success seem the more precious and amazing—and most amazing on that afternoon when Plotkine, now Minister of War, called on him and said:

"We need you. You're the man for the job . . ."

THERE was grave trouble—he related—in the south, where the Akbashi, doubtless egged on by British agents, were beginning to show their teeth. Not only, under the leadership of a certain Hunza Khan, had they declined to pay their taxes, but, a short time earlier, they had seriously injured a government employee who had gone there to talk sense to them. They had bound him hand and foot; had tied him to the tail of a bullock; had whipped animal and helpless man across the desert, asking him to take an insulting message back to his masters in Moscow:

"Come on, sons of dogs, and eat flesh!"

Mustaffa looked up.

"Come on, sons of dogs, and eat flesh!" he repeated to himself.

It was the old Tartar rallying-cry, of Akbashi as well as Karabashi. And he suppressed a smile while Plotkine continued that the Akbashi had to be taught a lesson—and quickly.

For it appeared that, reckoning discretion the better part of valour, they were getting ready to leave the steppe and to migrate across the Himalayas into British India, where land had been promised them.

There had been talk of sending a punitive expedition—horse, foot, and the guns. But—with another peasant rebellion brewing in the Ukraine, with the Poles intriguing in the west, and White Russians busy in Manchuria—no troops could be spared. Therefore Moscow wanted to know if Major Ishmailoff, being a native of the steppe, could take hold of the situation—"single-handed," added Plotkine.

Mustaffa was astonished.

"Single-handed?" he echoed.

"Perhaps I'm exaggerating. Your people are the hereditary foes of those Akbashi ruffians—aren't they . . . ?"

"Yes."

"There you are. Hurry south. Take along as many rifles as you think you'll need. Enough to arm your former clansmen. Turn them loose on the Akbashi—and . . ."

"I understand."

"Good. I'll wire to Tashkent—that's your jumping-off place, isn't it?—and I'll instruct the commanding officer there to have the rifles ready for you. You'll succeed. And, when you come back, there'll be a colonel's uniform waiting for you." Plotkine smiled. "Eager to go . . . ?"

Mustaffa inclined his head.

Eager to go. No doubt of it. Eager to do what, years earlier, he had refused to do to revenge himself, to make his honour white. He would tell his clansmen. Once more he would be welcome amongst them. They would be as eager as he. Eager to kill, to loot, to wipe out the stain of ancient grudges.

And the girl who had laughed at his humiliation . . . ? Well—she would have a chance to prove if she really loved him, though he was her enemy—her enemy indeed, after her tribe's defeat. And, if she did not love him, she would be his—Allah!—by right of the conqueror's sword . . .

IN haste he travelled so as to catch the Akbashi before they made for the safety of the Indian border. Less than two weeks later, he dismissed Tajik peasants who had helped him drive the dromedaries, laden with rifles and ammunition, from Tashkent. The hobbled animals were hidden in a walnut grove; night was about to fall; and, from a hill, Mustaffa looked down upon the steppe, imagining what—may the Prophet grant it!—would happen soon enough.

The Karabashi, armed with Russian rifles, riding to the attack. The Akbashi offering brave but futile resistance, with their rusty muzzle-loaders, their daggers and scythes and clubs. A short, bitter fight. Then the end: bleak desolation, steel and torch having done their work. The tents sacked. Flames licking over barn and byre. The pick of goods and gear carried off. The rest trodden in the mud under contemptuous heels. Cattle driven off or wantonly slaughtered. Bodies stiffening in the blood-soaked grass, staring with cold eyes at the cold sky. And the wind wailing over it all with a sorrow to break hearts—aye—the Akbashi's proud hearts. . . .

To-morrow!

Or—to-night? Why not to-night . . . ?

Yes—he decided—to-night he would rally his clansmen. But first he would spy out the land. So, stealthily, in the darkness, he crept down the hill and saw that everything in the enemy village was in readiness for the long trek to the border. Sheep and oxen were herded in mud-walled corrals; horses and dromedaries were picketed, with the saddles heaped on the ground. Water-wheels were dismantled. Carts were piled high with household utensils.

He smiled. He thought that he had reached the steppe just in time. He crept closer.

There was not much life stirring. Only two people—an old woman and a white-bearded man, a priest by token of large, green turban—were still about, talking.

Mustaffa listened.

"This Indian land—the telling goes—is rich," remarked the old woman.

"There we shall thrive," said the priest. "God willing?"

"But our new masters, the British—are they not of the heathens?"

"No, no, Ayesha!" The other was shocked at such ignorance. "Christians they are, who honour the Book Revealed and salaam to the Lord God—may He be exalted! They are not like the Russians, the infidels . . ."

"May they be cursed—and their children—and their children's children!" exclaimed Ayesha.

Suddenly she laughed. And, when the priest inquired the reason, she explained that she was thinking of the Karabashi; and she continued:

"There we shall dwell, in India, with meat in the pot every day, while the Karabashi—ah—sooner or later they, too, will feel the Russian spur. And the iron of envy and discontent will enter their souls—and we squatting beyond the mountains, in peace and plenty, and thumbing our noses at them . . ."

The priest smiled. He turned as a young girl came from a tent.

The moon rays cut sharply across her face, and Mustaffa recognised her. Shah-i-Banu she was; and he saw by the blue and saffron ribbons in her hair that she was still unmarried; and—oh—how his heart drummed!

"Glad to be going?" the priest asked her.

"Sorry to be going."

"But . . ."

"I know," interrupted Ayesha. "It is because of that Mustaffa Ishmailoff, that Karabashi—eh . . . ?"

"Yes."

"Your enemy . . ."

"Whom I love."

"At whom you laughed when they cut off his beard."

"Laughter which—throughout the years—I drowned in tears. . . ."

"Ah—by the red pig's bristles!—if your father could hear you . . ."

"He would beat me. And—would the beating change my love?"

"How can you love a coward?"

"He is not a coward."

"He ran away from your father's grand might."

"For the decent reason that, loving me, he did not wish to kill him."

"Pah—he has forgotten you."

"He can never forget me."

"Then why is he wandering up and down the world, taking the far places for his pillow and fighting for the infidel Russians . . . ? Aye"—vindictively—"the Russians—the enemies of the Tartars, the Moslems . . . ?"

"Are not we Tartars, too, enemies of the Tartars . . . ?" demanded the girl. "Are not we Moslems, too, enemies of the Moslems . . . ? Are not we Akbashi enemies of the Karabashi . . . ? Have we not stained our hands with their blood and they their hands with ours . . . ? Ah"—her voice rose; she spoke to the priest—"and why should that be so . . . ?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Because of the wickedness in man's heart."

"And there," said Shah-i-Banu, "is a senseless reply."

Ayesha was shocked.

"The Lord his mercy!" she exclaimed. "To talk like that to a holy man, a priest . . ."

"And should not a priest have more sense . . . ?" was Shah-i-Banu's heated rejoinder. "Ah—do you know what I would do, were I a priest . . . ?"

"You would doubtless," jeered the old woman, "do something amazingly wise?"

"I would indeed. Wise—and simple. I would go to the priest of the Karabashi. I would tell him: Here are we two, both men of God. And here are your tribesmen and mine. For years, because of a forgotten reason, they have carried on feud, hating and burning and killing. And it is time that, being men of God, we put an end to this stupid business . . ."

"And I would add," said Mustaffa Ishmailoff, stepping out of the shadows, "that a certain Mustaffa has arrived from the north—that, being well versed in various tricks and quirks of war and rapid march, he will help the Karabashi to-morrow morning get ready for the long trek to the Indian border alongside the Akbashi—and that he has brought with him a caravan load of rifles that will come in handy should Cossack outposts get wind of what is happening and ride in pursuit. And I would add, furthermore, that there will be no need for any of the Karabashi girls to look at him with soft eyes, since—Allah!—he has plighted his troth to a girl of the Akbashi and will marry her to-night—so as to put a seal on the peace between tribe and tribe . . ."

The priest laughed. He went on his way to the tents of the Karabashi. Mustaffa paid no attention to Ayesha, who stood there, staring, open-mouthed. He took Shah-i-Banu in his arms.

He whispered:

"Constant and eternal—like the steppe. . . ."

END

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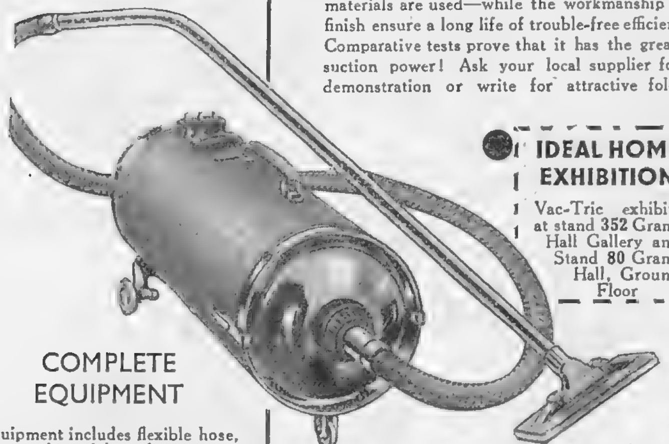

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A realistic "country lane" set beside Rainbow City leads to a village of ideal homes that show the latest improvements in modern domestic architecture. Here the house-hunter has a chance of seeing ten houses and bungalows erected by eminent building firms, each decorated and completely furnished according to its type.

The house-proud woman will discover the exceedingly practical value of the Exhibition in many other directions. New and ingenious ideas are laid out for all to see in the set of rooms entitled "Ideal Dinner Parties," which will enable the ordinary woman to take a new interest in entertaining. Each room has been arranged by a leading society hostess, including the furniture and the decorations, and each menu demonstrates a perfect epicurean blend of food and wine. Furthermore, every hostess has appended a list of the guests she would invite from the world of famous people.

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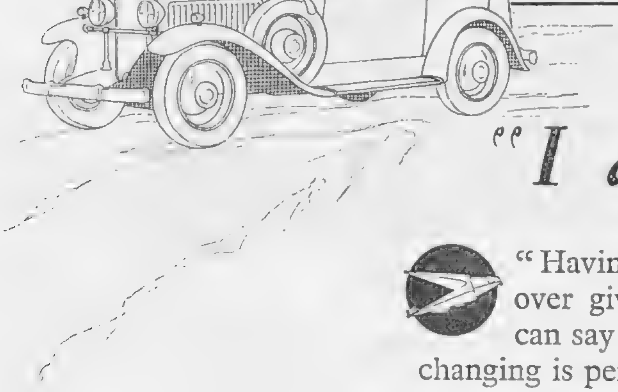

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"THE QUEEN" says:—"This Toilet Guide is well worth studying. It is packed with sensible advice on the Toilet, and describes the purpose and method of use of Toilet Preparations."

"THE LADY" says:—"Mr. Mason's Toilet Guide contains many very valuable hints."

Send for this Free "Guide" to

PHILIP H. MASON & SON

Pharmaceutical Chemists and Toilet Specialists

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When You are at Sea

FOR those who love travel and the sea there is no more perfect holiday than cruising or yachting; change of scene, the invigoration of breathing pure air, and complete divorce from everyday preoccupations and worries; but for the woman who cares about her appearance—and what woman does not?—there are certain drawbacks. The intense radiation at sea may have deleterious and even lastingly injurious effect upon sensitive complexions, and it is therefore essential to take special precautions to safeguard the skin.

Among the comprehensive toilet preparations from the famous firm of Philip H. Mason and Son there is a complete and very perfect series, specially devised for the preservation of the complexion during travel at sea. Mason's preparations are of guaranteed and proven purity and scientific efficacy. As a result of elaborate experimentation, a fluorescent, film-forming emulsion has been evolved which protects the skin and underlying tissues from the destructive action of ultra-violet rays, and this cream, called Parasolar, is a perfect skin protective.

Mason's Parasolar cream gives a charming appearance without making its users look "made-up" and prevents the relaxation of the pores and resultant shininess which mitigate against the enjoyment of sunshine and heat. Primarily devised for use when cruising in warmer latitudes, it is invaluable to women who have to live in hot climates so destructive to the fresh colouring and youthful beauty of Northern women.

The perfect protective toilet at sea would consist of thoroughly cleansing the face and neck with Mollity cream on rising. This is a new and scientifically designed cleansing solvent, which is tonic, softening and kills all bacteria, so that the skin is left microscopically clean. It should be well massaged into the skin, which should afterwards be rinsed with softened water. Subsequently Lotion Végétale Duchesse should be applied. This has a gently stimulating and pore-closing action and controls relaxation and perspiration.

When the complexion has been thus cleansed and fortified, the invaluable Parasolar cream should be evenly applied, and Mason's special Jansia powder makes a perfect finish.

If sun-bathing is indulged in, Mason's Sunraysol and Sun-Ray powder are ideal preparations, as the former prevents burning, while it does not prevent tanning.

Before the evening toilet, if the skin has been exposed to sun and sea air, it should be soaked for half an hour with Cyclinia, a cooling and restorative preparation, while Cream of Stephanotis is a delightful liquid powder for a more elaborate evening make-up. At night the skin should be thoroughly cleansed again with Mollity before the application of skin food.

The Foundation of Beauty

YEARS of concentrated scientific research have taught the Berlei Corset Company that, though women's figures show extraordinary variety, there are only five basic types, and that every woman belongs to one of these categories. Therefore Berlei design their corsets according to these five classes, with innumerable sub-divisions. They consist of the Sway-Back, for slim-busted figures with a tendency to hip fullness; the Average; the Hip, slenderising heavy figures; the Abdominal, for the real outsize, with a large bust and a heavy figure broadening towards the hips; and the Short-Below-Waist, a large bust size with slender hips.

By means of their indispensable Type Indicator, Berlei tell one with unfailing accuracy exactly to which type one belongs.

Experience has taught this firm that the most practical foundation garment for women is an all-in-one; so they evolved the Controlette, a carefully thought out combination of a bodice, giving up-lifting support to the bust, and a practically boneless corselette that moulds the muscles of the stomach and hips to the slim line the present-day fashion demands. Every stage of a woman's life is followed and everyone is catered for, from the young girl with developing chest and over-full hips to the elderly woman with relaxed muscles at the diaphragm and stomach. These garments mean that all one's life one may achieve a slim, neat figure.

British made all through, Berlei also specialise in brassières and suspender belts of many individual designs, especially a new "suspender-brassière" which, when worn with a wrap-on corset, defines the bust and waist-line in graceful curves.

THIS Berlei Pekin net Controlette is the ideal foundation for cruising and sports. Berlei designers specialise in this material and type of garment. You will notice the perfectly shaped bust sections and complete control of the figure which even this light, comfortable material gives when skilfully designed by Berlei. This particular garment is No. 4053 and is available in bust sizes 32-38 in peach, rose-beige, pink or white Pekin net at 39/11. It can be bought at all the leading London and provincial stores

FIRM & FRESH in DAMP, WET WEATHER Full of Flavour and smoking charm... there's a World of Difference between the sealed-fresh, *weather-protected* CRAVEN "A" and *any* Cigarette which has gone FLABBY or SHOP-STALE

ARCADIA WORKS—the most Idealistic Manufactory of Cigarettes in the Whole Wide World: for ten successive years, awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene for the maintained Quality, Purity and general Merit of CRAVEN "A" Cigarettes.

The constant aim at Arcadia Works is to do everything *a little better.* Leaf is selected with *great care.* Purity governs the choice of paper. Blending, here, is practised as *an Art.* Hygiene dominates . . . Laboratory cleanliness prevails everywhere; the very air is cleaned and washed. The sand which irritates is trapped, and trapped and trapped, to an *unusual* degree . . . . *all for your throat's sake* . . . . and the goodness so pridefully put into every CRAVEN "A" is safeguarded by that patented, *exclusive* weather-proof wrapping which *keeps-in* FRESHNESS and *resists* the entry of DAMPNESS and SHOP-STALENESS.

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CORK-TIPPED 20 for 1/- 100% VIRGINIA

SEALED-FRESH SOLD-FRESH

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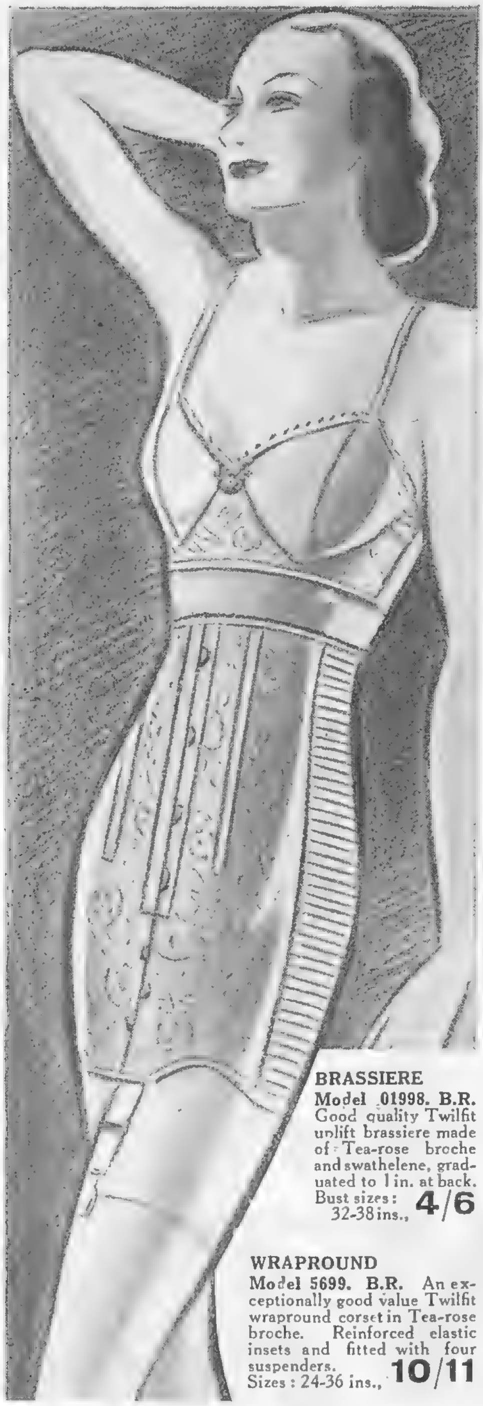

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Model 01998. B.R. Good quality Twilfit uplift brassiere made of Tea-rose broche and swathelene, graduated to 1 in. at back. Bust sizes: 32-38 ins., **4/6**

WRAPROUND
Model 5699. B.R. An exceptionally good value Twilfit wrapround corset in Tea-rose broche. Reinforced elastic insets and fitted with four suspenders. Sizes: 24-36 ins., **10/11**

Write for illustrated Twilfit Corset Catalogue No. 44, post free on request

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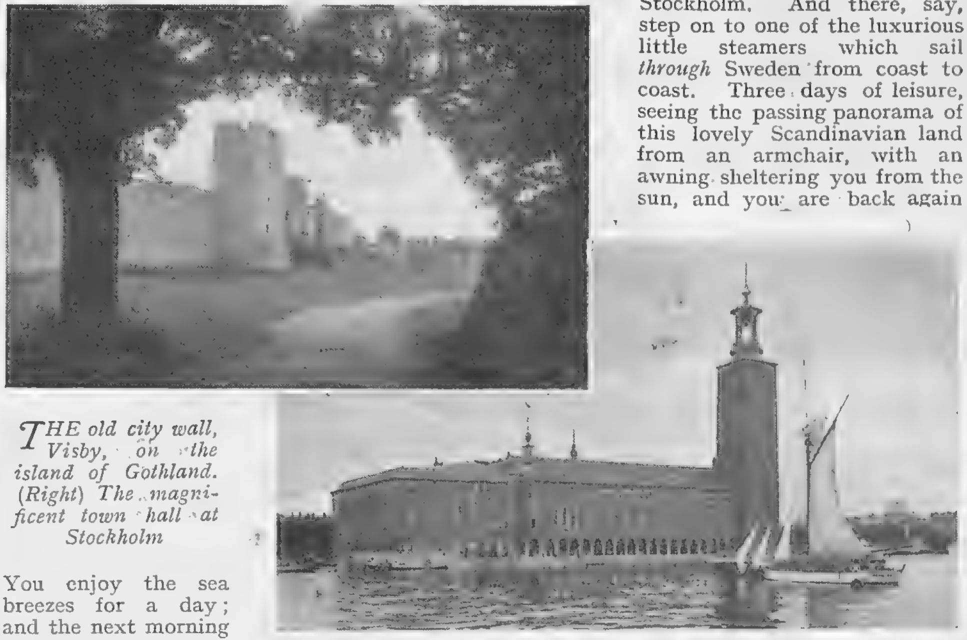
Manufacturers: LEETHEMS (TWILFIT) LTD.
Arundel Factory, Portsmouth

Holidays—*not so* Expensive

JUST suppose that *you* decide to be different—and economical—this year, and see something of Sweden. Let us see for ourselves what it would cost, and what you would get for your money. You would take the boat train from St. Pancras to Tilbury, and there you would find waiting at the landing stage a luxuriously fitted liner.



THE old city wall, Visby, on the island of Gothland. (Right) The magnificent town hall at Stockholm

You enjoy the sea breezes for a day; and the next morning you would wake to find yourself in the harbour of Gothenburg. A boat train awaits you at the station, and in six hours an electric express has whirled you across Sweden to Stockholm.

Now the disadvantage of Stockholm is that once people get there, it is most difficult to get them away again. The schedules that have been broken by this marvellous capital! But we will suppose that you *do* tear yourself away; that after exploring the islands on which the city is built, shopped at its wonderful stores (the bargains!), gone to its famous opera, and taken a dozen or so of its innumerable little steamer trips (for Stockholm is, of course, built astride a great arm of the sea) to castles, bathing places, golf courses, or down the beautiful archipelago to get sunburned—after doing all this, let us suppose that you are quite firm, and escape over the Baltic to the mediæval island city of Visby.

No one holiday-making in Sweden should miss Visby. Though only a single night's journey from Stockholm, this old walled city seems centuries away, but if you want life of the modern variety, it is at your service at Snacksgardsbaden, a bathing beach, hotel of the very latest type and sports of all kinds, a mile outside the city walls.

Back you would come to Stockholm. And there, say, step on to one of the luxurious little steamers which sail *through* Sweden from coast to coast. Three days of leisure, seeing the passing panorama of this lovely Scandinavian land from an armchair, with an awning sheltering you from the sun, and you are back again where you started, at Gothenburg.

This specimen holiday is only one of hundreds to be spent in Sweden. But it is one of the best; what is known as "the all-sun route." It can be covered comfortably in a fortnight, though a month or six weeks would not be too long. The cost of all the travel—liner, trains, canal steamer, Visby boat—is £22 3s. That figure is for 1st class travel on all boats, 2nd class (which practically corresponds to our 1st) on all railways. It also includes six days' food on the Gota Canal and Swedish Lloyd steamers. If you choose another class, the cost would, of course, be even less.

Hotels in Sweden charge an average of ten to twelve shillings a day. This is inclusive.

English is spoken everywhere. Twenty-one shillings for every pound—and a magnificent holiday into the bargain. It *is* a bargain. Try it!

To-night

(*Continued from page 15*)

"That damned woman told you so, I suppose."

"It's true, isn't it?"

"She had many boy friends," he said deliberately. "I was one of them."

"But——"

"I couldn't tell you when I danced last," said the Colonel, sinking into the chair beside Vere and mopping his brow with a silk handkerchief.

"But I'm game for another, if you'll honour me, Mrs. Gantony, and I think we might say another half-bottle, Sevington?"

And so it went on for what seemed to Vere hours and hours.

At last "God Save the King" and the lights going down.

"Now," hissed Jasper in her ear.

"We must thank them, Jasper."

"All right. Look sharp."

But Vere's feet lagged. Somehow, now it came to the point, this gay adventure of theirs looked rather like a sordid intrigue. The Humes had done it. Like conjurers, they had pulled them all out of the hat, blurred the vision of herself and Jasper. Spoilt it all.

"Such a pleasant evening. Thanks awfully."

The Colonel was not so bad. He would have been willing to part.

"Delighted, Mrs. Gantony," shaking her hand. "Run up against you some time, Sevington."

But Alice was incorrigible.

"We'll drop you," she cried. "Sorry we haven't a Rolls-Royce to offer, but on a night like this you won't mind."

"Oh, thank you so much, but I . . ."

"I'll see Mrs. Gantony home," said Jasper fiercely. "Come on, Vere." He seized her fur coat, flung it round her and hurried her through the side door on to the wet pavement. Looked up and down the street. Not a taxi in sight. Nothing but the Humes' battered Ford by the kerbside.

"Sunday night," muttered Jasper. "This is the limit. Let's run for it, darling. We'll get in the other way."

But Vere hung back.

"It's awfully wet." She hesitated.

Alice, coming through the swing doors just behind them, seized her other arm.

"You silly people!" she said. "See what

comes of being so proud. You'll have to fall back on the old tin Lizzie after all."

With uneasy anger Jasper noted Vere's spineless acquiescence. Women were like cats. What did a drop of rain matter? Now it would be hours before he could get her back, hours before they would be alone in that pink and gold suite.

His hand fingered a key in his pocket.

"Now, who do we drop first?"

"Take Mrs. Gantony, and I'll walk from there. I'm quite close."

"Please, please, don't get out," pleaded Vere as they stopped at her house. "Captain Sevington will see me home."

"My best respects to your sahib, chin-chin, and all that," said the Colonel.

"Yes, yes, love to Nigel," called Alice from the waiting car.

As Vere got out her latchkey, Jasper closed her hand over the large key with the shining label.

"Come as quick as you can, I'll be waiting," he whispered urgently. Then aloud: "Good night, Vere."

Lifting his hat to the Humes, he walked quickly away.

And inside the door was a pile of luggage, and Parkins, the butler, standing by it.

"Mr. Gantony's returned, Madam," said Parkins unnecessarily.

Vere stood a startled moment in the hall, dropped something hurriedly into her bag, and ran upstairs.

Nigel stood in the middle of the room, reading his letters. They were in his hand when he put his arm round her, and she lifted her face for his kiss.

"Old Andrews was ill. Couldn't see me, so I came back. Glad?"

"Yes."

Surprisingly she knew it was true. She was glad. Nigel was so comfortably real, so familiar, so safe. You could never imagine Nigel leaving a Mrs. Fanshawe to face the scandalmongers alone.

Those dreadful Humes had saved her. Another hour and it would have been too late. Somehow she knew now that if they hadn't, it would have been an irretrievable disaster. As it was, Nigel would never know, never think less of her. Something like a prayer of thankfulness formed itself in her heart.

Then Nigel asked the inevitable question.

"But why are you here, Vee? Weren't you going to Moira's?"

"She put me off."

"Well, what have you been doing with yourself, then?"

Vere decided on the truth.

"I played golf with Jasper. And we met the Humes. She's Mummy's friend, you know," she added on a hurried breath.

"I remember her. A good-natured boring woman."

"Yes, very boring," said Vere in a heartfelt tone; "but . . . but kind as well. They insisted on our dining with them at the Palace, and they dropped me home."

"Yes, I heard them." Nigel smiled approvingly. "Well, I'm glad you didn't have a lonely evening, darling. I'll have a last cigarette before bed. I'm rather tired."

He felt in his pockets, looked round the room.

"Not a match in the place, of course."

That remark was so like Nigel. Usually it irritated Vere, but to-night she felt different.

"I'm sorry, dear."

And she turned to look on the writing table.

"Never mind."

He stretched a long arm across and picked up her bag from the chair. "I'll use your lighter." And he snapped the catch open before she could think of an excuse to stop him.

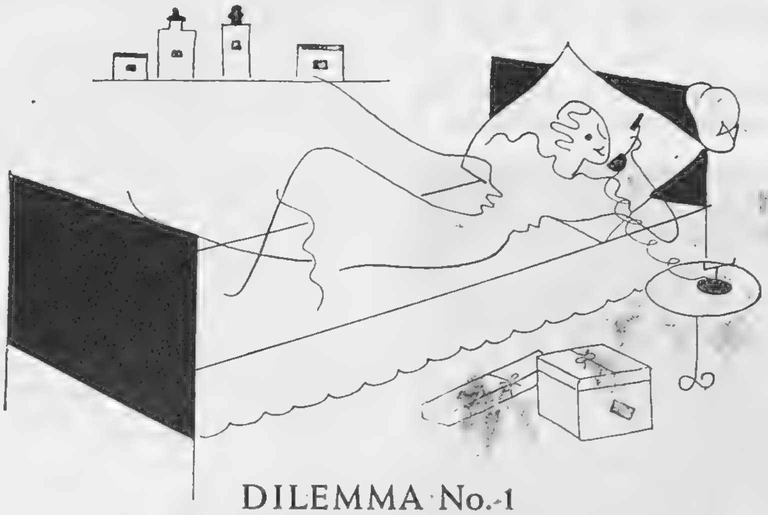
Then, instead of the lighter, his hand held a big key with a shining label.

He looked at it thoughtfully, comprehension growing in his eyes.

In the silence a coal dropped in the grate. The clock ticked with appalling loudness. And a mile away Jasper Sevington waited in the pink and gold suite at the Palace Hotel.

END

Dilemmas Elizabeth Arden Has Solved



DILEMMA No. 1

A Message from Mars

It has been a day of disappointments. A hopeless shopping tour, luncheon with poor Sarah and tea with Aunt Emily who doesn't approve of you. You vow that nothing short of a message from Mars will cause you to move. And then, out of the ether it comes! A call from Peter Pratt . . . in town for the night only. It's tonight or never, so you say, "Yes, in an hour." What are you ever going to do about your face?

SOLUTION: With Elizabeth Arden's Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic, Cleansing Tissues, you thoroughly cleanse your face. Then, using equal parts of Muscle Oil, Anti-Wrinkle Cream and Pore Cream, you make a creamy blend which you apply to your face and neck, carefully spreading it over the entire surface. You lie down for a few minutes. With Cleansing Cream and Skin Tonic you remove this "mask," and with it goes every tired wrinkle, every sign of unhappiness. Your skin is clear and morning fresh! You understand better than ever why this combination of preparations which Elizabeth Arden calls her "Three-In-One Treatment" is given with such success in her Salons.

A smoothing-in of your favourite foundation, a careful application of Elizabeth Arden's Exquisite Rouge, Lipstick, Powder, Eye Sha-do, and Cosmetique, and you are ready for anything . . . anybody . . . even Peter!

With these Elizabeth Arden Preparations on hand, you can meet the most dire beauty emergency:

Cleansing Cream	4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6
Skin Tonic	3/6, 8/6, 15/6
Cleansing Tissues	1/6
Pore Cream	4/6
Anti-Wrinkle Cream	4/6, 8/6
Muscle Oil	4/6, 10/6, 16/6

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A New Idea from Paris that Takes the Bother Out of Make-up

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A WAY has been found that not only gives a perfect lip make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that *HOLDS* perfectly *all day long.*

The creation of Louis Philippe, it banishes all smearing, all caking and drying, and ends completely the unsightly "lipstick line" women complain of soon after making up.

WHAT IT IS

It is probably the nearest thing to a permanent make-up yet discovered. It is different from any rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same. You can use it on BOTH lips and cheeks. And thus gain a colour harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge—both, invariably, of different colour.

All chemists, hairdressers, and departmental stores have it now under the name of Louis Philippe (Angelus Rouge Incarnat). There are 9 shades, one for every type and complexion.

GET SLIM
without dieting

26 lbs. lost without endangering health.

In a recent article, Elizabeth Craig, the health and dietetic expert, advised women to drink a cup of Marienbad Reducing Tea 'Mariaherba' first thing every morning as a sure way to regain and keep a slim figure, and yet be able to eat almost anything. At last you can get slim and keep slim without harmful dieting or dangerous drugs. Miss F. W. writes: **"I have found the 'tea' most satisfactory, and have reduced my weight by 26 lbs. without loss of health."** Don't look old and unattractive. Send 5s. for large packet of 'Mariaherba' Reducing Tea to Drosil, Dept. 29TA, 26, Sun Street, London, E.C.2. Descriptive booklet by Miss Craig, free. (Advt.)

A Week with Wells

(Continued from page 27)

the greatest admiration for French literature, but at this moment can you produce the equivalent of these men and women? This seems to me an amazingly rich period in England, richer and more promising in some ways than any I have known."

This generous tribute should suffice to show that there is no jealousy, no base envy, such as often exists among the older men in regard to the younger men. There is a division where there should be continuity, produced by mutual disdain—the ankylosed old contemptuous of the young, the young in their self-conceit scornful of their seniors. But Wells, belonging to the past and to the present, and reaching out into the future, bridges the gulf with cordial praise.

With few exceptions, he spoke admiringly of everybody. The exceptions were those who had offended his sense of intellectual honesty. "I like X," he said; "I disagree with him fundamentally, but he's a sincere fellow and friendly intercourse is possible. But Y, who shares his views, argues trickily, argues to score points, is more intent on victory than on arriving at the truth. I cannot be patient with mere verbal dexterity."

In the guest-house, by the little stream, the log fire was lit. Over the mantelpiece was a mural painting by Wells of the stream, and the cypresses, and the hills beyond.... In the morning he came to see me, attired in rubbed and frayed dressing gown and well-worn slippers.

"I've already put in a good bit of work," he said. "I've had to kill off another million people. I'd been too moderate, but now I think I've got it right. Not a bad morning's task, to recast the history of that gigantic slaughter, and to exterminate another million." He chortled.

"How sadistic! How can you be so ferocious before breakfast?"

ENGAGED on writing "anticipatory history," he places himself in the far future and looks back on years that are yet to come, describing dreadful events that may yet be averted. "Nobody hopes more than myself that I am writing fiction and not foretelling fact. The prophet in me wants to be wrong. But we must hurry up and reorganise the world if we are to have peace. All these outmoded ideas of nationality must go unless we are prepared to plunge mankind into catastrophes of which our imagination can render only a feeble and faint image."

We began to talk of the times in which we live. Critical times in the story of humanity. Perilous times. Times of transition. He had gathered that I was discouraged and was ready to give up my own struggle.

"You mustn't," he said. "You mustn't relinquish. It's the most serious sign that those who have tried to do something to influence political events are now disheartened. There's my friend——" (and here he mentioned a distinguished economist). "He talks like you. Of what use? He'd pinned his faith in the League of Nations, and now he's lost his faith. It's tragic. All the crushing sense of uncertainty. Those of us who think, who live by intellect, have a feeling of failure. We have broken with the past, and we don't know whether the future is chaos. But we mustn't, we mustn't, my dear fellow, relinquish. It's now we are needed."

He thought a moment, and then flung himself on the floor. "Watch me"—and he began some abdominal exercises. "Now these motions"—and he started another series.

"You don't see what this has to do with our previous conversation? I'll tell you. Those who are tempted to relinquish need exercise—especially abdominal exercise. If I ever write a little book like those of Arnold Bennett, I'll insist on exercise, abdominal exercise. Don't get fat. It's fatal. It'll make you relinquish. Keep fit. Look how I've reduced my waistline since we met last year."

He found a book on abdominal exercises, with funny drawings by himself in the margins. "Take it, and let me know you're doing them. Abdominal exercises—don't relinquish."

He went back to his work. All through the day, he goes back to his work. He shuts himself up in his study, writes until he is tired or needs a change, comes out, talks, plays badminton ("one of the cheapest of games"), takes out the car, and goes back to his work. After lunch and after tea he may linger long, or he may retire soon; but invariably he rises with the remark: "I'll just go and look things over, and if I'm inclined to work I'll do a little." Thus it is that, spaced out over the whole day, he appears to be much at leisure, and yet is much at work.

At tea that day he read some reviews of *The Bulpington of Blup* that had just arrived—read them eagerly, as eagerly as a novice. He did not pretend, like many authors I have known, to despise the reviewers.

We fell to talking of the detective novel and of the novel of adventure. "The detective novel ought to be interesting, if only human reasons were given for human actions. If only it were shown how inevitable the murder was. But that is just what is left out—generally. Usually you just have to accept things in the most arbitrary way. It's wooden, mechanical, like a crossword puzzle. So with the novel of adventure—things happen not because they must happen, but because the author wants them to happen. The true novel is the history of a mind, the demonstration of how a man develops in his environment. . . ."

We drove out for lunch one day beyond Vence, and as we sat before the spit on which was turning our chicken, we were approached by a painter. "Forgive me," he said, "but I heard you were here, and I would like to speak to you. My name is ——, and I'm a Guggenheim scholar." The Guggenheim scholar was invited to sit down, and was treated with more indulgence than I am myself disposed to accord to strangers. But the kindliness of Wells, especially toward those who are trying or are hoping to accomplish something, is one of the most notable traits of his character. A Palestinian Jew, aggressively anti-assimilationist, though he has himself enjoyed to the full the benefits of German culture and American civilisation, held forth one day on the need of sharpening the racial divisions, and "H. G." suffered him gladly. Yet at the end he broke out:

"You describe yourself as a Liberal and a pacifist. You preach cosmopolitanism—or internationalism as you call it—and yet you want to emphasise separations that are perhaps disappearing. The Jews should be the cement of the nations; they should by their world-wide experience, their world-wide diffusion, bind together the peoples. That is their obvious mission. A home in Palestine, if you like; but it is surely for you to set the example, to help to make the human race one, and not to section it off in sharply defined races."

With a touch of humour he added: "I'm afraid I'll have to suppress you when I'm dictator."

He warmly recommended *The Revolt of the Masses*, by Ortegay Gasset, the Spanish philosopher, whom he met on his recent visit to Spain—a book which starts with the thesis that for the first time the unqualified masses have taken control of the machine of government. Quite clearly there must be evolved some method by which qualified minorities—or to use the old-fashioned word which has fallen into disfavour, the élite—can direct the affairs of the world. If not, if everybody in the car insists on taking the wheel, we shall certainly plunge over the precipice.

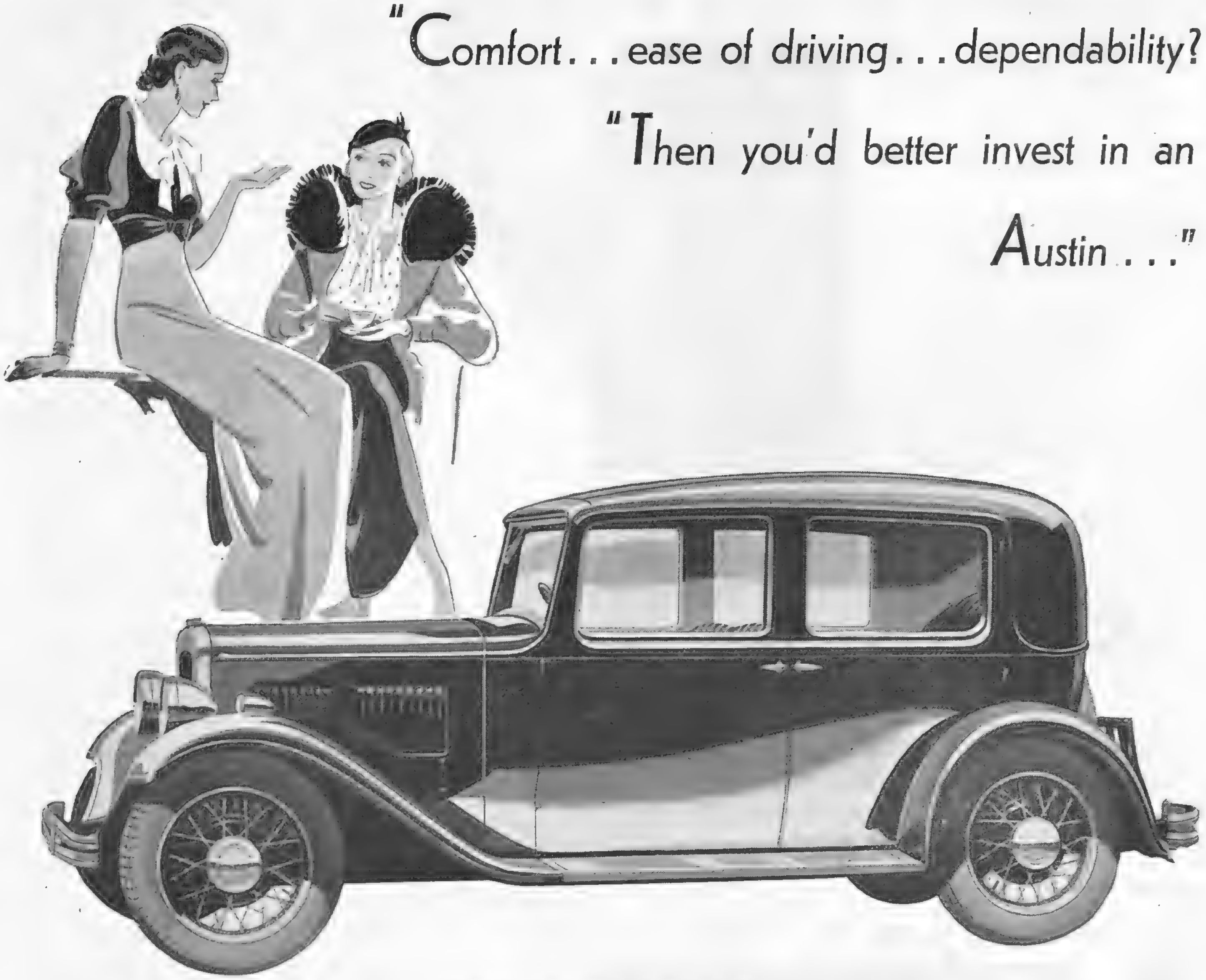
I had just read the manuscript of a book on the return to the bourgeois virtues; the author believes that there is, after the follies and extravagances of the post-war period, a search for the old landmarks. We are tired of promiscuity, of squanderings, of rootlessness; we want to find the shelter and safety of settled principles again. I was resuming this

(Continued on page 118)

AS . DEPENDABLE . AS . AN . AUSTIN

"Comfort . . . ease of driving . . . dependability?"

"Then you'd better invest in an Austin . . ."



"How do you make that out?"

"Well, my dear, you don't pay twice for an Austin—once when you get it and again while you're running it."

"You mean?"

"Well, an Austin hardly ever goes sick or needs renewals. It's not one of those cars you *go on* paying for—in sort of unofficial instalments. That's why I say you *invest* in it."

"I see, and what about being comfy and easy to drive?"

"Well, you can just lounge in the front seats, and if that's not enough, you can have in most models an arm-rest on each side of you if you are sitting in the rear seats. And do you know what zinc interleaved springs are? They never get stiff—most Austins have them, too. As for steering—why Dolly could drive an Austin, if I'd let her—and she's only twelve."

"Well, you're enthusiastic enough about your investment—you make me feel like going Austin, too."

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THE TEN-FOUR DE LUXE SALOON

- Full four-seater. Selected hide upholstery. Adjustable front seats. Reduced body overhang.
- Pytchley sliding roof.
- 4-speed Twin-Top gearbox.
- 10 h.p. four-cylinder engine developing 21 b.h.p. Tax £10. Engine insulation at 3 points by rubber bushes.
- Semi-elliptic springing; shock absorbers.
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- Triplex glass throughout, chromium finish, Dunlop tyres.

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Open Road Tourer	**£148**
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ANTWERP—HOTEL DE LONDRES
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book when "H. G." remarked: "But really we should not employ that loose expression, the bourgeoisie. There is no such class. What is designed by that name includes the business man, the professional man, the artist, all extremely different in their outlook. The class divisions are not so much lateral as vertical. The peasant who saves his sous has essentially the same purpose as the man in a higher position who works for money; and the disinterested artist or scientist may have affinities with the conscientious artisan. All this classification is wrong—is unscientific." He spoke often of his own origins and of his scientific training; and was pleased when I referred to my own early scientific training. "It is the most important factor in education," he said.

A lady at table that day, the wife of a diplomatist (wives of diplomatists are not always diplomatic), caused some embarrassment by asking:

"Why have they never given you the Nobel Prize, Mr. Wells?"

"I'm afraid I'm not the sort of person on whom decorations are hung," he answered. "As a rule prizes are bad for writers; they tend to create standards, to academise, and to influence the possible recipients to please the kind of people who form the jury. If they are for beginners, they warp the young man's art; if they are for those who have already won public recognition, they are official honours which merely indicate that a certain type of judge gives his approval to one's work. . . ."

But perhaps I should not have written that; I should be sorry to spoil "H. G.'s" chances of obtaining the Nobel Prize!

As I took leave of "Lou Pidou," the house on the sunny hill where H. G. Wells does much of his work, I asked the meaning of the Provençal words.

"They are not really Provençal words," I was informed. "At least Pidou is not—Lou, of course, is merely the article. It appears it is a corruption of Petit Dieu—Little God."

Little God? Amusing? Significant? Should we not all, in H. G. Wells's phrase, strive to grow into "Men Like Gods"?

END

Chorus Gentlemen

(Continued from page 37)

fellow. He ran away from school at the age of fifteen and entered the catering profession, starting as a kitchen boy and working his way up to chef's position. He has cooked in nearly every capital in the world and for many notable people, including the Aga Khan and Lord Inverclyde.

James Carney, the son of George Carney, the comedian, has also had some brisk encounters with life. He was the tallest man in "Words and Music," over six foot three in height. When he was sixteen he entered the Army and was drafted out to Egypt. Though young, he gained considerable prominence and respect from his fellows by "knocking out" a soldier who had been maltreating a dog.

But the person with the most startling record probably is Leslie Roberts. He is Buddy Bradley's assistant and helps that genius in addition to appearing with us. He is the son of a famous film producer and the nephew of an even more famous film star. He decided, however, that, in spite of these advantages, he would make his way on his own merits, and he certainly looks as if he will succeed. But he has an even greater surprise in store for us. Before his theatrical career interfered, he was a boxer. He was amateur champion of the South-West Division in 1925, and in the following year was runner-up to the A.B.A. championship, and used to be sparring partner to Georges Carpentier.

A chorus boy the sparring partner to Carpentier!

And people *dare* write "a typical chorus boy—dissipated, weak and effeminate"!

END

The Mystery Drums *of* Africa

(*Continued from page* 39)

to the far edge of things in Africa helped me towards a possible solution of the mystery of the long-distance drums. They spoke of the secret languages which are constructed by the initiates of many tribes. Extreme ingenuity is displayed by certain of the quick-witted groups of natives in using these ever-changing code tongues. It is even reported that a chief in the Cameroons invented a secret language embodying English, French and German words—only the meanings given to them were entirely different from those of the white men !

The traders, missionaries, river steamer captains and other exiles of the African tropics who discussed the subject with me agreed, almost to a man, that there is a lingua franca of the drums which is known to the cleverest drummers of practically all the races in the continent. The great bulk of drum traffic would be beaten out in the dialect of the district, and would not carry beyond its boundaries. But when great events happen the drums are set throbbing across the continent in the special language which is the Esperanto of Africa.

The drums do speak. Their talk is far more like the telephone than the dot-dash of the Morse code. I have examined many talking drums in East Africa, the Congo and the West Coast ; but the finest of all I have seen were at the French Colonial Exhibition of 1931 in Paris. A Congolese native played them. As the wild notes thudded out through the forest of Vincennes my mind went back to Africa, though I felt none of the awe which I have known on a dark night at Stanleyville when the same sound quivered in the air.

The most impressive drum is that hollowed out of a huge tree trunk. Some of this type are more than twelve feet long by five feet thick. As the slit in the log is only an inch or two in width, the hollowing out process calls for great skill and perseverance. Faulty workmanship would ruin the note of the drum. The exterior is often elaborately carved, so that the drum strongly resembles a hideous idol with face complete and feet and arms indicated.

One lip of the drum is thicker than another, so that the natives will tell you there is a male voice and a female voice. The Ashantis use two drums to produce these different sounds—drums headed with leather, standing on legs and beaten with the hands or small sticks. There are dozens of other types of drums—some of them played only for dancing, war, or in honour of a potentate—but here I am dealing purely with the talking drums.

The chief usually owns the talking drums, and they are kept in a special place, under a thatched roof, where no man save the drummer dares to touch them. Their range, under ideal conditions, is probably never more than twenty miles. Much depends on the skill of the drummer—a man who, in a prosperous village, does no other work. He is trained in an art more difficult than the mastery of any musical instrument in civilised lands. He must learn the special names for people and things in the drums' language—names which are taboo on all other occasions. High and low notes, a meaningless rhythm to European ears, become words that make sense when the tribal drummer is listening. For this much is known—the drums send whole words, phrases and sentences, not mere letters like the Morse code. Most of the African languages lend themselves to this effect ; a change in tone gives a different meaning. Just as a tune becomes familiar to us, and may be followed even when half-heard, so the drummer can translate a faint message by the context.

Before the white man came the drummer who made a mistake was cruelly punished. Possibly, in the unmapped forests of the French Congo and other undeveloped colonies a drummer still has

(*Continued on page* 120)

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his hands chopped off for playing a false note. A faultless drummer, however, holds an exalted position among his people—he is not easily replaced.

Such is the magic by which the Matabele in the south may speak to the Somali, the Barotse, the Herero, the Yoruba of Dahomey and the Sudanese. The theory which has been advanced that messages are conveyed by telepathy may be discarded in view of the concrete evidence of the drums.

Those drums—I hear them now, beating like the black heart of Africa. Shuddering down the wind come their voices, a barbaric cadence. Sometimes like a deep organ note, then running abruptly into a higher pitch. Of course they are talking, though we can distinguish nothing more than the man voice and the woman voice. "Boom-tap-boom! Dumm . . . dum . . . t-rat . . . t-r-r-r rat! Bo-o-o-om!"

Those are the sounds which are flung over an invisible spider web reaching into the farthest corners of Africa. Relay after relay passes the word on. Is it war or peace? Has a great chief died? Is a great silver bird sent by the white man roaring over the Nile or the Niger?

We hear, but all our white civilisation cannot help us to interpret that message. The drums of Africa remain a mystery. We can only listen.

"Bo-o-o-om! T-rat! Boom!"

END

European Spotlight

(*Continued from page 21*)

or rather a string of cupboards following one after the other—no door, or gate, or impediment to your stepping in as it draws level with the floor. I felt I was watching a glorified crook play in which bodies were being disposed of in regiments. It was inexpressibly comic to watch these sedate or pompous, or skittish or portly, or thin or shabby, or immaculate politicians, rising, as it were, out of the floor—face, waistcoat, trousers, feet, and disappearing in like order; or alternatively descending, in the other series of lifts—feet, trouser bottoms, and up to stolid or foolish or grinning or incredulous-looking face. Extraordinary how many looked astonished, with the inquiring eager look of a child, bland and innocent; yet doubtless slightly Machiavellian within.

Drinks! So many curious drinks. In Prague with every meal they serve you a slender glass of soda-water—with your morning coffee, with your glass of liqueur brandy. In Stockholm your Swedish friend, when you take dinner with him, will order schnapps—a large liqueur glass of fiery spirit tasting of aniseed and looking like oily water with a touch of gold in it. (As innocent-looking and almost as potent as illicit Irish poteen, once served to me by a Connemara postmaster in a cracked cup.) With your schnapps you drink, sipping alternately, a glass of beer, after the fashion of Glasgow workmen who drink "chasers"—neat whisky washed down by a pint of beer.

Coffee, coffee everywhere, and, yes, most of it fit to drink. Rome makes the finest, I think. You walk into a bar and the bar-tender takes three fresh grains, pops them into a silvery cup on a glinting large urn or stove or what you will, works a handle to and fro, pops a doll's cup beneath a spout and in a few moments delivers you half a doll's cup of black coffee, strong, fragrant and in price anything from 2d. to 4d. Every cup made separately for the Romans who, all day and into the next morning, pop in and out. Hardly any gossiping, or waste of time. Drink and go. That is the rule.

Did you know that in Stockholm the swing doors go round the wrong way (although, upon my soul, I think theirs go the right way since they go clockwise and ours move anti-clockwise), that in Hamburg you may not play a musical instrument in your flat after 10 p.m., or beat your carpets after 9 a.m., and that it is thought bad form to cut your potatoes with a knife? (You are to crush them with a fork.) Or that The Hague has tramway cars that hoot like young trains?

Our theatrical impresarios and young dramatists complain, and rightly, of the difficulty of getting audiences into the theatre, but I wonder what they would say if they lived in Italy? In Rome, with its 1,000,000 people, only about 4,000 go regularly to the theatre. You have an astounding success if your play runs for eight nights and one still more remarkable if, throughout all Italy, you achieve thirty performances. Another thing that struck me as odd in Italy, although I dare say it should not have done, was the genuine love that exists for macaroni. My surprise is, I suppose, a measure of my insularity. I thought they ate it because it is cheap, but it is not cheap; or because it is easily prepared, but it is not easily prepared. An Italian girl who translates plays, an intellectual, told me that when she comes to London she travels, and gladly, across London for the joy of eating a dish of macaroni. By the way, if you go to Holland and you are hungry and hard-up, ask for pea soup. Oh, an enormous meal—a large basin filled with soup and boiled bacon and a considerable sausage. A flagon of this will stay you for hours and hours.

In this brief account of things that seemed strange to me I must not omit the former British soldiers who married Belgian women and for fourteen years have been working in the pits and steel-works near Charleroi. Three hundred of them are there and nearly all are, alas, now out of work. They come to the Vice-Consul to ask his advice, *and most of them are now incapable of expressing themselves in English.* Constantly they drop into Flemish or French. Another strange fact; in Lille, the diminutive Blackburn or Manchester of France, I saw many typical Lancashire faces. But they were the faces of Frenchmen. I asked my friend born in Lille whether he thought the cotton trade produces a type. "The truth is," he said, "these people have somehow begun to look more English since the war."

They have the tiniest matches in Rome I have ever seen; of wax, but no thicker than a pin. But also they have the tallest soldiers—the King's guards. They must be seven feet or more. My six feet were quite dwarfed by these men wearing brass helmets like those of Caesar. Did I mention that in Rome you may dial a number on the telephone and hear a voice announcing the hour and the minute? The voice never ceases, changing to the next minute when the minute is up.

Europe may not be rich and strange, but strange it is. Very.

END

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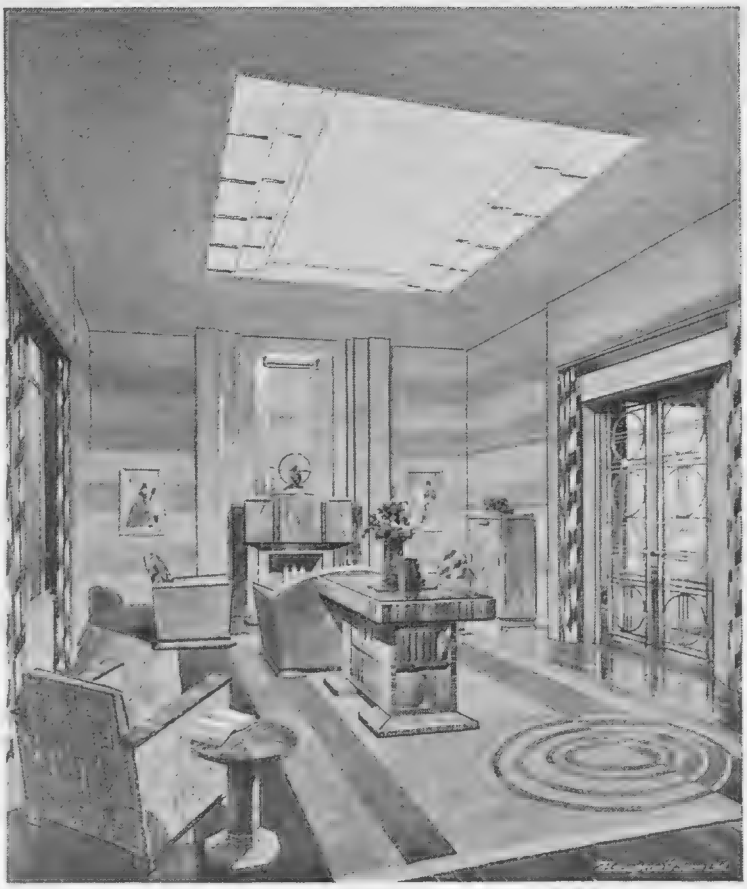

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Gold, Gold!

(*Continued from page* 35)

would have described her as "zinc-bottomed," for her copper not arriving in time, she was sheeted with zinc instead so as to lose no time. She carried, as well as the usual stores, twenty frame houses, with glass and windows complete, all ready to put up on arrival—a very useful provision when the greater proportion of the population of San Francisco was sleeping in tents and rough shacks, if not in the open air.

The *Panama* took about thirty days getting round the Horn, which was not too bad for a vessel which made no pretence to be a clipper. The weather in the high latitudes was rough and cold, and the cabin skylights were battened down the whole time, the only light being that of a small oil lamp. Between decks there was not enough head-room to allow of standing upright, and the cabin furniture consisted of two chairs, one for the skipper and the other for a favoured passenger; the rest of the ship's company sat around on their lashed trunks. And when thirty men had sat, eaten, slept, smoked and spat in that battened-down cabin for a month on end, it must have smelt, as the mate of the old *Harmony* once graphically expressed it to me, "of people."

BY 1850 the population of California had jumped from a few thousands to nearly a hundred thousand, and the cry was "Still they come." To meet the big demand for fast ships to carry passengers and cargoes to the new communities, the shipbuilders of Boston and New York had an opportunity they were not slow to grasp. The result of their efforts was seen in the famous Californian clippers. Every yard on the Atlantic coast worked double time turning out ships, and excitement reached fever heat as one fast passage after another was made. Such vessels as the *Flying Fish*, the *Sea Serpent*, the *Challenge*—famous or infamous as the ship in which that notorious saddist among sea captains, "Bully" Waterman, gained his unenviable title—and the *Flying Cloud*, regularly made passages which reduced the distance in point of time between California and the Eastern States by at least a third, and later repeated their triumphs in the China tea trade. Chance, the fickle goddess of mining communities, extended her influence into the realm of trade as of gold seeking, and fortunes were made and lost in queer ways in both spheres.

Hard on the heels of the Californian discoveries came the news of no less remarkable gold finds in Australia. Melbourne, like San Francisco, soon became a vast city of tents, and the scenes of the earlier stampede were very largely duplicated—the ships deserted by their crews, the saloons where successful miners stood treat to the world at large, the unpaved streets ploughed into ruts by the traffic, and the throngs of cosmopolitan adventurers flocking to the diggings at Ballarat and Bendigo. At least one British Prime Minister-to-be laboured with shovel and "rocker" at the Ballarat diggings, and it is probable that the knowledge he gained at the university of experience was to prove fully as useful to the Marquess of Salisbury in his later years as anything he learned at Eton and Oxford.

Returning miners brought home wonderful stories of the fortunes to be won by the lucky, and in the log of a midshipman in Green's *Blackwall*, I find a yellowed newspaper cutting which records :—

> "Landed here (Plymouth) Messrs. Robert Campbell . . . and Adolphus Young, the last of whom has a nugget of pure gold which from its great resemblance is called 'Punch's head.' It weighs twelve ounces, and was procured from the Ballarat diggings, near Geelong."

A pen-and-ink drawing of the nugget accompanies the cutting. One cannot help feeling that Mr. Adolphus Young was a trifle indiscreet in thus parading his treasure, and it is to be hoped that he got it home safely.

The *Blackwall* was one of many regular East India traders diverted to the "Colonies" run to meet the unprecedented demand for tonnage. The Canadian and American yards, too, were combed for ships by British buyers, and enterprising firms such as the White Star Line, whose name and house-flag later became the property of the famous steamship company, and James Baines's Black Ball Line, placed orders with the leading builders across the water for the fastest and finest clippers money could buy. Such names as *Marco Polo*, *Red Jacket*, *Lightning* (said to have run 436 miles (sea) in a day), and *James Baines*, are writ large in the records of the sailing-ship; though it should not be forgotten that the records of their phenomenal speeds all date from the time of the hand log. No such rate of progress has, so far as I know, been registered since the patent log came into use, a fact which cannot but make one feel a trifle dubious as to their complete authenticity.

WESTBOUND travellers on the Canadian Pacific Railway cannot fail to notice here and there derelict-looking small towns and villages along the banks of the Fraser River, whose appearance is full of that indefinable "haunted" look which always seems to cling to places which some form of vigorous human activity has deserted. Many a strange and wild tale those mouldering wooden shacks and gaunt façades with the faded words "Pacific Hotel," or something equally grandiose, on their weather-bleached boards, could tell if, as the saying goes, walls could speak: tales of the gambling, the shooting, the drinking, the excitement of success, the blank despair of failure, which went to make up the life of a Western mining town.

These forsaken towns were the setting of the drama of the gold rush to the Fraser River, and later to the Cariboo district, which in 1858 and succeeding years drew goldseekers to British Columbia, or, as it was then called, New Caledonia, from all parts of the world.

The Fraser, like all the rivers of the Pacific Slope, is both difficult and dangerous to navigate. One has only to look down into the deep channel through which its powerful jade-green flood whirls and eddies on its seaward way to realise its strength and swiftness, even at ordinary times, and that strength and speed are doubled when there have been heavy rains or much melting of the snows in the mountains. The Fraser has a sinister name with those who know it. It never, so they say, gives up its dead.

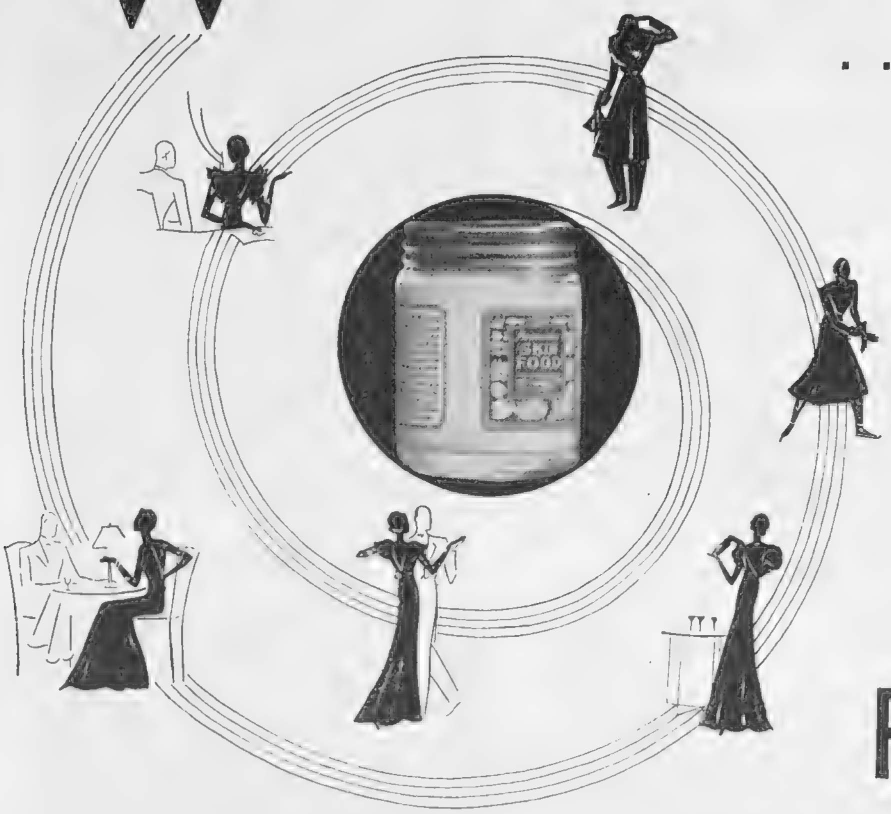
At the time of the gold rush, the river was the principal route by which passengers and goods could reach their destination. At first all communication was by canoe, and one well-known old-timer used to coin money ferrying miners and their outfits over the river, at half a dollar a head.

The first sternwheelers used to go no farther than Fort Hope, except when the water on the bars was unusually high, but in 1861 a new steamer was built to maintain a regular service to Yale, sixteen miles higher up. The first trip of the *Yale*, as she was christened, proved a great success; under the command of Captain Smith B. Jamieson, a very experienced river navigator.

On her second trip all went well as far as Fort Hope, when dinner was served. A passenger, also a captain with river experience, was in the pilot-house with Captain Jamieson at the time, and offered to relieve him while he went to dine. But as the ship was just approaching one of the worst of the eddies—or "riffles," as the local name is—which are among the chief difficulties of navigation on the Fraser, Captain Jamieson decided to stick to his post a little longer. A few minutes later, the ship was shaken by a terrific explosion. Her boiler had blown up. Twelve people were killed and injured, and, true to its reputation, the river never gave up the body of the unfortunate captain.

END

WHEN THE SOCIAL ROUND IS UNRELENTING



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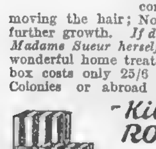

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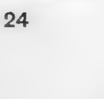


MADAME SUEUR,
Dept. M,
11/13, Baker Street,
Portman Square,
LONDON, W.1.

All Our Little Brothers

(*Continued from page* 33)

"I can promise you I've had my fill of walks in parks. Or walks anywhere."

"Yes, but we must eat and drink. Especially drink, eh? . . . We could be better friends."

"I should like a Scotch whisky."

"Ach! Expensive!"

"What, too expensive for a long-lost brother?"

"You are right, Johann. I'll give you what you want. There's a little place—very nice—*der Roseweiner.*"

So they were out, arm-in-arm. As soon as he put his giant arm through Johann's skeleton one, Ivo felt that he carried the situation and the victim in his vast grasp. He felt cruel, and sure; though again lathered with the sweat of fear.

He chose the little table at the *Roseweiner* café at the extreme edge, nearest the trees, which darkened the table and its occupants. Mounds of sliced sausage, and fried potatoes, and pickled gherkins were put before them and they ate. A hundred yards up the scarce-lit hill glowed, red and small, the tail light of a closed car.

It was in the second Scotch whisky, which he would order for his brother as a generous afterthought when the food was finished and paid for, that Ivo would put the contents of the phial.

The time passed quickly enough. When the bill was paid Ivo offered generously: "Another drink, Johann," and put the price of a Pilsener and a Scotch whisky straightway in the hand of the fat woman who waited on them. The drinks came at once.

Ivo dropped a coin on the ground.

"Ach! I've dropped five marks. Look on your side, Johann." Johann dived greedily down, and as Ivo tipped the phial over the whisky he saw his brother keep his downbent position for a moment as he found the coin and slipped it in his own pocket.

"It's not there, Ivo," said Johann, coming up with a childish face.

"Isn't it?" Ivo answered, keeping the anger from his voice, for what dirty trick would not Johann play on a man? He drank his Pilsener, bent down again, came up, searched his pockets, spread his few coins in the palm of his hand, looked at them stupidly. "Well, perhaps—I thought I dropped one. I'm not quite sure—I had two big tips to-day; maybe it's all right after all."

Johann laughed like a malicious boy.

"Well, drink your spirits," said Ivo, finishing off his beer, "and I'll tell you what. It's after ten-thirty now. We'll go to the Alcazar!"

"The Alcazar! Oho! The Alcazar!"

Down Johann's throat the whisky went smooth as milk. Ivo lumbered up, took his arm.

"Nearest way is up the hill, Johann——"

"It's not."

"Up the hill, and to the left back into the town. Leave yourself to me." Then already as he spoke he felt Johann sagging.

"Come along, brother. That whisky was too much for you in your state. Lean on me. What did you say?"

But Johann's stuttered words came incoherently, as from a sleep, and ceased. They were moving under the dark trees; they were beside the car. Who had opened the door? That was Dr. Muëlke's face? Johann fell forward into the car; Ivo hoisted up his legs, and went in after him. Darkness and swift driving out—out—into the country, away from lights and tramlines, noise and housetops.

When they reached what seemed to Ivo to be outlined as a veritable country mansion they stopped. Dr. Muëlke slipped from behind the wheel.

"I'll carry him," Ivo grunted, and hoisted Johann like a half-empty sack of potatoes on his back. He was still thinking redly of his five-mark piece.

Dr. Muëlke had driven the car straight into a garage ready open; and switching off the lights he guided Ivo to a door at the back of the garage. When this door was unlocked, it revealed a featureless corridor of cold shining white. At the end of this corridor was a very large room of cold shining whiteness. There was a narrow white bed on a steel frame in one corner. Otherwise the room was terrible because it had so many things in it, steel and glass, and an operating table, about which a healthy ignorant man did not want to know.

"On the bed, Ivo."

Johann lay straight and waxen, asleep.

"Excellent, excellent subject," whispered Dr. Muëlke, brooding over him. "But," he looked at Johann's tidy clothes and boots, "does he belong anywhere?"

"He belongs nowhere, doctor. I gave him the clothes and boots to come out with me to-night. He's just vermin, doctor."

"So."

Dr. Muëlke straightened up and looked at Ivo.

"That's all, Ivo."

"Yes, doctor. Good-night."

"But here." Five hundred marks were held out to him.

Ivo put his arm up over his eyes, which were wet. In the gleam of his tears, which softened the glare of the white room, he saw brooks, green trees, long roads walked shoulder to shoulder with Johann. There had been a time when little children loved one another. Memories laughed within him—youth and wild flowers in meadows, games and fights, hope and joy, belief and dreams. These were all woven into the now fouled fabric of brotherhood. His heart ached. "No! No!" he trembled. "My wife wants no new carpet or fur coat."

Dr. Muëlke stood looking at him so that he felt under a microscope.

"He has a five-mark piece in his pocket, doctor." He fished the coin out of Johann's coat and held it to Muëlke. "It might . . . when he feels so inclined . . . buy him a bit of tobacco. Eh, doctor? A bit of tobacco."

Dr. Muëlke looked with such an odd terrible smile of irony at the five-mark piece that Ivo could only drop it on the white bed and slink out. As he hurried back up the death-white corridor, Dr. Muëlke after him bolting doors, tears ran down his cheeks and he thought: "Johann will never be able to spend the five marks. Never. He is worse than dead."

So, back to the two rooms in the street off the *Damntorstrasse.*

What of Marga now?

As he entered his home again pity left him; he was just this new mate of Marga's, fierce and brutal, meaning to have all his rights. Marga looked round at him from the stove where she was stirring some of her good soup. She was the new pale Marga, though all memories weaved into the two plaits of light brown hair which she had never cut, and which hung down braided for the night.

Ivo closed and bolted the door and set his back against it.

"Well, you're back too," he said in a sneering voice; "you had better hear at once that Johann has chosen to leave us; he has left Hamburg in his new suit and his new boots, and——"

He got no further, for in a pink and passionate blush the old Marga overwhelmed the new; her full mouth reddened, her blue eyes shone. "He's gone? Thank God! Oh! what I have suffered! Thank God! Our home our own again, our happy life——"

Ivo quivered all over like a great jellyfish. "But I've been thinking——"

"I did it for you, Ivo. Because he's your brother. But it has been dreadful for me. And to-day—when I had to go out because I wouldn't stay here with him alone any more—driven out of my own lovely home—oh, Ivo——"

They collapsed together on the sofa where Johann had taken his ease. Both wept.

But Marga was first to laugh again. And: "What a great big baby the man is!" she cried happily, with Ivo's head against her generous breast.

MARGA fed up her great big baby assiduously, for mysteriously he dropped weight. All her love could not keep the ghost out of his eyes. She puzzled in secret, at her stove, over the wash-tub, or walking beside Ivo in the *Tierpark* the closing Sundays of that very hot summer. But she asked nothing direct, only in a roundabout female way, without knowing of his pain, probed him to the very heart.

"You mustn't get so thin," she would say. "Herr Schmidt will not like a thin doorman. A thin doorman gives a place a poor name. What are you thinking of?" she would ask, apparently idly, slipping her lovely hand into his as they stood side by side, watching the incredible agility of the chamois on their high rocks or laughing at the walrus snorting in his pool. "Are you still sorry for what you thought of me?" she would pout, so bringing him near that name which he would not utter.

Not since the May night when he had delivered Johann over to worse than death, had he spoken his name; so Marga, a sensitive wife, did not speak it either.

Casting about in her mind for the cause of her husband's soul-sickness, though, she let fall other things: "You haven't mentioned your Doctor Muëlke lately, my dear. I hope he still comes, and still talks to you; it pleased Herr Schmidt, didn't it?"

"Oh, yes, Marga, he comes. He talks. Herr Schmidt is pleased, as you say. Quite a great man, you know, Dr. Muëlke."

But only once had Dr. Muëlke come to the café-restaurant after that night in May. It was the end of June when he walked in. To Ivo it appeared that the doctor walked in a miasmic cloud, very evil; horrible, though obviously other patrons noticed nothing. Unbidden, he went to the doctor's table, flattening his cap against his stomach with trembling beefy hands.

"Good day, Herr Muëlke."

The doctor looked at Ivo impassively. No smiles. No interest now. But his voice was agreeable.

"Well, my friend Ivo. And how's the wife?"

"Well, I am glad to say, doctor. Thank you. Doctor——"

A snap of the doctor's fingers to a waiter who turned up:

"A Dom."

"Doctor, I wanted to ask you a question——"

"What do you say, Ivo?"

"I say, I wanted to ask you a question——"

The doctor took the little glass in his hand, and examined the colour of the liqueur.

"Doctor, how—how—is that other?"

His tongue stuck to his palate; they had gone bone dry together. He had no saliva to assist his speech.

"Speak up, friend Ivo. What is it?"

"Doctor; how—is—is *he*?"

"Of whom do you speak, Ivo?"

"Of .... The man I brought to your house that night in May."

"Friend Ivo, you brought no man to my house on any night at all."

Dr. Muëlke put on his spectacles and looked at Ivo. Behind the lens his own eyes looked as glassy; unfathomable. He was a man of great nicety in dress; his finger nails were kept impeccably. He was a personality, what he said carried its weight. "Who am I?" Ivo thought, "a doorman, going thin with fright, displeasing Herr Schmidt. So Dr. Muëlke says. . So that is it, is it?"

"Doctor," he began, and paused.

Dr. Muëlke looked steadily into Ivo's face, now greyish; once so rubicund.

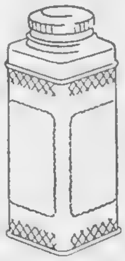
"I'll write you a little prescription, Ivo. Ach! it's useful to have a doctor for a friend, isn't it? There, take it to Grimm, the chemist, and charge to me. Meanwhile, a Dom?"

"C-c-could it be a cognac, doctor?"

Ivo tossed it down in the usual surreptitious manner that was considered correct for him—not that Herr Schmidt minded how many patrons stood (*Continued on page* 126)

an
irresistible
fragrance

There are some, and they are the most adorable of women, who are always so fresh and flower-like that it seems they must have stepped but a moment ago from a perfumed bath and a cloud of some delicious powder. And indeed it may be so! For nowadays many women are finding in Johnson's Baby Powder the secret of an irresistible fragrance. Being intended originally to keep a baby's skin sweet and lovable, Johnson's Baby Powder is the *softest and most delicate toilet powder* you can use. Powder your limbs with it after the bath and all the evening you will carry with you and about you an alluring daintiness.



Johnson's
BABY & TOILET
powder

At the chemist's one shilling

331

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veritable Eden. Everything about her fascinated him—her small, unhurried voice; her curiously long grey eyes that slanted upwards at the corners; the grace of all her movements. It staggered him that such a genuine beauty should be lost to view, and apparently contented to be lost, in a wilderness like Sumba. He had elicited from her that she had never dined in a big restaurant, never bought herself a smart hat, never learnt to dance or heard of Melton Mowbray. All these things astounded George.

"You see, ever since I was a child I've always been wandering about with Daddy in places like these."

"But it's wrong! It's criminal to waste yourself here!"

She considered this for an amused moment.

"Do you think so?"

"Of course it is!"

"I've never thought about it. I'm perfectly happy."

"But don't you want to see something of the world? London? Paris?"

"Oh, yes, I'd like to see them, of course." Her eyelashes flickered; she rose from the floor with one of the quick, boneless movements that fascinated him. "Come along, let's go down to the village. There's a *gamelan* going on to-night."

All through their love story ran the music of the *gamelan*, strange, haunting accompaniment to what George often felt to be a fantasy as wild as the wild island moonlight. Out of the darkness, strident with the "*Tok*-ay! *Tok*-ay!" of the giant lizards in the Flame of the Forest tree, it would come floating, the resonant sweetness of the great bronze *gamelan* gongs and bells, the soft patter of drums under fluttering brown fingers. They would thread their way down alleys of tangled moonlight and shadow, through the courtyard of a little temple that was sweet with the waxen perfume of votive flowers, and step at last into the light of a smoking lamp and the hollow square of *gamelan* players squatting on their haunches behind their racks of bells and carved gongs. Always they were honoured guests, made welcome in the circle of watchers.

One day Chalmers showed him some of his photographs. They were exquisite things, mostly studies of Sumbanese women, of the rice fields and waterfalls, of the dancers in their ceremonial finery. Chalmers had captured with consummate artistry the flash of sunlight through the spray that curled round the slim body of a laughing girl; the fronds of a giant fern; the lovely line of a golden breast and thigh. Suddenly George paused, startled, before the study of a white nymph bathing in a rocky pool.

Chalmers said carelessly:

"Yes, that's Eve. I use her sometimes. Not a bad figure, has she? But she's a stick in comparison with some of the girls here, as you've probably noticed."

George felt his face flame and a wave of murderous hatred of Chalmers surged into his heart. The simplicity and beauty of that secret moment when he had watched Eve on the shore seemed dragged into the light, outraged and cheapened. He remembered the Dutch captain's wink as he observed, "There is also a daughter—or they say she is his daughter."

He got up abruptly and went out. Chalmers looked after him in astonishment, shrugged, and roared at Bunda to bring in the Bols.

That night George realised something that changed the whole course of his life. Eve Chalmers looked round at him as they sat together listening to the *gamelan*, and in a sudden illuminating flash he knew that she loved him as much as he loved her. She had fallen in love with him for a variety of reasons. He was so different from all the men she saw—Chalmers, an occasional Dutchman, the Armenian traders. George's clothes, his well-kept hands, his white teeth fascinated her. But she had also *fallen* in love with his kindness, his simple heart, and a certain pathos that clung to him in spite of his big, self-assured good looks.

When his hand reached out and closed over hers, she did not draw it away. Instead, her small fingers twined into his, curled convulsively into the palm of his hand and the deepest fibres of his life.

SHE wept when they sailed from Sumba, but not more than he had expected. For that matter, everyone wept, Chalmers included.

Chalmers had refused to come with them to Sourabaja for the wedding; secretly George felt a little relieved. His prospective father-in-law's coarse jokes, curious appearance and food-spotted clothes would certainly have embarrassed him. By the time the steamer arrived at Sourabaja, the island had become for him a sort of fantastic dream.

They were married that day, and sailed the following afternoon on one of the big liners. George was going to cut the rest of his trip short. He had had enough of originality; he was even suffering from slight mental indigestion following that wild overdose of romance and the exotic East. Now they were going Home, he told Eve, and he began to talk excitedly of the hunting that he would not altogether miss after all. Every morning he went on to the top deck and did deep breathing exercises. He ordered steaks and chops from the grill. He glowed, expanded, beamed, as the ship passed Singapore, left Ceylon behind, and sailed through the Canal into crisper days and the first raw, grey foretaste of Home.

It worried him a little that Eve did not expand and glow as he did. She huddled. The cold that so invigorated him seemed to strike deep into her fragile bones. She was not sick, but she huddled all day in their state-room, looking at him with eyes like those of an ailing animal. She had no thick clothes, so most of the time she sat bunched up in one of George's great coats. His warm heart was greatly distressed; he loved her more than ever now that she was dependent on him, no longer the striding young Amazon of the Sumba beaches. It seemed to him that she clung to him rather desperately these days, as though the feel of his big chest and arms reassured her. He told her tenderly that she would soon get used to the Home climate, and that he would buy her a mink coat when they got to Paris.

After they had recovered from their first shock, everyone was very interested in George Ferrers' new wife. The story had got round that she was a black woman with a ring through her nose, so it was a fresh shock to find her face so white above the mink collar. George, glowing now with the steady ruddiness of a lighted pumpkin, plainly doted on her; paraded her to his friends with the naïve triumph of a returning traveller unearthing a Benares tray from his baggage. It was plain, although she had not entirely lost the sick animal look, that she was a beauty. George took her home to the Hall. There were welcoming arches, bunting, speeches; someone presented a silver tea service on behalf of the tenants and referred to Eve as "My lady." She looked lost and frightened. Later, when they were alone in their room, with the firelight glowing on the Hepplewhite fourposter and the glazed chintzes, she put her arms round him and held him as though she would never let him go. He could not see her face, but he guessed that she must be feeling strange and perhaps lonely. He was wonderfully gentle with her, and presently, when he heard her sobbing quietly beside him in the night, he took her in his arms and comforted her without asking any questions. She would soon "get used to it," as she would get used to the climate. There were no doubts, no qualms, no menacing clouds on George's horizon.

In the following months he was very good to her. She had never hunted and showed no desire to hunt, so he took a flat in London and told her that she could spend as much time there as she liked. He thought vaguely that she would enjoy buying pretty things for herself. He looked up some of his women friends and asked them to show her where to go and what to do. His women friends were mostly of the smart Leicestershire type that looked its best perfectly habited and booted on a frosty November morning; they looked Eve up and down with hard, knowledgeable eyes, but they did their best by poor old George for her. Soon she acquired the knack of wearing her clothes with verve and *chic;* one would never have imagined that a short time ago she had run wild in bare feet and a red and white cotton jacket. People turned to look at her as she came into a room. George was delighted.

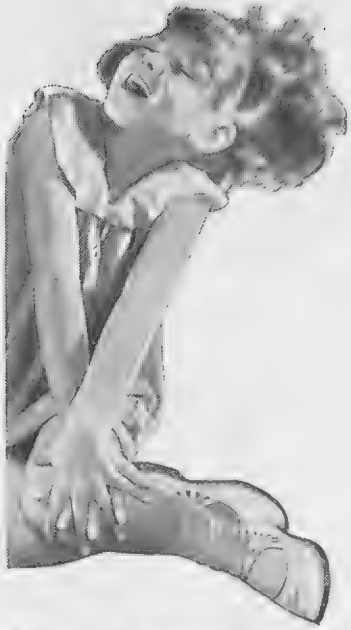
It seemed to him that she was happier when spring came and the days became warmer, and it was certain, for all his generosity over the London flat, that she was happier in the country. She could breathe better there, she explained. She would go off for long days by herself, and he did not inquire where she went or what she did. One day someone told him discreetly that his wife had been seen swimming naked in a lake some miles from the Hall. For the first time in his life he was angry with her. Her lids drooped over those long slanting eyes as she listened; she said nothing. A week later she disappeared again. He felt uneasily that she was disobeying his orders, but he did not dare ask where she had been when she turned up in the evening with the air of one appeased, at rest. His love for her had become faintly tinged with nervousness.

He could not and, after a while, did not try to break her of her easy-going habits. She lay in bed until all hours; meal times meant nothing to her, but she was quite capable of getting the housekeeper out of bed at three in the morning and demanding food from the irate lady as casually as though she were fat, lazy Bunda. She also had a trick of sitting on the drawing-room floor with no shoes or stockings on, and George found himself less fascinated by the quick, supple ease with which she reached this position. What had looked so enchanting on the verandah in Sumba was somehow a different thing on a Brussels carpet in Leicestershire. Parker, the butler, who had been with old Sir Simeon Ferrers for twenty years, took to dropping coffee services, and finally gave notice. George took a gloomy view of this.

By the end of the summer he could not conceal from himself or anyone else the fact that Eve was unhappy and that his impulsive marriage was turning out a failure. He could no longer carry it off with a few bluff lies when sixteen people turned up to dinner and found no hostess waiting for them. But in spite of the slow fraying of his temper by her indolence, her restlessness, her apathetic lack of interest in all that he loved, his passion for her remained the same. Strangely enough, he was certain that she loved him too.

One day, after (*Continued on page* 130)

THE ownership of a Vac-Tric vacuum cleaner ensures a completely dust-free house. Its container box holds a whole range of accessories destined to deal with such difficult corners as the back of a book-shelf or the top of a cupboard, as well as being able to clean delicate upholstery and valuable books. This model costs twelve guineas



The family's full of fun—because all are bathed in health!

THERE'S a lot of illness about these days and, as mothers know, illness and dirt are partners. Careless habits may begin in the home but they often end in serious troubles. That's why mother keeps Wright's Coal Tar Soap in the bathroom.

For years Wright's has been a favourite with both nurses and mothers. And now, independent investigation proves that Wright's is used more often by the medical profession than any other brand of toilet soap. Convincing proof of its genuine merit! Give *your* children the protection of Wright's, a fine, *safe* soap free from cheap scents, injurious colouring matter and irritants.

WRIGHT'S
coal tar **SOAP**
FOR FRESHNESS & RADIANT HEALTH

FOR THE COLD YOU HAVE or the Cold you wish to avoid

ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

Colds are caused by disease germs breathed into the respiratory tract at a time when the victim is "below par," and lacks the vitality to resist them. The inhaling of the antiseptic vapour Vapex, at the first onset of a cold cleanses the mucous membrane of the breathing passages, and thus attacks the cold at its source.

▲ **Breathe your Cold away**

Vapex is pleasant and refreshing—so much so that many people make a daily habit of putting a drop on their handkerchiefs. Vapex is economical, too, because a drop placed on the handkerchief in the morning, or on the pillow at night, gives many hours of protection or relief.

AND A DROP ON YOUR PILLOW AT NIGHT

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

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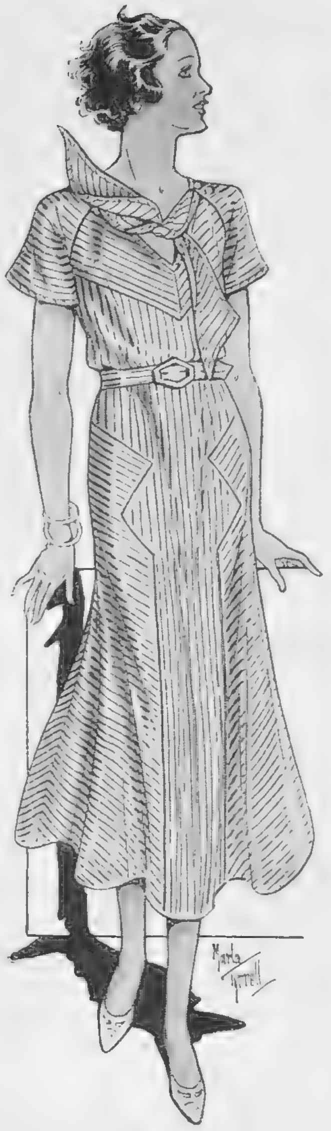

Unobtrusively Chic!

This frock would prove a most useful addition to any woman's wardrobe as it is suitable for those many summer occasions when something more than a tennis frock is needed and an elaborate toilette would be out of place. Skilfully cut to show the figure to advantage, the skirt has a hidden fullness which would allow the wearer to take part in an informal game of tennis with confidence and comfort.

It has several distinguishing features too—note the way the sleeves are set, the becoming yoke . . and the material, heavy macclesfield crêpe will wash and wear for ever! In all colours and obtainable from the best-class stores.

"Jengol"

F. & Co. Ltd., Chell St., Longsight, Manchester
and at Morley House, Regent Street, London
Wholesale and Shipping only

Causton

a letter from Chalmers arrived and he caught her crying bitterly, he tackled her point-blank.

“ What's the matter with you these days ? You're always crying. Aren't you happy ? ”

She looked at him appealingly.

“ Couldn't we go back to Sumba ? ”

“ So that's it ! ” he said irritably. “ You're still hankering after that God-forsaken place —why, God alone knows.”

“ Couldn't we go out for a visit and miss the winter ? I'm dreading it so terribly.”

“ And miss the hunting, too ? My dear girl, it's out of the question.”

She said nothing. He looked at her downcast face anxiously ; it struck him that she was beginning to lose her looks. Her cheeks and neck were thinner, and some bright quality of animal health and spirits had gone from her hair and complexion.

“ If you want a change we might run over to Biarritz for a few weeks,” he suggested.

She shook her head.

“ I don't want to go.”

She looked up and saw his prominent blue eyes staring wistfully at her, and a wave of remorse surged into her heart.

“ You're awfully good, George. Why do you trouble ? ”

“ Because I love you, I suppose.”

“ I wish I could do something for you. You're always trying to do nice things for me.”

“ You *can* do something for me. I want you to ask some friends of mine to dinner when we go up to town next week. The Eltons—you've never met them. They're just back from America, and they want to meet you. Will you write a nice note to Monica Elton for me ? ”

“ All right,” she murmured.

“ And you won't back out of the dinner at the last moment ? Promise ? ”

She laughed.

“ Poor George ! All right, I promise.”

He glowed with returning good temper.

“ Good ! We might take them to dine at the Café d'Ambassadeurs. It would cheer you up—you know you like dancing. What do you think ? Get yourself a new dress ! ”

“ I've got plenty of dresses.”

“ Nonsense ! ” said George, kissing her heartily. “ No woman ever had enough.”

“ You're awfully good,” she repeated wearily.

To the Eltons all seemed well between George Ferrers and his wife. They decided privately and separately that there must be no truth in the rumours that the marriage was turning out badly. Monica Elton's shrewd eyes saw a beautiful woman, exquisitely dressed in black, but slightly marred by the most curious expression of apathy. Her eyes looked only half awake, as though they were waiting for something. She talked very little, and fidgeted listlessly with her champagne glass. But George made up for it. He shone with good humour and satisfaction ; he was plainly very happy and very proud of his wife. Monica Elton was glad. Like most people, she was extremely fond of George.

The evening went off pleasantly. The café was full ; George's party danced once or twice. At midnight there was a lull in the music, and a slight stir of interest. Mrs. Elton looked towards the band.

“ I suppose it's a cabaret,” she said.

As the lights went down about twenty slender, brown-skinned men appeared and arranged themselves in a square, sitting cross-legged in the flood of arc-lights. They were dressed in linen jackets, gaudy cotton *sarongs*, and twisted head-cloths with flowers stuck through the folds. Before them were native drums and gongs, carved racks of bells and bronze bars. There was a tiny crash. George Ferrers had upset his glass of champagne.

Monica Elton turned back to the table.

Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor beside her Pye Q/MC Portable with moving coil speaker. Finished in polished burr walnut, this portable is attractively and strongly made, being mounted on springs sprung on rubber, and its working further advances the reputation of Pye quality. *(Price 14 guineas)*

“ But this is something new. What are they, George ? You ought to be able to tell us out of the experience of your travels. Javanese ? ”

Eve Ferrers answered unexpectedly :

“ No, they are Sumbanese. I know most of the men there.”

A strange note in her voice made Mrs. Elton glance at her curiously. She saw a woman come suddenly and almost alarmingly to life. Eve was leaning forward, lips parted and eyes brilliant. All the apathy had gone from her face ; she looked amazingly beautiful and amazingly alive. A little at a loss to explain the cause of this abrupt change, Mrs. Elton glanced at George and found him gazing uneasily at his wife while he listened with absent attention to Phillip Elton's remarks about the Colonial Exhibition in Paris. Clever and observant though she was, she did not know what to make of it.

Suddenly a deep, booming gong struck. The treble bronze bars picked out a theme ; the gongs and bells and soft drums took it up, played with it, embroidered it into weaving patterns of incredible intricacy and beauty.

FOR a few minutes Mrs. Elton forgot the Ferrers and listened with interest, trying to follow these elaborate tonal gymnastics. Then she heard a soft laugh, and looking round found that it was Eve Ferrers laughing to herself, head flung back and eyes closed. The music ceased, leaving the air clanging with vibrations.

They played again, and a third time. When they had ceased, and applause was fluttering round the room, Mrs. Elton heard George mutter on a note of entreaty : “ Eve, for God's sake ! ” Eve Ferrers was getting up and pushing back the table. She pushed past the astonished Phillip Elton and, picking up her skirts, walked quickly into the centre of the room. George, horrified to the depths of his conventional soul, heard his wife's quick, soft voice speaking in Sumbanese, and the babel of laughter and chatter that broke out. In company with the rest of the room he looked on as she seated herself with one graceful movement on the floor beside the *gamelan* leader, whose good-looking brown face was creased with welcoming smiles. In a sort of horrid composite flash George saw the Eltons' astounded faces ; heads of people he knew craning towards him round the room. It was by far the worst moment of his life. He felt the sweat beading his forehead ; his collar seemed to have become too tight.

And then, as swiftly as it had happened, the strange little incident was over. Waiters surged forward ; the *maître* had given a quick signal to the band. In a minute or two the floor was crowded with dancing couples, all of whom directed amused or curious glances at George's table. Eve and the *gamelan* players had vanished.

Phillip Elton cleared his throat.

“ Most interesting,” he said. “*Most* interesting, eh, Monica ? ”

George rose abruptly to his feet.

“ I think I'll go and find my wife,” he muttered. “ Excuse me, will you ? ”

Without waiting for an answer, he made his way hastily to the door. Neither he nor Eve reappeared that evening. Phillip Elton was left to pay the bill, which, owing to George's excellent tastes in Napoleonic brandy, was large and princely. Phillip Elton, gloomily surveying the total, was not amused.

A few days later all Leicestershire was ringing with the story of its sequel. Eve Ferrers had left her husband. She had left him the very night of the dinner at the Café d'Ambassadeurs ; gone back to the flat, thrown a few meagre belongings into a suitcase, and walked out. It was rumoured that she had gone back to the remote little island where he had found her—somewhere in the Dutch East Indies, someone had said.

After the first sensation was over, everyone said firmly that it served George right. It would teach him not to go off on quixotic wild-goose chases again. And in his heart George would have agreed with them. After the first frenzied expostulations when he saw that her mind was made up he had made no attempt to stop her. He would not go after her to try and bring her back ; he had no desire to set foot on Sumba again and explore any further the romantic possibilities of the Real Thing. He found, when he came to look round at the chaos that Chalmers's daughter had left of his orderly life, that he really desired nothing very strongly except to forget her and Sumba and those strange, sweet days as quickly as possible.

It took time and a great deal of money to get the divorce, for though you can divorce a woman for running away to another man, there is nothing in the divorce laws to meet the situation when she runs away to an island. George, with a last spasm of quixotism, took all the blame, and shortly after the decree was made absolute his friends were electrified to hear that he was marrying again. This time everything was in perfect order.

The new Lady Ferrers was a large, handsome girl with feet that planted themselves down firmly in glossy, well-cut brogues. She hunted four days a week and had known George since childhood. Everyone turned out in force to see them married at the Savoy Chapel ; the bride looking radiant in gold tissue that she wore as though it were chain armour ; the bridegroom, who had lost a good deal of weight in the last year or two, glowing with genial self-satisfaction. After the reception the happy couple left for a honeymoon in Venice ; George was taking no unconventional risks this time.

Everyone agreed that he had really come out of that other unfortunate affair very well. People had forgotten it a good deal by now, but they knew that it had been most unfortunate. Perhaps only George remembered, and would always remember. At any rate, his slightly bulging blue eyes never lost a wary, somewhat pathetic expression, as though he were listening for a note of wild music that had been struck somewhere in the past and would not sound again.

Otherwise he was perfectly happy.

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1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, January 16th

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to C. R. H. Brabham, G.C.S. 5666. Hon. Mention: Betty Metchim, G.C.S. 5507; May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Betty Crowther, G.C.S. 5831. Hon. Mention: Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846.

Needlework Competition.—Anything White. Prize 10s. Divided between Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583, and Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905. Hon. Mention: Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730; Olive Fairclough, G.C.S. 5945.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s Divided between John Waterhouse, M.C.S. 3065, and Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242. Hon. Mention: W. Wilson, M.C.S. 3147.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Gwendoline Allen, M.C.S. 3151. Hon. Mention: Margaret McRae, M.C.S. 3386; Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930; Eileen Molony, M.C.S. 3356.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Colour. Prize 10s. Awarded to Marion Lund, M.C.S. 3390.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281. Hon. Mention: Joan Gibling, A.C.S. 1536; Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462; B. Barker, A.C.S. 1470.

Literature Competition.—My Favourite Room. Prize 5s. Awarded to Evangeline Weir, A.C.S. 1516. Hon. Mention: Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like in Wool. Prize 5s. Awarded to Doris A. Osborne, A.C.S. 1284.

Award of Prizes, February 1st

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Illustration to a Well-known Poem. Prize 10s. Divided between J. Ludlow Northeast, G.C.S. 5588, and Marguerite Falcon, G.C.S. 5943. Hon. Mention: A. Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841; Z. Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5938.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Florence E. McCoy, G.C.S. 5845. Hon. Mention: May McCoy, G.C.S. 5940; Iris Loring, G.C.S. 5941.

Needlework Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316. Hon. Mention: G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784; Elsie Wilson, G.C.S. 5872; Ada Brabham, G.C.S. 5699.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Poster Advertising Soap. Prize 10s. Awarded to Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242. Hon. Mention: J. Waterhouse, M.C.S. 3065; Betty Wood, M.C.S. 3396.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. Awarded to Ursula Moss, M.C.S. 3080. Hon. Mention: Barbara Paul, M.C.S. 3341; Mary Gordon, M.C.S. 3368; Ernest N. Price, M.C.S. 3393.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Pencil Sketch of a Room. Prize 5s. Awarded to Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422. Hon. Mention: Evangeline Weir, A.C.S. 1516; Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 5s. Awarded to Elsie Montgomery, A.C.S. 1545. Hon. Mention: Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(April—May)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, April 17th. Design for Book Cover on Some Flying Topic. No. II. Closing date, May 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, May 15th. A Landscape Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, April 17th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, May 1st. Review a Recent Book. No. III. Closing date, May 15th. A Lyric.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, April 17th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, May 1st. Anything Embroidered. No. III. Closing date, May 15th. Do-As-You-Like in Wool.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, April 17th. Poster Advertising a Charity Dance. No. II. Closing date, May 1st. A Book Jacket for a Thriller. No. III. Closing date, May 15th. A Still Life Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, April 17th. A Short Poem. No. II. Closing date, May 1st. Letter Demanding an Explanation from a Friend of Some Slanderous Statement. No. III. Closing date, May 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, April 17th. Flowers in a Vase. No. II. Closing date, May 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, May 15th. A Design for a Title Page to a Book of Nursery Rhymes.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, April 17th. A Verse of Four Lines Concerning Any Animal. No. II. Closing date, May 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, May 15th. A Short Poem.

Open to All: Age taken specially into Account

Snapshot Competition.—First Prize 10s. Second Prize 5s. Closing date, May 15th. Any Outdoor Scene.

NEWS OF THE MONTH

THE £5 quarterly prize for August, September, and October has been awarded to Ursula A. C. Moss, M.C.S. 3080. Next in order of merit: Evangeline Weir, A.C.S. 1,516; Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5,846; Olwen Lawton, G.C.S. 5,923; Olive Dockree, M.C.S. 3,366; Zenobia H. Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5,938; Brenda Milligan, M.C.S. 3,345; Veronica Price Harris, A.C.S. 1,281.

* * *

Owing to the keen competition for this valuable prize Saloners are advised to take great care with their entries to see that there are no avoidable errors which might mean loss of marks. Naturally one judges everything in the first place on the broadest lines possible, but when it is a question of tying for a place careless mistakes *might* mean loss of the prize.

* * *

You will be glad to hear there is no deficit on the Pantomime Fund this year owing to the splendid manner in which you all responded to the appeal. We have had some charming letters of thanks from the little guests who seemed to have enjoyed themselves even more than usual. Here is the final list of subscribers, to whom

(*Continued on page 134*)

At our 42nd Annual Competitions at the Hyde Park Hotel

Mrs. John Hassall, who presented the prizes, accepts our bouquet from little Patsy Jay. On her right is Mr. Edmund Sullivan, R.W.S., who assisted to judge the art, and on their extreme left, Miss Jope-Slade, one of the judges for literature

On the right (top picture), Audrey Jones and Beryl Ellis, whose clever dancing duet scored a prize, and at the side Gabrielle and Biddy Carnell, to whom the judges gave a similar award

A group of competitors responds in merry mood to the invitation of the camera man

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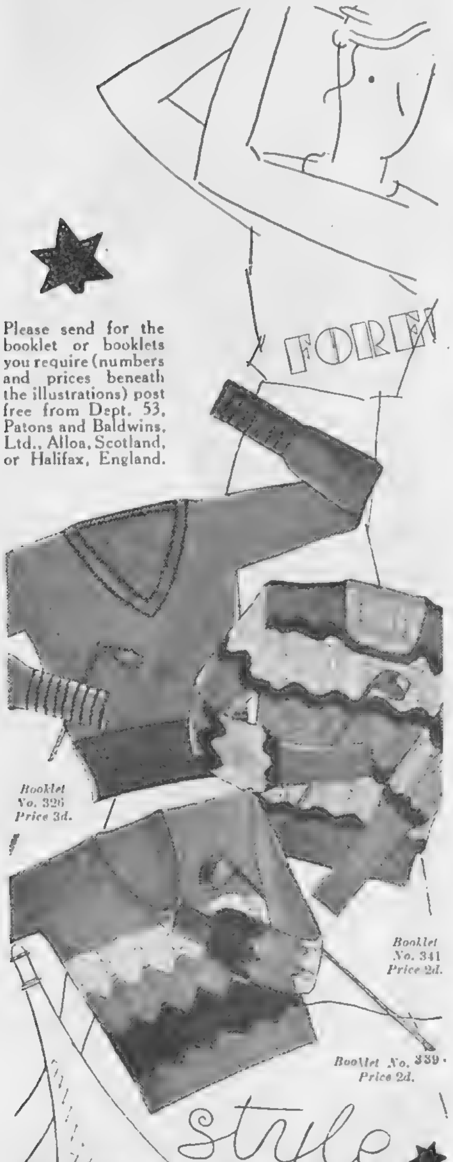

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The Children's Salon—*continued*

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* * *

Alexandra Day has been fixed for Wednesday, June 21st. I would be most grateful for the names of any Saloners living in the London area, and over 18 years of age, who can help us at our depot here on that day.

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(*January* 15)

Millicent Bartram.—The distant rock does not recede sufficiently, especially against the foreground trees. Watch subtle differences of tone very accurately and half close your eyes to get true values. Some nice work and charming colour.

Margaret McRae.—If you could have kept up the vein I could have enjoyed many more than these fourteen. A most amusing and witty effort. You ought to do well at light verse.

Dorothy Lake.—Rather more plot is necessary to make a story of this type interesting for the general reader. If you are keen about doing dog stories, read Galsworthy's "Memories," and Kipling's "Thy Servant a Dog." They should help you considerably.

Florence E. McCoy.—The idea is original and funny, but this treatment of a not easy theme isn't quite successful. It wants smartening, and the touch everywhere must be very sure. Sometimes you achieve it. I should work at it again if I were you.

Helen M. Lillie.—Shrewd and interesting. I think your summary is a very just estimate, but from you I would have expected a neater style in its expression. The sincere tone, however, is charming.

Iris Loring.—The end needs rather more expert handling, but the plot is good, and on the whole it is worked out in a lively and amusing fashion. You are not quite there, but you are on the way.

Joyce Glen.—Admirable as far as it goes, neat in expression and interesting in matter; but it is rather juvenile in outlook—perhaps this was intentional?

Violet Dennis.—As an exercise in freehand this possesses strength and finish, but for modern taste the pattern jumps too much from the background, and would scarcely look well *in situ* unless very high up.

Millicent Wood.—This begins very well indeed, and the composition is of a high standard throughout, but the finish is a little tame. Also, you speak of the "long Arctic day" and "longer night"; you cannot have it both ways in that manner.

Evangeline Weir.—Try a more responsive touch; although these sketches may be very like their subject, the method is a bit wooden and the ears seem very small. The literature paper has the merit of sincerity, but towards the end the composition is rather weak.

Patricia Baldwin.—The literature entry is a charming little bit of work, promising very well indeed. There is plenty of ingenuity in your design, but the mixture of conventional and natural isn't a very happy compromise. The big line of it, however, is quite good.

C. R. H. Brabham.—A truly lovely bit of colour. It is a pity technique failed you over the background. The bananas are too pale, of course, even for this delicate key, but on the whole a most attractive little sketch.

D. Anson.—Your background does not help the strongly handled objects either in colour or texture. More broken and atmospheric brushing is needed to give broad relief. Strong and dashing work.

Amy G. Haydon.—Pretty in style and design; but, for once, the workmanship seems a little below your consistently high standard.

Betty Metchim.—Vivid and brilliantly worked, but the geometrical forms spoil the beauty of the anemones. Subduing the vase and plate would add greatly to artistic charm. Inks are rather fugitive.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—Very charming colour, but rather over precise and tidy. Charm needs mystery as well as precision, and force to balance delicacy. The drapery has more breadth.

Marjorie Naylor.—A lot of strong work rather wasted on a poor composition. Why not a real interior or a bit that comes more happily?

Yvonne Earle.—Your glowing group cries aloud for sombre relief to give reality and projection. Natural and cast shadows must balance strong lights to give brilliancy and repose. Well handled. Your needlework is as ever lovely, and I am most grateful for these much appreciated contributions.

May W. Harrison.—An excellent group, strong and well spaced, the foliage a bit heavy and metallic. Pictorial and artistic in its treatment.

W. Wilson.—Extremely accurately drawn, but tending a bit to monotony of treatment. Your use of line is sufficiently assured to be picturesquely playful and less engraved.

Maud Schwabe.—There is a lot of spirit and cleverness in your drawings, but there should be some focus and more graduation of size and effect. High promise in many ways.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—Your figure against the light looks rather transparent, and the bear is slightly Teddy; but there is idea, good action and originality in your work.

J. Waterhouse.—You are working out an attractive lino style; this cut is certainly interesting black and white, and clever in suggestion of type and action. An artistic bit of design.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Betty Weir.—It's a pity that the horizontals of the armchair don't conform to the same horizon as the rest of your extremely well suggested interior. A thoroughly bright and clever impression.

Joan Hunton.—A very well-made little card, quaint and attractively primitive, excellent of its kind.

Joan Gibling.—A very attractive drawing, sincere, expressive and broad in its simple effect. The colour good on the whole, certainly very promising work.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—Your differentiation and analysis are quite sound, although they are a trifle clumsily expressed. Still, sincerity is at all times the main thing, and this quality is displayed.

E. Oliver Hall.—Some hint, not necessarily a full explanation of the tragedy, ought to be supplied and more should be made of the fine dramatic situation you have created when the parents enter the inn.

Jessie Wilkes.—This is a good theme, undoubtedly, and would be most effective if more comprehensively treated. It is, of course, a difficult one. I should alter the names, which are too flippant for a serious effort.

Olwen Lawton.—A story of this type demands a definite climax which must justify what has preceded it. This peters out, although in parts the handling is remarkably interesting.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—Allowing for the extravagant plot, this is very well managed. Your touch is becoming much more mature; the dialogue is fresh and the action good. Better themes are your chief need now. The art entry halts too undecidedly between poster work and still life. Some nice clean colour and an improved technique are very noticeable.

(*February* 1)

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—Background and foreground are too sharply differentiated. Some lively colour distinguishes the former, but its full tones defeat the rest. Ably designed.

Olwen Lawton.—Avoid such curious mixtures of the colloquial and the classical. The idea is a good one, but fails to get there owing to this quaint treatment.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a {*Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate*} *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*
(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name........

Address

Age, if under 20

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon

Arnold Parkin.—The fourth verse is much the best. To compare a thing with itself as in line two of the opening verse always suggests weakness. I should cut this down to four stanzas at the most.

May W. Harrison.—Some interesting work in sea and sky, but the figures are quite out of key. Imaginative subjects are not your strong point, and without better knowledge of the figure you are much handicapped even when the conception is on sure ground.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—Well composed and charming in colour and feeling. The figure leaves something to be desired, but is well placed. In the verses the suggestion is that you base yourself on the French pronunciation of "réveille." It is essential to use the one common to military life here, *i.e.*, "revelly."

Rachel Cunningham.—An excellent transcript. You have seized the force and go of the original very well indeed, and have only come to grief where most people fail—namely, in hands and feet.

G. Bertelsman.—The last four lines of the first verse are head and shoulders above the rest. Very good indeed! The last line casts aside their fine realism and brings the poem to earth. I expect you could recast it to avoid such a criticism.

Irene McCoy.—The second verse has more distinction than the other—a very necessary quality for the charming theme and the brevity of its treatment. I suspect you could greatly improve the opening lines at another shot.

Jessie Wilkes.—This is good musically, although so very free in the matter of metres! It is better practice to submit to the discipline of form, however.

B. Barker.—Some tone on the floor would have given the sketch more interest and solidity, otherwise very carefully and successfully tackled. With your accurate eye you can afford to let yourself go a little more.

Joan Wyatt.—The charming last two lines redeem an otherwise rather clumsy effort, which is surprising for you. You can, I am sure, improve the earlier part.

Margaret Barrett.—This goes very well until the last line, where the statement is so matter of fact that one at once feels a note out of key with the rest is struck. Try to get a better line here, or take another verse in which to get the idea expressed.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon. *All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE,"* 346, *Strand, W.C.2.*

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SECOND SERIES.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best set of titles for six novels.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post April 15th.*

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—April 15

HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THIRD SERIES.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short story.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best triolet on the lark ascending.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post April 29th.*

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—April 29

Results of 146th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet entitled "New Year."

Awarded to B. Gibbs.

Hon. Mention: Gertrude Pitt, Elsie Wightman, "J. A. B.," Louise Domville, "Caroline," "Radio," May Belben, Alice Georgano, M. Scott Morris, Julia Binfield, F. A. Edinborough, B. Robertson, "Elizabeth Adams," Sybil Ruegg.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best news paragraph describing a motor accident to a famous person, which you have witnessed.

Awarded to Elsie Wightman.

Hon. Mention: "Lweno Notwali," J. H. G. Gibbs, G. G., "D. J. W.," E. G. Robins, B. Richardson, B. Maile, Alice Georgano.

Results of 147th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to M. Scott Morris.

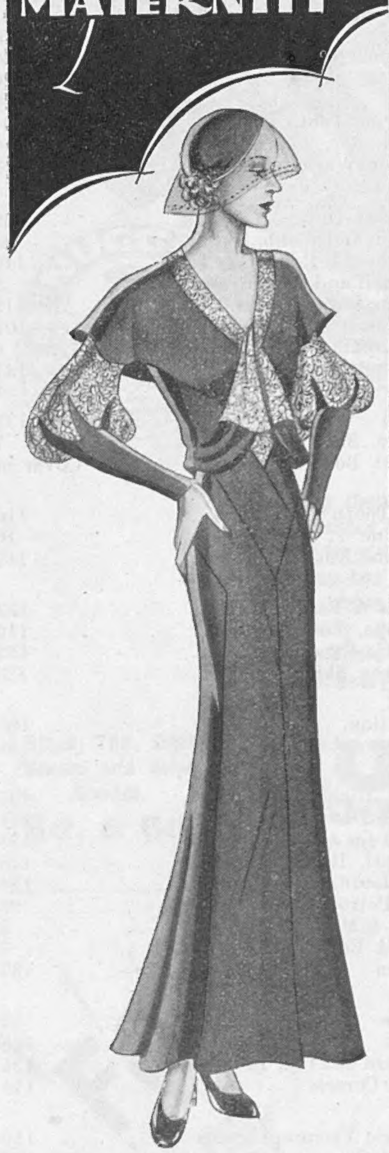
Hon. Mention: D. Avril, May Belben, Alice Georgano, A. V. Williamson, N. Pollok, W. M. Alexander, Isabel M. Smart, B. Gibbs, "Radio," M. Palmer, Irene Doxford, "Aphex," M. D. Turner, Gwendolen Whitcombe, Julia Binfield, "Caroline," E. G. Robins, "M. R. A.," J. H. G. Gibbs.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best limerick into which mince pies are drawn.

Awarded to "Aphex."

Hon. Mention: "G. G.," "J. A. B.," "Lweno Notwali," G. S. Ryder, G. Phillpotts, May W. Harrison, Isabel M. Smart.

For
MATERNITY



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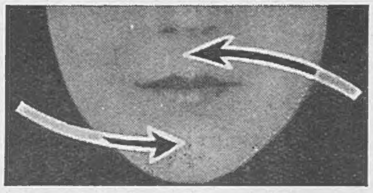

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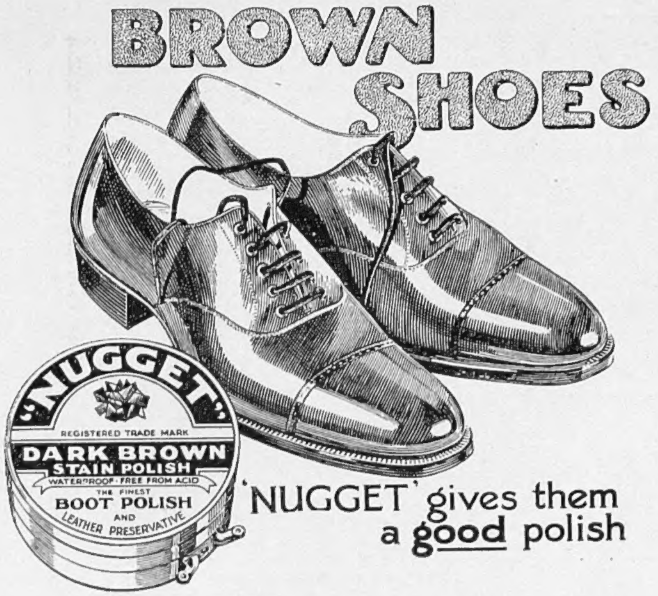
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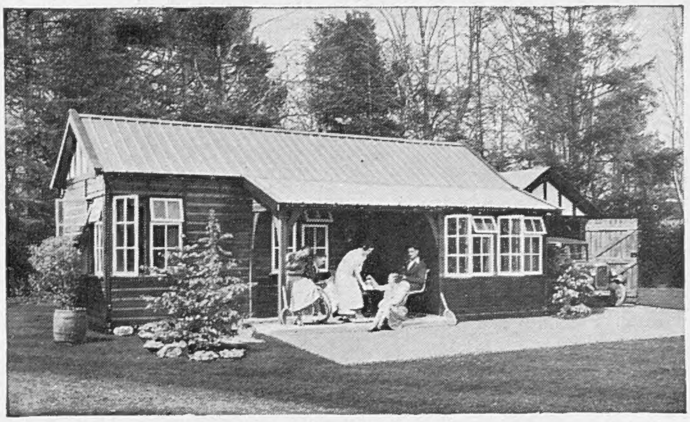

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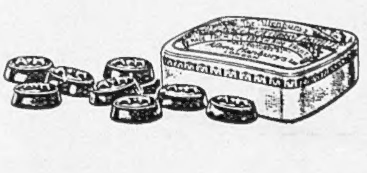

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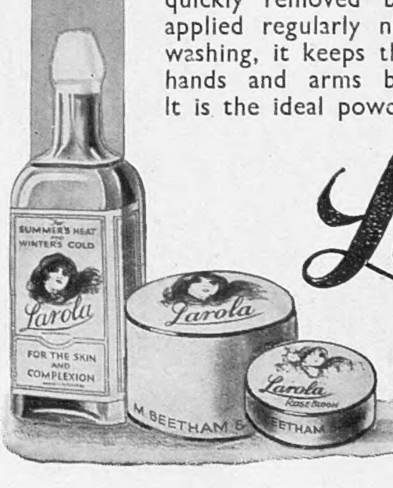
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